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THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD

GOLDSMITH'S
VICAR OF WAKEFIELD

EDITED WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY

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PREFACE

In preparing this edition of *The Vicar of Wakefield* I have derived valuable assistance from the MS. notes of Mr. Harold Littledale, which he most kindly placed at my disposal. In making this acknowledgment, I cannot refrain from expressing my regret that he did not himself undertake the work of editing Goldsmith's prose masterpiece, a work for which he is eminently qualified by his thorough knowledge of the literature of the period.

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INTRODUCTION.

Boswell's and Mrs. Thrale's accounts of the sale of *The Vicar of Wakefield.*

Of the circumstances that led to the publication of *The Vicar of Wakefield*, two narratives are given which are not easy to reconcile. Johnson's account of the matter, as given by Boswell, is as follows:

"I received one morning a message from poor Goldsmith that he was in great distress, and, as it was not in his power to come to me, begging that I would come to him as soon as possible. I sent him a guinea and promised to come to him directly. I accordingly went as soon as I was dressed, and found that his landlady had arrested him for his rent, at which he was in a violent passion. I perceived that he had already changed my guinea, and had got a bottle of Madeira and a glass before him. I put the cork in the bottle, desired he would be calm, and began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extricated. He then told me that he had a novel ready for the press, which he produced to me. I looked into it and saw its merit; told the landlady I should soon return; and, having gone to a bookseller, sold it for sixty pounds. I brought Goldsmith the money, and he discharged his rent, not without rating his landlady in a high tone for having used him so ill."

The account given of the transaction by Mrs. Piozzi (formerly Mrs. Thrale), in her *Anecdotes of Dr. Johnson*, is somewhat different. "I have forgotten the year," she writes, "but it could scarcely, I think, be later than 1765 or 1766, that he was called abruptly from our house after dinner, and, returning

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THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD

Fins, Roumanians, and Bohemians may now all read this delightful story in their own mother tongue. Dr. Primrose has also appeared in Indian garb disguised as *Waikar Bhatji*, or 'A Priest of Wai,' in the pages of a Marathi magazine called the *Vividhadnyan Vistar*.

Many faults have, however, been found in this popular work.

Improbabilities and inconsistencies in the story.

Mr. Craik, in his *History of English Literature*, brings together a formidable array of unsolved puzzles, improbabilities, and inconsistencies, which give strong support to the implication in Mrs. Piozzi's narrative that the work was incomplete when it was sold to the bookseller. If this was the case, we may suppose that Goldsmith, having received the purchase money and handed over the manuscript, did not think it worth his while to give the work a thorough revision. The real or supposed faults pointed out by Mr. Craik and other critics will be considered one by one in the notes of this edition. They may, however, in anticipation be here enumerated in the following questions:

1. Why is the story called *The Vicar of Wakefield*, although Dr. Primrose left Wakefield in the third chapter?

2. Why does the Vicar of Wakefield prefer a curacy of £15 to a vicarage worth £35 a year?

3. How could he be surprised to find that his old friend Mr. Wilmot, then courting his fourth wife, was not a monogamist?

4. What was the archdeacon's reply to his last pamphlet and the hard measure dealt him? See Chapter XIV.

5. How was it that Sir William Thornhill is never recognized by his tenantry, who had probably seen him often, and yet is recognized immediately by George Primrose who had only seen him once?

6. How does the Vicar know that the supposed Mr. Burchell is telling his own story in Chapter III.?

7. Why does Sir William Thornhill allow such a bad character as his nephew to have control over his estates?

8. Why does he not take the obvious means of defending the Vicar's daughters against his nephew's designs?

9. How could Sir William Thornhill, who had "scarce attained the age of thirty," have a grown up nephew, although that nephew was presumably the son of his younger brother?

10. In Chapter XXVIII. Moses remarks that his brother's "letter brings nothing but good news; he is the favourite of his colonel, who promises to procure him the very next lieutenancy that becomes vacant." How can this statement be reconciled with the absence of anything like a promise of a lieutenancy in George Primrose's letter?

11. How is it that neither Mr. Flamborough nor Farmer Williams came forward to help the Vicar during the period of about three weeks (see Chapter XXIX.) during which he was in prison?

12. How can we reconcile George Primrose's absence of "nearly three years" (Chapter XIX.), with the short space of time required for the events that happened to the Primrose family during his absence?

To all the difficulties suggested by these questions must be added the wonderful accumulation of coincidences by which the Primrose family is restored to happiness at the end of the book. Any one of these coincidences might be regarded as quite within the bounds of possibility. But collectively they make rather a severe demand upon our credulity. Even Goldsmith himself appears conscious that there are too many accidental meetings in the thirty-first chapter. "He who excuses himself," as the proverb says, "accuses himself," and our author introduces a paragraph for the express purpose of convincing us that there is far more "fortuitous concurrence" in our daily life than is usually recognized.

Moral flaws.

Still more grave exception may be taken to the low tone of morality which is noticeable in several parts of *The Vicar of Wakefield*. In this matter the part of Devil's Advocate is played by Mr. Frederick H. Balfour in his article on "Angelic Morality," in the *National Review* of July 1890. This writer admits that the work he criticizes is "of transcendent ability; a work which generations have combined

to praise for the perfection of its pathos, the purity of its language, and the simple heroism of the principal character; a work which has drawn tears from countless eyes"; but maintains that the writer's genius is chiefly shown by the fact that he has been able to win the admiration of the world for "a book so radically coarse, so utterly and hopelessly immoral." The principal moral flaws referred to in support of this harsh and unsparing indictment are as follows:

1. The Vicar's children are described as being all equally "simple and inoffensive," yet in Chapter III. Olivia and Sophia, with their mother, exult in the prospect of captivating Mr. Thornhill, who was notorious as a seducer all round the country.

2. In Chapter VII. Olivia is much amused at Mr. Thornhill's coarse joke at the expense of Miss Wilmot, who had been engaged to her brother.

3. In Chapter IX. Mrs. Primrose countenances Mr. Thornhill's audacious proposal that the gentlemen should sit in the ladies' laps.

4. In order to entrap Mr. Thornhill various questionable devices are resorted to by the Primrose family, the worst being the employment of honest Farmer Williams as a decoy duck.

5. In Chapter XXIV., her mother with execrable taste gets Olivia to sing a song referring to her own disgrace.

6. In the same chapter the Vicar's wife and children, fearing Mr. Thornhill's threats, advocate compliance with their oppressor on any terms, and even pray that his visits may be admitted once more.

7. In Chapter XXXI. a burst of pleasure fills the whole apartment and happiness expands upon every face, when it is discovered that Olivia is really the wife of the vicious and despicable squire.

Such are some of the chief faults that have been found in Goldsmith's famous novel. Nevertheless, in spite of all that the severest critics may say against it, *The Vicar of Wakefield* has won high praise not only from the general reading public, but also from those whose

Scott and Goethe's admiration.

opinions on questions of literary excellence deserve respectful consideration. Among the most enthusiastic admirers of *The Vicar* we find the two greatest names in the history of the literature of the nineteenth century. Sir Walter Scott, though he points out some of the inconsistencies in the story, regards the "inimitable *Vicar of Wakefield*" as "one of the most delicious morsels of fictitious composition on which the human mind was ever employed." "We read," he remarks, "*The Vicar of Wakefield* in youth and in age—we return to it again and again, and bless the memory of an author who contrives so well to reconcile us to human nature." Let us next hear what the greatest of German poets has to say about the effect produced on his mind by *The Vicar of Wakefield*. "It is not to be described," wrote Goethe in 1830, "the effect which Goldsmith's *Vicar* had upon me just at the critical moment of mental development. That lofty and benevolent irony, that fair and indulgent view of all infirmities and faults, that meekness under all calamities, that equanimity under all changes and chances, and the whole train of kindred virtues, whatever names they bear, proved my best education."

A literary work may be great in spite of many faults.

Scott and probably the other great writers who may be counted among the admirers of Goldsmith and his novel were well aware of the objections that may be made to *The Vicar of Wakefield*. The faults in the story are on the surface, and can scarcely be overlooked by the most careless reader. Goldsmith knew as well as the severest of his critics that his beautiful work was far from perfect. "There are," he remarks in his *Advertisement* prefixed to the narrative, "an hundred faults in this thing, and an hundred things might be said to prove them beauties. But it is needless. A book may be amusing with numerous errors, or it may be very dull without a single absurdity." Exception may be and has been taken to the first sentence of Goldsmith's anticipation of hostile criticism. The faults, as Mr. Craik points out, cannot be explained away. They still continue to remain faults, however much they may be

more than counterbalanced by great literary merits. It is, however, perfectly true that a book may be delightful and interesting with numerous errors. *Don Quixote*, perhaps the greatest and most delightful work of prose fiction that was ever written, has even a greater number of inconsistencies than *The Vicar*, and is not free from errors of bad taste. Mr. Burchell very truly says that "the reputation of books is raised, not by their freedom from defects but the greatness of their beauties." We must therefore ask ourselves what are the great beauties that have made *The Vicar of Wakefield*, in spite of its defects, the delight of so many men and women both among the ordinary reading public of every rank and age and also among the leaders of literature and literary criticism.

The story of *The Vicar* is interesting.

In the first place the story, as a story, is full of interest in spite of its many improbabilities. If it is less exciting than a modern sensational novel, still the interest and attention of the reader is not allowed to flag from beginning to end. The main outline of the story is taken from the Biblical story of Job. In the book of the Bible that bears that patriarch's name we are told how he was, like Goldsmith's Vicar, "perfect and upright and one that feared God and eschewed evil." He was also rich and prosperous in a high degree, until God allowed Satan to test his virtue by the destruction of his wealth and the sudden death of his sons and daughters. All these misfortunes Job bore without losing his trust in God, and in the last chapter of the book he is rewarded by being restored to more than his original prosperity. The Vicar, like his Hebrew prototype, is afflicted by a succession of misfortunes, which he bears with pious resignation to the will of Heaven, and in the end poetical justice is satisfied and the reader is gratified by the restoration of the whole family to the happiness that they had originally lost.

The persons in the story speak and act like real men and

Our interest in this simply constructed narrative is enhanced by the fact that the fictitious characters, whose fortunes we are invited to take an interest in, are for the most part very natural, and nearly always

speak and act like real living human beings. In one of the verbal contests in which Goldsmith got the better of Johnson, he was discussing the question of writing fables and insisting upon the fact that in such a fable as that of the birds and little fishes, the difficulty lay in making the little fishes talk like little fishes. When Johnson laughed, he remarked, "Why, Dr. Johnson, this is not so easy as you seem to think; for if *you* were to make little fishes talk, they would talk like whales." Goldsmith successfully accomplishes this difficult task in *The Vicar*. In that novel the little fishes talk like little fishes, and the big whales, if there are any, like big whales, or, in other words, the language used by all the speakers is entirely appropriate to their characters and positions in life. The Vicar, as he is continually reading the Bible in his study or in his church, naturally employs a large number of Biblical phrases, especially when he is much agitated by strong emotion. We feel instinctively that his outbursts of passionate feeling, when he hears of Olivia's elopement, are just exactly what such a man might be expected to say under such circumstances, and the whole scene is touchingly pathetic because it is so real. The two daughters talk like well-educated young ladies brought up in the country without experience of life and the fashionable world. Mrs. Primrose's English is less unexceptionable. She belongs to the old school that valued in women the making of cakes and pies more than literary accomplishments. So her conversation abounds in old-fashioned words and turns of expression such as were characteristic of the simple country people among whom she was brought up. Mr. Thornhill speaks English like a gentleman educated at the University, but now and then his innate vulgarity reveals itself in a coarse remark. To the fine ladies from town is attributed just such a caricature of the tone of polite society as pretenders to fashion and elegance would be likely to exhibit in their conversation. Goldsmith was equally at home in the language of low life, of which he had a large experience in his struggles for a livelihood. His

women. Their language is appropriate to their character and position in life.

command of the dialects spoken by rustics and cockneys is most abundantly displayed in his two plays, which were on that account condemned as "low" by the elegant and fastidious frequenters of the theatre. In *The Vicar of Wakefield* the best specimen of the conversation of the poor and uneducated is in the twenty-first chapter. The remarks made by Mr. and Mrs. Symonds are so marvellously natural and characteristic, that these two personages, though they only appear before us for a moment, stand out from the canvas with the distinctness and individuality of a picture by Hogarth. Finally Goldsmith, whose fondness for children is attested by a well-known anecdote (see note on p. 109, l. 17), succeeds in making little Dick and Bill talk naturally like real children and not like grown-up people masquerading in children's clothes.

The characters are well drawn and discriminated.

The lifelike reality of most of the characters is not confined to the naturalness and appropriateness of the language ascribed to them. Exception may be taken to the character of Mr. Thornhill as too extravagantly wicked. There is no redeeming trait in this villain, unless we are inclined to give any credit to George Primrose's assertion that "Ned Thornhill was at the bottom a very good-natured fellow," an assertion that, as far as we can see, has no foundation in fact. Mr. Burchell, the *deus ex machina* of the story, who at the end by his wealth and power releases the Vicar's family from all their troubles and makes everybody happy, is another rather unsatisfactory character. His high reputation for wisdom is hardly consistent with the conduct attributed to him when he is travelling through the country incognito and neglects to take the proper measures to save his friends from impending disgrace and ruin. He plays the part of a penniless vagabond so naturally, that he seems to be acting a part in a melodrama, when he throws off his disguise and claims the respect and submission due to his high character, his wealth, and his power. The minor personages in the story are, however, lifelike and skilfully discriminated: George Primrose, the somewhat reckless but high-spirited

young man, who wanders through Europe, like Goldsmith himself and the proverbial stone, gathering no moss, but refusing to yield to adverse fortune; his brother Moses, proud of his newly-acquired book-learned skill, and utterly ignorant of the world; and, above all, the versatile rogue Ephraim Jenkinson, who so easily deludes first the son and then the father at Welbridge fair, and at the end of the story atones for his misdeeds. In his case and in the sketches given of the officers of the law and the jailer, Goldsmith, in Scott's words, contrives to reconcile us to human nature, and shows his belief in the inherent goodness of his fellowmen by ascribing kindly acts and feelings to those who are commonly represented as brutalized by the character of their occupation. He was not one of those who try to gain a cheap reputation for knowledge of mankind by posing as cynics.

The Vicar especially is one of the best known and best beloved figures in fiction.

Of all the characters in Goldsmith's novel the Vicar is himself, of course, the one upon whom Goldsmith's reputation as a writer of fiction mainly rests. There are a few characters in fiction that survive in the memories of men and are as familiarly known and as often alluded to in literature and conversation as the greatest men and women in history. To this limited class of real living fictitious characters belong Don Quixote, Sir Roger de Coverley, Uncle Toby, Edie Ochiltree, Mr. Pickwick, and Colonel Newcome. The names we have mentioned are among those that have most endeared themselves to lovers of books, and they all appear to have won their way to the hearts of readers by a natural combination of human kindness with weakness, simplicity, or eccentricity. Thackeray remarks that a tincture of human weakness is almost always to be found in those who are greatly beloved. We admire and reverence the almost perfect characters of Milton and Emerson; but we love Johnson and Addison and, above all, Goldsmith, and love them the more for their very frailties. In the same way the Vicar of Wakefield endears himself to every reader by his very weaknesses and his failings leaning to virtue's side, almost as much as by his high and noble qualities.

His benevolence.

The chief element in the Vicar's character is his benevolence, a characteristic in which he resembles the author of his being, who was one of the kindest men that ever lived. He liked to make all around him happy. In his own words, as some men gaze with admiration at the colours of a tulip or the wing of a butterfly, so he was, by nature, an admirer of happy human faces. His benevolence shows itself in the various forms of hospitality, generosity, family affection, and philanthropy. In the first chapter we find him opening wide his doors to travellers and to poor relations, however distant or doubtful may be their claim to relationship. When he becomes poor his hospitality, though now limited in proportion to his decreased fortune, is as liberal as before. He carefully inculcates this virtue on his children by precept, reward, and reproach. When Dick and Bill offer to give up their bed to Mr. Burchell; they receive a lump of sugar each, the larger lump being Dick's share because he spoke first. When Mrs. Primrose drives Mr. Burchell out of the house by her rudeness, the Vicar, though himself angry with his visitor, rebukes her sharply: "How, woman, is it thus we treat strangers? Is it thus we return their kindness? Be assured, my dear, that these were the harshest words, and to me the most unpleasing, that ever escaped your lips." He shows his generosity in prosperity by giving all the profits of his living to the orphans and widows of the clergy of the diocese, and in adversity by relieving the supposed necessities of Mr. Burchell out of his scanty purse. The contemplation of an act of generosity delights him so much, that he can scarcely refrain from hugging Ephraim Jenkinson in his arms when that wily rogue pretends to give away five pounds in charity. The Vicar's benevolence takes the form of philanthropy in his well-directed and successful attempts to ameliorate the lot of his fellow-prisoners. But while his beneficence extends to all with whom he comes into contact, his deepest affections are of course directed to the members of his own household. On one occasion under the influence of family affection he performs an

act of heroic courage, such as we should hardly have expected from one so mild and simple, and at the risk of his own life saves the lives of his two little boys by rushing into his burning house at the moment when its collapse seems imminent (Chapter XXII.). If his love for his wife and children sometimes betrays him into excessive indulgence and makes him sacrifice his better judgment to the follies of his family, we cannot help loving him all the better for this amiable weakness.

His piety.

As is befitting in a clergyman, the Vicar is distinguished by his piety. He is fond of preaching, not only in the pulpit, but also whenever an incident occurs suggesting a moral lesson. The Christian ethics that he preaches he also practises. The benevolence, which we have just been considering as the main element in the Vicar's character, is to a large extent the outcome of his piety. It proceeds partly from inherent goodness of nature and partly from reverent obedience to the teaching of Christ, especially to the golden rule that calls upon every true Christian to love his neighbour as himself. From the fine scene in Chapter XVII. we learn that the Vicar is not devoid of strong passions. His indignation against wrong bursts into flame when his beloved daughter is led astray by the arts of a villain. But after a severe mental conflict, with pathetic submissiveness he brings himself to follow the Christian duty of forgiveness to enemies. Another Christian virtue that he strikingly exemplifies is resignation to the will of God. He resigns himself easily to misfortune in the shape of pecuniary loss. Here there is no painful struggle in his mind. The loss of wealth as compared with the ruin of his child he scarcely considers a real misfortune, and he cheerfully resolves, in the spirit of the homely proverb, to cut his coat according to his cloth, and teach his wife and children to do likewise. In the end, when an opportunity presents itself, he nobly responds, in spite of failing health and strength and his wife's remonstrances, to the call of duty imposed upon him by a Master who was especially the

friend of "the sick, the naked, the houseless, the heavy laden, and the prisoner."

The weak points in the Vicar's character.

Unless we choose to count among his faults the noble simplicity and ignorance of the world, in which he resembles Colonel Newcome and Don Quixote, the chief flaws in the character of the Vicar regarded as a man, not as an artistic creation, arise from his weakness of will. He is far wiser than his wife and daughters, but he does not always exert, as he ought to do, his authority as the father of the family. He is "tired of being always wise," when his wisdom seems to put him out of sympathy with those whom he dearly loves. He shrinks from direct reproof and command, and prefers, if possible, to use indirect methods to induce his family to act as he wishes. Thus, instead of prohibiting the use of washes and fine clothes, he slily, as if by accident, upsets the bowl containing the objectionable cosmetic, and he shows his wife and children the absurdity of dressing beyond their station by gravely ordering an imaginary coach to the door. To this weak point in his character must be attributed, what must be regarded as the one great blot on his fair fame, his concurrence or acquiescence in the scheme by which honest Farmer Williams' affections were to be trifled with, in order that a proposal of marriage might be elicited from Thornhill. We cannot but be surprised that such a good man as the Vicar should wish to see his daughter married to such a libertine as Mr. Thornhill, and still more that he should have consented to the employment of such base means for the attainment of such an end. At first he sees quite clearly all the objections to such a union. In Chapter v. he strongly condemns fortune hunting. In Chapter vii. he declares that no libertine shall be allowed to marry a daughter of his. Yet later on he not only seems to have no objection to a marriage connection with Mr. Thornhill, but also makes no opposition to the fortune-hunting stratagems of Mrs. Primrose and Olivia. The only way to reconcile this inconsistency is to suppose that Dr. Primrose's better judgment at last yielded to the pertinacity

of his family. Perhaps also he saw that Olivia's affections were so deeply engaged that the disappointment of her love might ruin her health and happiness. We must also remember that the age was so very vicious that marriage to a rich husband under almost any circumstances was regarded as a happy event. When Richardson wrote *Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded*, he rewarded the virtue of his heroine Pamela by marrying her to a rich libertine such as Mr. Thornhill is represented to be.

Humorous scenes.

Another strong element of attraction in *The Vicar of Wakefield* is the humour that pervades the whole. We have already seen this quality exemplified in the Vicar's character. As another illustration of his dry humour, take his device for getting rid of a troublesome guest, which we should be inclined to condemn as a temptation to dishonesty, if we did not see that the underlying motive was the desire to give a useful present to a poor friend without hurting his feelings or provoking effusive expressions of gratitude. How characteristic is the Vicar's way of cutting short the contest of politeness at the wedding, when he suddenly brings everybody to reason by shutting his book and remarking: "I perceive that none of you have a mind to be married, and I think we had as good go back again; for I suppose there will be no business done here to-day." With what an annoying affectation of stupidity in Chapter x. he pretends to misunderstand the drift of his wife's remarks, until he forces her at last to tell him what she wants. With what amusing self-congratulation he looks forward to the opportunities of future triumph in family controversies that he will derive from the humiliating miscarriage of the attempt to go to church in a dignified manner on horseback! Again, when he returns home after his unsuccessful expedition to the fair like a truant schoolboy afraid to face his master, with what simple shrewdness he resolves to escape a well-deserved scolding by falling into a passion himself, and so carrying the war, as it were, into the enemy's country! Besides the Vicar's sly humour there are many amusing situations in the novel which are so familiar that

they are popular subjects for pictures and literary allusions. Such are Moses starting for and returning from the fair; the Doctor of Divinity bargaining with Jenkinson; the great historical family painting that proved such a white elephant; and the practical jokes that the prisoners played on the Vicar when he was preaching to them. Nor must we forget the political butler; the attempt to convert to monogamy a clergyman who was courting a fourth wife; the fashionable behaviour and conversation of Lady Blarney and Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs; and the transparent cunning and self-complacency of that notable woman, Mrs. Primrose.

Goldsmith's skilful use of contrast to enhance pathetic incidents.

The humorous scenes in the novel are varied by pathetic scenes, and humour and pathos are often cunningly intermingled in the same passage. The author well understands the power of contrast in enhancing the effect produced on our mind by any picture of joy and sorrow. In Chapter XVII., just before the great blow falls, the family are assembled together round the hearth, happily conversing over the cheerful prospect of Olivia's marriage to Mr. Williams, and the Vicar congratulates himself and his wife that they are descended from ancestors that knew no stain, and that they will leave a good and virtuous race of children behind them. Before the calamity of the fire in Chapter XXII. the Vicar is represented as dwelling with fond anticipation on his wife's tender embrace and the rejoicings of his little ones over his return. In the beginning of Chapter V. we find a beautiful idyllic picture of innocent happiness enhanced by the delightful sights and sounds of an English summer in the country. This picture of a rural paradise is a fitting artistic preparation for the introduction of the tempter in the person of Mr. Thornhill, the villain who is destined to ruin for a time the happiness of the whole family. Later on, in the beginning of Chapter XXIV., when the affairs of the Primrose family appear to be taking a slight turn for the better, a similar picture is introduced of a fine day late in the year, and the family assemble for breakfast in the open air on the honeysuckle

bank, where they had once enjoyed perfect happiness. This is preliminary to the reappearance of Mr. Thornhill, who utters insults and threats that are soon carried into execution with ruinous effect. These and many other delightful pictures of country life, for instance, the hay-making scene in Chapter VI., are not only well-fitted to bring into strong relief the villainy of man and the sufferings of the Vicar's simple family, but are also so beautiful in themselves that they may be counted among the chief charms of the story.

Autobiographical references. Goldsmith's political wisdom.

Another important element of interest in *The Vicar of Wakefield* is the information it affords about the life and character and tastes of the author. The history of George Primrose, the philosophic vagabond, like *The Traveller*, is certainly to a large extent based upon Goldsmith's own experience in his wanderings through Europe, although it is impossible to determine how many of the incidents there related happened to himself. We are on safer ground when we use various passages in *The Vicar* as indications of Goldsmith's tastes and sentiments. Almost all the remarks made by Mr. Burchell, who is described as renowned for his wisdom and virtues, may be regarded as expressing Goldsmith's own views. As the Vicar is in most respects held up for our reverence and admiration, he also is usually a mouthpiece for Goldsmith's thoughts, except when he is opposed by Mr. Burchell, or is obviously under the influence of those slight failings that help to make his character so natural and human. We may gather from Chapters IV. and VI. that Goldsmith's imagination in his childhood was nurtured on such stories as *The Buck of Beverland*, *Patient Grissel*, and *Fair Rosamond's Bower*; and on such ballads as *Johnny Armstrong's Last Good-Night* and *The Cruelty of Barbara Allen*. Chapters VIII. and XVIII. reveal Goldsmith's literary tastes, including the remarkable fact that he did not highly appreciate Shakespeare and the Elizabethan drama. His political views are clearly expressed in the Vicar's harangue to the political butler. From it we learn that he was a staunch supporter of monarchical power in

England against the predominance of the Whig aristocracy. His ideas on the subject are forcibly expressed, and are in close agreement with the teaching of one of the most recent works upon politics, Seeley's *Introduction to Political Science.* This oration may be criticized as rather tedious and out of place in a domestic novel, but it is interesting as showing that Goldsmith was a clear thinker, and could grapple successfully with the difficult problems of politics. We are inclined to form a still higher opinion of Goldsmith's political wisdom from his remarks upon the injustice and inefficiency of the cruel criminal laws by which property was protected in his time, and upon the proper treatment of prisoners. His views upon both subjects have been entirely endorsed by the practice of a later age, and show that Goldsmith, though often regarded as a kind of happy blunderer who by naïve simplicity of thought and language managed to charm the world, was really capable of making valuable contributions to social and political science.

The charm of Goldsmith's style.

It is, however, true that Goldsmith owes a great deal of his fame and popularity to the beauty of his style both in prose and in poetry. In *The Vicar of Wakefield*, George Primrose, the story of whose literary struggles for a livelihood is to a great extent based upon Goldsmith's own experience, complains: "The public were more importantly employed than to observe the easy simplicity of my style or the harmony of my periods." Goldsmith's style cannot be better described than in the words in which George Primrose, half in jest and half in earnest, describes the quality of his own writing. Easy simplicity can be more truly predicated of the style of Goldsmith than of any other English writer. Both in his poems and his prose works the presence of consummate literary art is concealed by the wonderful naturalness of the style, which expresses the author's ideas in the simplest possible language and without the least appearance of effort. Occasionally this easy naturalness of style degenerates into slipshod syntax and doubtful grammar, and one or two obscure sentences might be quoted out of *The Vicar of Wake-*

field and his other works. But looking at his best works in their entirety, we may say with confidence that no writer ever succeeded better in making words perform their function of reproducing thought with ease, grace, and clearness.

PRINCIPAL DATES IN GOLDSMITH'S LIFE.

1728 November 10th, born at Pallas, Longford, Ireland.
1745 Enters Trinity College, Dublin, as a sizar.
1749 Takes his B.A. degree.
1752–1754 Medical student in Edinburgh.
1754 Studies medicine at Leyden.
1755 Travels through Holland, Belgium, France, Switzerland, Italy.
1756 Returns to England and lives in London as an usher, druggist's assistant, and press reader.
1757 Begins work as a hack writer.
1759 *Inquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning* published.
1759 Contributes essays on various subjects to *The Bee.*
1762 *The Citizen of the World* published.
1764 *The Vicar of Wakefield* sold to Newbery.
1764 *The Traveller* published.
1766 *The Vicar of Wakefield* published.
1768 *The Good-Natured Man* published.
1770 *The Deserted Village* published.
1773 *She Stoops to Conquer* published.
1774 *Retaliation, Grecian History, Animated Nature* published.
1774 April 4th, dies in London.

THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.

ADVERTISEMENT.

There are an hundred faults in this thing, and an hundred things might be said to prove them beauties. But it is needless. A book may be amusing with numerous errors, or it may be very dull without a single absurdity. The hero of this piece unites in himself the three greatest characters upon earth; he is a priest, an husbandman, and the father of a family. He is drawn as ready to teach, and ready to obey; as simple in affluence, and majestic in adversity. In this age of opulence and refinement, whom can such a character please? Such as are fond of high life will turn with disdain from the simplicity of his country fireside; such as mistake ribaldry for humour will find no wit in his harmless conversation; and such as have been taught to deride religion will laugh at one whose chief stores of comfort are drawn from futurity.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

CHAPTER I.

The Description of the Family of Wakefield, in which a kindred Likeness prevails, as well of Minds as of Persons.

I WAS ever of opinion, that the honest man who married and brought up a large family did more service than he who continued single, and only talked of population. From this motive, I had scarce taken orders a year before I began to think seriously of matrimony, and chose my wife, as she did her wedding-gown, not for a fine glossy surface, but for such qualities as would wear well. To do her justice, she was a good-natured notable woman; and, as for breeding, there were few country ladies who could show more. She could read any English book without much spelling; but for pickling, preserving, and cookery, none could excel her. She prided herself also

upon being an excellent contriver in housekeeping; though I could never find that we grew richer with all her contrivances.

However, we loved each other tenderly, and our fondness increased as we grew old. There was, in fact, nothing that could make us angry with the world or each other. We had an elegant house situated in a fine country, and a good neighbourhood. The year was spent in a moral or rural amusement, in visiting our rich neighbours, and relieving such as were poor. We had no revolutions to fear, nor fatigues to undergo; all our
10 adventures were by the fireside, and all our migrations from the blue bed to the brown.

As we lived near the road, we often had the traveller or stranger visit us to taste our gooseberry wine, for which we had great reputation; and I profess, with the veracity of an historian, that I never knew one of them find fault with it. Our cousins, too, even to the fortieth remove, all remembered their affinity, without any help from the heralds' office, and came very frequently to see us. Some of them did us no great honour by these claims of kindred; as we had the blind, the maimed, and
20 the halt amongst the number. However, my wife always insisted that, as they were the same *flesh and blood*, they should sit with us at the same table. So that, if we had not very rich, we generally had very happy friends about us; for this remark will hold good through life, that the poorer the guest, the better pleased he ever is with being treated: and as some men gaze with admiration at the colours of a tulip, or the wing of a butterfly, so I was, by nature, an admirer of happy human faces. However, when any one of our relations was found to be a person of very bad character, a troublesome guest, or one we desired to
30 get rid of, upon his leaving my house I ever took care to lend him a riding-coat, or a pair of boots, or sometimes an horse of small value, and I always had the satisfaction of finding he never came back to return them. By this the house was cleared of such as we did not like; but never was the family of Wakefield known to turn the traveller or the poor dependant out of doors.

Thus we lived several years in a state of much happiness, not but that we sometimes had those little rubs which Providence sends to enhance the value of its favours. My orchard was often robbed by schoolboys, and my wife's custards plundered by the
40 cats or the children. The Squire would sometimes fall asleep in the most pathetic parts of my sermon, or his lady return my wife's civilities at church with a mutilated curtsey. But we soon got over the uneasiness caused by such accidents, and usually in three or four days began to wonder how they vexed us.

My children, the offspring of temperance, as they were

educated without softness, so they were at once well-formed and healthy; my sons hardy and active, my daughters beautiful and blooming. When I stood in the midst of the little circle, which promised to be the supports of my declining age, I could not avoid repeating the famous story of Count Abensberg, who, in Henry the Second's progress through Germany, while other courtiers came with their treasures, brought his thirty-two children, and presented them to his sovereign as the most valuable offering he had to bestow. In this manner, though I had but six, I considered them as a very valuable present made to my country, and consequently looked upon it as my debtor. Our eldest son was named George, after his uncle, who left us ten thousand pounds. Our second child, a girl, I intended to call after her aunt Grissel; but my wife, who about this time had been reading romances, insisted upon her being called Olivia. In less than another year we had another daughter, and now I was determined that Grissel should be her name; but a rich relation taking a fancy to stand godmother, the girl was, by her directions, called Sophia; so that we had two romantic names in the family; but I solemnly protest I had no hand in it. Moses was our next, and, after an interval of twelve years, we had two sons more.

It would be fruitless to deny exultation when I saw my little ones about me; but the vanity and the satisfaction of my wife were even greater than mine. When our visitors would say, "Well, upon my word, Mrs. Primrose, you have the finest children in the whole country;"—"Ay, neighbour," she would answer, "they are as Heaven made them, handsome enough, if they be good enough; for handsome is that handsome does." And then she would bid the girls hold up their heads; who, to conceal nothing, were certainly very handsome. Mere outside is so very trifling a circumstance with me, that I should scarce have remembered to mention it, had it not been a general topic of conversation in the country. Olivia, now about eighteen, had that luxuriancy of beauty with which painters generally draw Hebe; open, sprightly, and commanding. Sophia's features were not so striking at first, but often did more certain execution; for they were soft, modest, and alluring. The one vanquished by a single blow, the other by efforts successfully repeated.

The temper of a woman is generally formed from the turn of her features: at least it was so with my daughters. Olivia wished for many lovers; Sophia to secure one. Olivia was often affected, from too great a desire to please; Sophia even repressed excellence, from her fears to offend. The one enter-

tained me with her vivacity when I was gay, the other with her sense when I was serious. But these qualities were never carried to excess in either, and I have often seen them exchange characters for a whole day together. A suit of mourning has transformed my coquette into a prude, and a new set of ribands has given her younger sister more than natural vivacity. My eldest son George was bred at Oxford, as I intended him for one of the learned professions. My second boy Moses, whom I designed for business, received a sort of miscellaneous education
10 at home. But it is needless to attempt describing the particular characters of young people that had seen but very little of the world. In short, a family likeness prevailed through all, and, properly speaking, they had but one character,—that of being all equally generous, credulous, simple, and inoffensive.

CHAPTER II.

Family Misfortunes. The Loss of Fortune only serves to increase the Pride of the Worthy.

The temporal concerns of our family were chiefly committed to my wife's management; as to the spiritual, I took them entirely under my own direction. The profits of my living, which
20 amounted to but thirty-five pounds a year, I made over to the orphans and widows of the clergy of our diocese; for, having a fortune of my own, I was careless of temporalities, and felt a secret pleasure in doing my duty without reward. I also set a resolution of keeping no curate, and of being acquainted with every man in the parish, exhorting the married men to temperance, and the bachelors to matrimony; so that in a few years it was a common saying, that there were three strange wants at Wakefield, a parson wanting pride, young men wanting wives, and ale-houses wanting customers.

30 Matrimony was always one of my favourite topics, and I wrote several sermons to prove its happiness: but there was a peculiar tenet which I made a point of supporting; for I maintained with Whiston, that it was unlawful for a priest of the Church of England, after the death of his first wife, to take a second; or, to express it in one word, I valued myself upon being a strict monogamist.

I was early initiated into this important dispute, on which so many laborious volumes have been written. I published some tracts upon the subject myself, which, as they never sold, I have
40 the consolation of thinking were read only by the happy few. Some of my friends called this my weak side; but, alas! they

had not, like me, made it the subject of long contemplation. The more I reflected upon it, the more important it appeared. I even went a step beyond Whiston in displaying my principles; as he had engraven upon his wife's tomb that she was the *only* wife of William Whiston, so I wrote a similar epitaph for my wife, though still living, in which I extolled her prudence, economy, and obedience till death; and having got it copied fair, with an elegant frame, it was placed over the chimney-piece, where it answered several very useful purposes: it admonished my wife of her duty to me, and my fidelity to her; it inspired her with a passion for fame, and constantly put her in mind of her end.

It was thus, perhaps, from hearing marriage so often recommended, that my eldest son, just upon leaving college, fixed his affections upon the daughter of a neighbouring clergyman, who was a dignitary in the Church, and in circumstances to give her a large fortune. But fortune was her smallest accomplishment. Miss Arabella Wilmot was allowed by all (except my two daughters) to be completely pretty. Her youth, health, and innocence, were still heightened by a complexion so transparent, and such an happy sensibility of look, as even age could not gaze on with indifference. As Mr. Wilmot knew that I could make a very handsome settlement on my son, he was not averse to the match; so both families lived together in all that harmony which generally precedes an expected alliance. Being convinced, by experience, that the days of courtship are the most happy of our lives, I was willing enough to lengthen the period; and the various amusements which the young couple every day shared in each other's company seemed to increase their passion. We were generally awaked in the morning by music, and on fine days rode a-hunting. The hours between breakfast and dinner the ladies devoted to dress and study; they usually read a page, and then gazed at themselves in the glass, which, even philosophers might own, often presented the page of greatest beauty. At dinner, my wife took the lead; for, as she always insisted upon carving everything herself, it being her mother's way, she gave us, upon these occasions, the history of every dish. When we had dined, to prevent the ladies leaving us, I generally ordered the table to be removed; and sometimes, with the music-master's assistance, the girls would give us a very agreeable concert. Walking out, drinking tea, country dances, and forfeits, shortened the rest of the day, without the assistance of cards, as I hated all manner of gaming, except backgammon, at which my old friend and I sometimes took a twopenny hit. Nor can I here pass over an ominous

circumstance that happened, the last time we played together. I only wanted to fling a quatre, and yet I threw deuce ace five times running.

Some months were elapsed in this manner, till at last it was thought convenient to fix a day for the nuptials of the young couple, who seemed earnestly to desire it. During the preparations for the wedding, I need not describe the busy importance of my wife, nor the sly looks of my daughters: in fact, my attention was fixed on another object,—the completing a tract, which I intended shortly to publish, in defence of my favourite principle. As I looked upon this as a masterpiece, both for argument and style, I could not, in the pride of my heart, avoid showing it to my old friend Mr. Wilmot, as I made no doubt of receiving his approbation: but not till too late I discovered that he was most violently attached to the contrary opinion, and with good reason; for he was at that time actually courting a fourth wife. This, as may be expected, produced a dispute, attended with some acrimony, which threatened to interrupt our intended alliance; but, on the day before that appointed for the ceremony, we agreed to discuss the subject at large.

It was managed with proper spirit on both sides; he asserted that I was heterodox; I retorted the charge: he replied, and I rejoined. In the meantime, while the controversy was hottest, I was called out by one of my relations, who, with a face of concern, advised me to give up the dispute, at least till my son's wedding was over. "How," cried I, "relinquish the cause of truth, and let him be a husband, already driven to the very verge of absurdity? You might as well advise me to give up my fortune as my argument."—"Your fortune," returned my friend, "I am now sorry to inform you, is almost nothing. The merchant in town, in whose hands your money was lodged, has gone off, to avoid a statute of bankruptcy, and is thought not to have left a shilling in the pound. I was unwilling to shock you or the family with the account till after the wedding: but now it may serve to moderate your warmth in the argument; for, I suppose, your own prudence will enforce the necessity of dissembling, at least till your son has the young lady's fortune secure."—"Well," returned I, "if what you tell me be true, and if I am to be a beggar, it shall never make me a rascal, or induce me to disavow my principles. I'll go this moment and inform the company of my circumstances: and, as for the argument, I even here retract my former concessions in the old gentleman's favour, nor will allow him now to be a husband in any sense of the expression."

It would be endless to describe the different sensations of

both families when I divulged the news of our misfortune: but what others felt was slight to what the lovers appeared to endure. Mr. Wilmot, who seemed before sufficiently inclined to break off the match, was, by this blow, soon determined: one virtue he had in perfection, which was prudence, too often the only one that is left us at seventy-two.

CHAPTER III.

A Migration. The fortunate Circumstances of our Lives are generally found at last to be of our own procuring.

THE only hope of our family now was, that the report of our misfortune might be malicious or premature; but a letter from my agent in town soon came, with a confirmation of every particular. The loss of fortune to myself alone would have been trifling; the only uneasiness I felt was for my family, who were to be humbled without an education to render them callous to contempt.

Near a fortnight had passed before I attempted to restrain their affliction; for premature consolation is but the remembrancer of sorrow. During this interval, my thoughts were employed on some future means of supporting them; and at last a small cure of fifteen pounds a year was offered me, in a distant neighbourhood, where I could still enjoy my principles without molestation. With this proposal I joyfully closed, having determined to increase my salary by managing a small farm.

Having taken this resolution, my next care was to get together the wrecks of my fortune; and, all debts collected and paid, out of fourteen thousand pounds we had but four hundred remaining. My chief attention, therefore, was now to bring down the pride of my family to their circumstances; for I well knew that aspiring beggary is wretchedness itself. "You cannot be ignorant, my children," cried I, "that no prudence of ours could have prevented our late misfortune; but prudence may do much in disappointing its effects. We are now poor, my fondlings, and wisdom bids us conform to our humble situation. Let us then, without repining, give up those splendours with which numbers are wretched, and seek in humbler circumstances that peace with which all may be happy. The poor live pleasantly without our help; why, then, should not we learn to live without theirs? No, my children, let us from this moment give up all pretensions to gentility: we have still enough left for happiness if we are wise, and let us draw upon content for the deficiencies of fortune."

As my eldest son was bred a scholar, I determined to send him to town, where his abilities might contribute to our support and his own. The separation of friends and families is, perhaps, one of the most distressful circumstances attendant on penury. The day soon arrived on which we were to disperse for the first time. My son, after taking leave of his mother and the rest, who mingled their tears with their kisses, came to ask a blessing from me. This I gave him from my heart, and which, added to five guineas, was all the patrimony I had now to bestow. "You
10 are going, my boy," cried I, "to London on foot, in the manner Hooker, your great ancestor, travelled there before you. Take from me the same horse that was given him by the good bishop Jewel, this staff, and take this book, too, it will be your comfort on the way: these two lines in it are worth a million,—'I have been young, and now am old; yet never saw I the righteous man forsaken, or his seed begging their bread.' Let this be your consolation as you travel on. Go, my boy; whatever be thy fortune, let me see thee once a year; still keep a good heart, and farewell." As he was possessed of integrity and honour, I
20 was under no apprehensions from throwing him naked into the amphitheatre of life; for I knew he would act a good part whether vanquished or victorious.

His departure only prepared the way for our own, which arrived a few days afterwards. The leaving a neighbourhood in which we had enjoyed so many hours of tranquillity was not without a tear, which scarce fortitude itself could suppress. Besides, a journey of seventy miles, to a family that had hitherto never been above ten from home, filled us with apprehension; and the cries of the poor, who followed us for some miles, con-
30 tributed to increase it. The first day's journey brought us in safety within thirty miles of our future retreat, and we put up for the night at an obscure inn in a village by the way. When we were shown a room, I desired the landlord, in my usual way, to let us have his company, with which he complied, as what he drank would increase the bill next morning. He knew, however, the whole neighbourhood to which I was removing, particularly Squire Thornhill, who was to be my landlord, and who lived within a few miles of the place. This gentleman he described as one who desired to know little more of the world than its
40 pleasures, being particularly remarkable for his attachment for the fair sex. He observed that no virtue was able to resist his arts and assiduity, and that scarce a farmer's daughter within ten miles round but what had found him successful and faithless. Though this account gave me some pain, it had a very different effect upon my daughters, whose features seemed to brighten

with the expectation of an approaching triumph: nor was my wife less pleased and confident of their allurements and virtue. While our thoughts were thus employed, the hostess entered the room to inform her husband that the strange gentleman, who had been two days in the house, wanted money, and could not satisfy them for his reckoning. "Want money!" replied the host, "that must be impossible; for it was no later than yesterday he paid three guineas to our beadle to spare an old broken soldier that was to be whipped through the town for dog-stealing." The hostess, however, still persisting in her first assertion, he was preparing to leave the room, swearing that he would be satisfied one way or another, when I begged the landlord would introduce me to a stranger of so much charity as he described. With this he complied, showing in a gentleman who seemed to be about thirty, dressed in clothes that once were laced. His person was well formed, and his face marked with the lines of thinking. He had something short and dry in his address, and seemed not to understand ceremony, or to despise it. Upon the landlord's leaving the room, I could not avoid expressing my concern to the stranger at seeing a gentleman in such circumstances, and offered him my purse to satisfy the present demand. "I take it with all my heart, sir," replied he, "and am glad that a late oversight in giving what money I had about me has shown me there are still some men like you. I must, however, previously entreat being informed of the name and residence of my benefactor, in order to repay him as soon as possible." In this I satisfied him fully, not only mentioning my name and late misfortunes, but the place to which I was going to remove. "This," cried he, "happens still more luckily than I hoped for, as I am going the same way myself, having been detained here two days by the floods, which I hope by to-morrow will be found passable." I testified the pleasure I should have in his company, and my wife and daughters joining in entreaty, he was prevailed upon to stay supper. The stranger's conversation, which was at once pleasing and instructive, induced me to wish for a continuance of it; but it was now high time to retire and take refreshment against the fatigues of the following day.

The next morning we all set forward together: my family on horseback, while Mr. Burchell, our new companion, walked along the footpath by the road-side, observing with a smile that, as we were ill mounted, he would be too generous to attempt leaving us behind. As the floods were not yet subsided, we were obliged to hire a guide, who trotted on before, Mr. Burchell and I bringing up the rear. We lightened the fatigues of the road with philosophical disputes, which he seemed to understand

perfectly. But what surprised me most was, that though he was a money borrower, he defended his opinions with as much obstinacy as if he had been my patron. He now and then also informed me to whom the different seats belonged that lay in our view as we travelled the road. "That," cried he, pointing to a very magnificent house which stood at some distance, "belongs to Mr. Thornhill, a young gentleman who enjoys a large fortune, though entirely dependent on the will of his uncle, Sir William Thornhill, a gentleman who, content with a little himself, permits his nephew to enjoy the rest, and chiefly resides in town."—"What!" cried I, "is my young landlord then the nephew of a man, whose virtues, generosity, and singularities are so universally known? I have heard Sir William Thornhill represented as one of the most generous yet whimsical men in the kingdom; a man of consummate benevolence."—"Something, perhaps, too much so," replied Mr. Burchell; "at least he carried benevolence to an excess when young; for his passions were then strong, and as they were all upon the side of virtue they led it up to a romantic extreme. He early began to aim at the qualifications of the soldier and the scholar: was soon distinguished in the army, and had some reputation among men of learning. Adulation ever follows the ambitious; for such alone receive most pleasure from flattery. He was surrounded with crowds, who showed him only one side of their character; so that he began to lose a regard for private interest in universal sympathy. He loved all mankind; for fortune prevented him from knowing that there were rascals. Physicians tell us of a disorder, in which the whole body is so exquisitely sensible that the slightest touch gives pain: what some have thus suffered in their persons, this gentleman felt in his mind: the slightest distress, whether real or fictitious, touched him to the quick, and his soul laboured under a sickly sensibility of the miseries of others. Thus disposed to relieve, it will be easily conjectured he found numbers disposed to solicit; his profusions began to impair his fortune, but not his good-nature—that, indeed, was seen to increase as the others seemed to decay: he grew improvident as he grew poor; and, though he talked like a man of sense, his actions were those of a fool. Still, however, being surrounded with importunity, and no longer able to satisfy every request that was made him, instead of *money* he gave *promises*. They were all he had to bestow, and he had not resolution enough to give any man pain by a denial. By this he drew round him crowds of dependants, whom he was sure to disappoint, yet wished to relieve. These hung upon him for a time, and left him with merited reproaches and contempt. But,

in proportion as he became contemptible to others, he became despicable to himself. His mind had leaned upon their adulation, and, that support taken away, he could find no pleasure in the applause of his heart, which he had never learnt to reverence. The world now began to wear a different aspect; the flattery of his friends began to dwindle into simple approbation; approbation soon took the more friendly form of advice; and advice, when rejected, produced their reproaches. He now therefore found that such friends as benefits had gathered round him, were little estimable: he now found that a man's own heart must be ever given to gain that of another. I now found that—that—I forget what I was going to observe: in short, sir, he resolved to respect himself, and laid down a plan of restoring his falling fortune. For this purpose, in his own whimsical manner, he travelled through Europe on foot; and now, though he has scarce attained the age of thirty, his circumstances are more affluent than ever. At present, his bounties are more rational and moderate than before; but still he preserves the character of an humorist, and finds most pleasure in eccentric virtues."

My attention was so much taken up by Mr. Burchell's account, that I scarce looked forward as he went along, till we were alarmed by the cries of my family; when, turning, I perceived my youngest daughter in the midst of a rapid stream, thrown from her horse, and struggling with the torrent. She had sunk twice, nor was it in my power to disengage myself in time to bring her relief. My sensations were even too violent to permit my attempting her rescue: she must have certainly perished had not my companion, perceiving her danger, instantly plunged in to her relief, and, with some difficulty, brought her in safety to the opposite shore. By taking the current a little farther up, the rest of the family got safely over, where we had an opportunity of joining our acknowledgments to hers. Her gratitude may be more readily imagined than described: she thanked her deliverer more with looks than with words, and continued to lean upon his arm, as if still willing to receive assistance. My wife also hoped one day to have the pleasure of returning his kindness at her own house. Thus, after we were refreshed at the next inn, and had dined together, as Mr. Burchell was going to a different part of the country, he took leave, and we pursued our journey; my wife observing, as he went, that she liked him extremely, and protesting, that if he had birth and fortune to entitle him to match into such a family as ours, she knew no man she would sooner fix upon. I could not but smile to hear her talk in this lofty strain; but I was never much displeased with those harmless delusions that tend to make us more happy.

CHAPTER IV.

A Proof that even the humblest Fortune may grant Happiness, which depends, not on Circumstances, but Constitution.

THE place of our retreat was in a little neighbourhood, consisting of farmers, who tilled their own grounds, and were equal strangers to opulence and poverty. As they had almost all the conveniences of life within themselves, they seldom visited towns or cities in search of superfluity. Remote from the polite, they still retained the primeval simplicity of manners; and, frugal by habit, they scarce knew that temperance was a virtue. They wrought with cheerfulness on days of labour; but observed festivals as intervals of idleness and pleasure. They kept up the Christmas carol, sent true love knots on Valentine morning, ate pancakes on Shrovetide, showed their wit on the first of April, and religiously cracked nuts on Michaelmas eve. Being apprised of our approach, the whole neighbourhood came out to meet their minister, dressed in their finest clothes, and preceded by a pipe and tabor. A feast also was provided for our reception, at which we sat cheerfully down; and what the conversation wanted in wit was made up in laughter.

Our little habitation was situated at the foot of a sloping hill, sheltered with a beautiful underwood behind, and a prattling river before; on one side a meadow, on the other a green. My farm consisted of about twenty acres of excellent land, having given an hundred pounds for my predecessor's good-will. Nothing could exceed the neatness of my little enclosures, the elms and hedge-rows appearing with inexpressible beauty. My house consisted of but one story, and was covered with thatch, which gave it an air of great snugness; the walls, on the inside, were nicely whitewashed, and my daughters undertook to adorn them with pictures of their own designing. Though the same room served us for parlour and kitchen, that only made it the warmer. Besides, as it was kept with the utmost neatness, the dishes, plates, and coppers being well scoured, and all disposed in bright rows on the shelves, the eye was agreeably relieved, and did not want richer furniture. There were three other apartments; one for my wife and me, another for our two daughters within our own, and the third, with two beds, for the rest of the children.

The little republic to which I gave laws, was regulated in the following manner: By sunrise we all assembled in our common apartment, the fire being previously kindled by the servant. After we had saluted each other with proper ceremony—for I always thought fit to keep up some mechanical forms of good

breeding, without which freedom ever destroys friendship—we all bent in gratitude to that Being who gave us another day. This duty being performed, my son and I went to pursue our usual industry abroad, while my wife and daughters employed themselves in providing breakfast, which was always ready at a certain time. I allowed half an hour for this meal, and an hour for dinner; which time was taken up in innocent mirth between my wife and daughters, and in philosophical arguments between my son and me.

As we rose with the sun, so we never pursued our labours after it was gone down, but returned home to the expecting family, where smiling looks, a neat hearth, and pleasant fire, were prepared for our reception. Nor were we without guests: sometimes farmer Flamborough, our talkative neighbour, and often the blind piper, would pay us a visit, and taste our gooseberry wine, for the making of which we had lost neither the receipt nor the reputation. These harmless people had several ways of being good company; while one played, the other would sing some soothing ballad,—Johnny Armstrong's Last Good-Night, or the Cruelty of Barbara Allen. The night was concluded in the manner we began the morning, my youngest boys being appointed to read the lessons of the day; and he that read loudest, distinctest, and best, was to have a halfpenny on Sunday to put into the poor's box.

When Sunday came, it was indeed a day of finery, which all my sumptuary edicts could not restrain. How well soever I fancied my lectures against pride had conquered the vanity of my daughters, yet I still found them secretly attached to all their former finery: they still loved laces, ribands, bugles, and catgut; my wife herself retained a passion for her crimson paduasoy, because I formerly happened to say it became her.

The first Sunday, in particular, their behaviour served to mortify me. I had desired my girls the preceding night to be dressed early the next day; for I always loved to be at church a good while before the rest of the congregation. They punctually obeyed my directions; but when we were to assemble in the morning at breakfast, down came my wife and daughters, dressed out in all their former splendour; their hair plastered up with pomatum, their faces patched to taste, their trains bundled up in a heap behind, and rustling at every motion. I could not help smiling at their vanity, particularly that of my wife, from whom I expected more discretion. In this exigence, therefore, my only resource was to order my son, with an important air, to call our coach. The girls were amazed at the command; but I repeated it with more solemnity than before.

"Surely, my dear, you jest," cried my wife; "we can walk it perfectly well: we want no coach to carry us now."—"You mistake, child," returned I, "we do want a coach; for if we walk to church in this trim, the very children in the parish will hoot after us."—"Indeed," replied my wife, "I always imagined that my Charles was fond of seeing his children neat and handsome about him."—"You may be as neat as you please," interrupted I, "and I shall love you the better for it; but all this is not neatness, but frippery. These rufflings, and pink-
10 ings, and patchings will only make us hated by all the wives of our neighbours. No, my children," continued I, more gravely, "those gowns may be altered into something of a plainer cut; for finery is very unbecoming in us, who want the means of decency. I do not know whether such flouncing and shredding is becoming even in the rich, if we consider, upon a moderate calculation, that the nakedness of the indigent world might be clothed from the trimmings of the vain."

This remonstrance had the proper effect: they went with great composure, that very instant, to change their dress; and the
20 next day I had the satisfaction of finding my daughters, at their own request, employed in cutting up their trains into Sunday waistcoats for Dick and Bill, the two little ones; and, what was still more satisfactory, the gowns seemed improved by this curtailing.

CHAPTER V.

A new and great Acquaintance introduced. What we place most Hopes upon, generally proves most fatal.

At a small distance from the house, my predecessor had made a seat, overshadowed by a hedge of hawthorn and honeysuckle. Here, when the weather was fine and our labour soon finished,
30 we usually sat together, to enjoy an extensive landscape in the calm of the evening. Here, too, we drank tea, which now was become an occasional banquet; and, as we had it but seldom, it diffused a new joy, the preparations for it being made with no small share of bustle and ceremony. On these occasions, our two little ones always read for us, and they were regularly served after we had done. Sometimes, to give a variety to our amusements, the girls sang to the guitar; and while they thus formed a little concert, my wife and I would stroll down the sloping field, that was embellished with blue-bells and centaury,
40 talk of our children with rapture, and enjoy the breeze that wafted both health and harmony.

In this manner we began to find that every situation in life

may bring its own peculiar pleasures: every morning waked us to a repetition of toil; but the evening repaid it with vacant hilarity.

It was about the beginning of autumn, on a holiday—for I kept such as intervals of relaxation from labour—that I had drawn out my family to our usual place of amusement, and our young musicians began their usual concert. As we were thus engaged, we saw a stag bound nimbly by, within about twenty paces of where we were sitting, and by its panting it seemed pressed by the hunters. We had not much time to reflect upon the poor animal's distress, when we perceived the dogs and horsemen come sweeping along at some distance behind, and making the very path it had taken. I was instantly for returning in with my family; but either curiosity, or surprise, or some more hidden motive, held my wife and daughters to their seats. The huntsman who rode foremost passed us with great swiftness, followed by four or five persons more, who seemed in equal haste. At last, a young gentleman of more genteel appearance than the rest came forward, and for a while regarding us, instead of pursuing the chase, stopped short, and giving his horse to a servant who attended, approached us with a careless superior air. He seemed to want no introduction, but was going to salute my daughters as one certain of a kind reception; but they had early learnt the lesson of looking presumption out of countenance. Upon which he let us know that his name was Thornhill, and that he was owner of the estate that lay for some extent round us. He again therefore offered to salute the female part of the family, and such was the power of fortune and fine clothes, that he found no second repulse. As his address, though confident, was easy, we soon became more familiar; and, perceiving musical instruments lying near, he begged to be favoured with a song. As I did not approve of such disproportioned acquaintances, I winked upon my daughters in order to prevent their compliance; but my hint was counteracted by one from their mother; so that, with a cheerful air, they gave us a favourite song of Dryden's. Mr. Thornhill seemed highly delighted with their performance and choice, and then took up the guitar himself. He played but very indifferently; however, my eldest daughter repaid his former applause with interest, and assured him that his tones were louder than even those of her master. At this compliment he bowed, which she returned with a curtsey. He praised her taste, and she commended his understanding; an age could not have made them better acquainted: while the fond mother too, equally happy, insisted upon her landlord's stepping in, and

tasting a glass of her gooseberry. The whole family seemed earnest to please him: my girls attempted to entertain him with topics they thought most modern; while Moses, on the contrary, gave him a question or two from the ancients, for which he had the satisfaction of being laughed at. My little ones were no less busy, and fondly stuck close to the stranger. All my endeavours could scarce keep their dirty fingers from handling and tarnishing the lace on his clothes, and lifting up the flaps of his pocket-holes, to see what was there. At the
10 approach of evening he took leave; but not till he had requested permission to renew his visit, which, as he was our landlord, we most readily agreed to.

As soon as he was gone, my wife called a council on the conduct of the day. She was of opinion, that it was a most fortunate hit; for she had known even stranger things than that brought to bear. She hoped again to see the day in which we might hold up our heads with the best of them; and concluded, she protested she could see no reason why the two Miss Wrinklers should marry great fortunes, and her children get
20 none. As this last argument was directed to me, I protested I could see no reason for it neither, nor why Mr. Simpkins got the ten thousand pound prize in the lottery, and we sat down with a blank. "I protest, Charles," cried my wife, "this is the way you always damp my girls and me when we are in spirits. Tell me, Sophy, my dear, what do you think of our new visitor? Don't you think he seemed to be good-natured?"—"Immensely so, indeed, mamma," replied she: "I think he has a great deal to say upon everything, and is never at a loss; and the more trifling the subject, the more he has to say."—"Yes," cried
30 Olivia, "he is well enough for a man; but, for my own part, I don't much like him, he is so extremely impudent and familiar; but on the guitar he is shocking." These two last speeches I interpreted by contraries. I found by this, that Sophia internally despised, as much as Olivia secretly admired him. "Whatever may be your opinions of him, my children," cried I, "to confess the truth, he has not prepossessed me in his favour. Disproportioned friendships ever terminate in disgust; and I thought, notwithstanding all his ease, that he seemed perfectly sensible of the distance between us. Let us keep to companions
40 of our own rank. There is no character more contemptible than a man that is a fortune-hunter; and I can see no reason why fortune-hunting women should not be contemptible too. Thus, at best, we shall be contemptible if his views are honourable; but if they be otherwise!—I should shudder but to think of that. It is true, I have no apprehensions from the conduct of

my children; but I think there are some from his character." I would have proceeded, but for the interruption of a servant from the Squire, who, with his compliments, sent us a side of venison, and a promise to dine with us some days after. This well-timed present pleaded more powerfully in his favour than anything I had to say could obviate. I therefore continued silent, satisfied with just having pointed out danger, and leaving it to their own discretion to avoid it. That virtue which requires to be ever guarded is scarce worth the sentinel.

CHAPTER VI.

The Happiness of a Country Fireside. 10

As we carried on the former dispute with some degree of warmth, in order to accommodate matters, it was universally agreed that we should have a part of the venison for supper; and the girls undertook the task with alacrity. "I am sorry," cried I, "that we have no neighbour or stranger to take part in this good cheer: feasts of this kind acquire a double relish from hospitality."—"Bless me," cried my wife, "here comes our good friend Mr. Burchell, that saved our Sophia, and that run you down fairly in the argument."—"Confute me in argument, child!" cried I. "You mistake there, my dear; I believe there are but few that 20 can do that: I never dispute your abilities at making a goose-pie, and I beg you'll leave argument to me." As I spoke, poor Mr. Burchell entered the house, and was welcomed by the family, who shook him heartily by the hand, while little Dick officiously reached him a chair.

I was pleased with the poor man's friendship for two reasons: because I knew that he wanted mine, and I knew him to be friendly as far as he was able. He was known in our neighbourhood by the character of the poor gentleman, that would do no good when he was young, though he was not yet thirty. He 30 would at intervals talk with great good sense; but, in general, he was fondest of the company of children, whom he used to call harmless little men. He was famous, I found, for singing them ballads, and telling them stories, and seldom went out without something in his pockets for them—a piece of gingerbread, or an halfpenny whistle. He generally came for a few days into our neighbourhood once a year, and lived upon the neighbours' hospitality. He sat down to supper among us, and my wife was not sparing of her gooseberry-wine. The tale went round; he sung us old songs, and gave the children the story of the Buck 40 of Beverland, with the history of Patient Grissel, the adventures

of Catskin, and then Fair Rosamond's Bower. Our cock, which always crew at eleven, now told us it was time for repose; but an unforeseen difficulty started about lodging the stranger—all our beds were already taken up, and it was too late to send him to the next alehouse. In this dilemma, little Dick offered him his part of the bed, if his brother Moses would let him lie with him: "And I," cried Bill, "will give Mr. Burchell my part, if my sisters will take me to theirs."—"Well done, my good children," cried I, "hospitality is one of the first Christian duties. The beast retires to its shelter, and the bird flies to its nest; but helpless man can only find refuge from his fellow-creature. The greatest stranger in this world was He that came to save it. He never had a house, as if willing to see what hospitality was left remaining among us. Deborah, my dear," cried I to my wife, "give those boys a lump of sugar each; and let Dick's be the largest, because he spoke first."

In the morning early I called out my whole family to help at saving an aftergrowth of hay, and our guest offering his assistance, he was accepted among the number. Our labours went on lightly; we turned the swath to the wind. I went foremost, and the rest followed in due succession. I could not avoid, however, observing the assiduity of Mr. Burchell in assisting my daughter Sophia in her part of the task. When he had finished his own, he would join in hers, and enter into a close conversation; but I had too good an opinion of Sophia's understanding, and was too well convinced of her ambition, to be under any uneasiness from a man of broken fortune. When we were finished for the day, Mr. Burchell was invited as on the night before, but he refused, as he was to lie that night at a neighbour's, to whose child he was carrying a whistle. When gone, our conversation at supper turned upon our late unfortunate guest. "What a strong instance," said I, "is that poor man of the miseries attending a youth of levity and extravagance. He by no means wants sense, which only serves to aggravate his former folly. Poor forlorn creature! where are now the revellers, the flatterers, that he could once inspire and command! Their former raptures at his wit are now converted into sarcasms at his folly: he is poor, and perhaps deserves poverty; for he has neither the ambition to be independent, nor the skill to be useful." Prompted perhaps by some secret reasons, I delivered this observation with too much acrimony, which my Sophia gently reproved. "Whatsoever his former conduct may have been, papa, his circumstances should exempt him from censure now. His present indigence is a sufficient punishment for former folly; and I have heard my papa himself say, that

we should never strike one unnecessary blow at a victim, over whom Providence holds the scourge of its resentment."—"You are right, Sophy," cried my son Moses; "and one of the ancients finely represents so malicious a conduct, by the attempts of a rustic to flay Marsyas, whose skin, the fable tells us, had been wholly stripped off by another. Besides, I don't know if this poor man's situation be so bad as my father would represent it. We are not to judge of the feelings of others by what we might feel in their place. However dark the habitation of the mole to our eyes, yet the animal itself finds the apartments sufficiently lightsome. And, to confess a truth, this man's mind seems fitted to his station; for I never heard any one more sprightly that he was to-day, when he conversed with you."—This was said without the least design; however, it excited a blush, which she strove to cover by an affected laugh, assuring him that she scarce took any notice of what he said to her, but that she believed he might once have been a very fine gentleman. The readiness with which she undertook to vindicate herself, and her blushing, were symptoms I did not internally approve; but I repressed my suspicions.

As we expected our landlord the next day, my wife went to make the venison pasty. Moses sat reading, while I taught the little ones. My daughters seemed equally busy with the rest; and I observed them for a good while cooking something over the fire. I at first supposed they were assisting their mother, but little Dick informed me, in a whisper, that they were making a wash for the face. Washes of all kinds I had a natural antipathy to; for I knew that, instead of mending the complexion, they spoil it. I therefore approached my chair by sly degrees to the fire, and grasping the poker, as if it wanted mending, seemingly by accident overturned the whole composition, and it was too late to begin another.

CHAPTER VII.

A Town Wit described. The dullest Fellows may learn to be comical for a Night or Two.

When the morning arrived on which we were to entertain our young landlord, it may be easily supposed what provisions were exhausted to make an appearance. It may also be conjectured that my wife and daughters expanded their gayest plumage on this occasion. Mr. Thornhill came with a couple of friends, his chaplain and feeder. The servants, who were numerous, he politely ordered to the next alehouse: but my wife, in the

triumph of her heart, insisted on entertaining them all; for which, by the by, our family was pinched for three weeks after. As Mr. Burchell had hinted to us the day before, that he was making some proposals of marriage to Miss Wilmot, my son George's former mistress, this a good deal damped the heartiness of his reception: but accident in some measure relieved our embarrassment; for one of the company happening to mention her name, Mr. Thornhill observed with an oath, that he never knew anything more absurd than calling such a fright a beauty; "For, strike me ugly," continued he, "if I should not find as much pleasure in choosing my mistress by the information of a lamp under the clock of St. Dunstan's." At this he laughed, and so did we: the jests of the rich are ever successful. Olivia, too, could not avoid whispering, loud enough to be heard, that he had an infinite fund of humour.

After dinner, I began with my usual toast, the Church: for this I was thanked by the chaplain, as he said the Church was the only mistress of his affections. "Come, tell us honestly, Frank," said the Squire, with his usual archness, "suppose the Church, your present mistress, dressed in lawn sleeves, on one hand, and Miss Sophia, with no lawn about her, on the other, which would you be for?"—"For both, to be sure," cried the chaplain. "Right, Frank," cried the Squire; "for may this glass suffocate me, but a fine girl is worth all the priestcraft in the creation! For what are tithes and tricks but an imposition, all a confounded imposture, and I can prove it."—"I wish you would," cried my son Moses; "and I think," continued he, "that I should be able to answer you."—"Very well, sir," cried the Squire, who immediately smoked him, and winked on the rest of the company to prepare us for the sport; "if you are for a cool argument upon that subject, I am ready to accept the challenge. And, first, whether are you for managing it analogically or dialogically?"—"I am for managing it rationally," cried Moses, quite happy at being permitted to dispute. "Good again," cried the Squire; "and, firstly, of the first, I hope you'll not deny, that whatever is, is. If you don't grant me that, I can go no further."—"Why," returned Moses, "I think I may grant that; and make the best of it."—"I hope, too," returned the other, "you'll grant that a part is less than the whole."—"I grant that too," cried Moses; "it is but just and reasonable."—"I hope," cried the Squire, "you will not deny, that the two angles of a triangle are equal to two right ones."—"Nothing can be plainer," returned t'other, and looked round with his usual importance.—"Very well," cried the Squire, speaking very quick, "the premisses being thus settled, I proceed to observe, that

the concatenation of self-existences, proceeding in a reciprocal duplicate ratio, naturally produce a problematical dialogism, which, in some measure, proves that the essence of spirituality may be referred to the second predicable."—"Hold, hold!" cried the other, "I deny that: do you think that I can thus tamely submit to such heterodox doctrines?"—"What!" replied the Squire, as if in a passion, "not submit! Answer me one plain question: Do you think Aristotle right when he says that relatives are related?"—"Undoubtedly," replied the other.—"If so, then," cried the Squire, "answer me directly to what I propose: Whether do you judge the analytical investigation of the first part of my enthymeme deficient secundum quoad, or quoad minus; and give me your reasons—give me your reasons, I say, directly."—"I protest," cried Moses, "I don't rightly comprehend the force of your reasoning; but if it be reduced to one simple proposition, I fancy it may then have an answer."—"Oh, sir," cried the Squire, "I am your most humble servant; I find you want me to furnish you with argument and intellects too. No, sir, there I protest you are too hard for me." This effectually raised the laugh against poor Moses, who sat the only dismal figure in a group of merry faces; nor did he offer a single syllable more during the whole entertainment.

But though all this gave me no pleasure, it had a very different effect upon Olivia, who mistook it for humour, though but a mere act of the memory. She thought him, therefore, a very fine gentleman; and such as consider what powerful ingredients a good figure, fine clothes, and fortune are in that character, will easily forgive her. Mr. Thornhill, notwithstanding his real ignorance, talked with ease, and could expatiate upon the common topics of conversation with fluency. It is not surprising then, that such talents should win the affections of a girl who by education was taught to value an appearance in herself, and consequently to set a value upon it in another.

Upon his departure, we again entered into a debate upon the merits of our young landlord. As he directed his looks and conversation to Olivia, it was no longer doubted but that she was the object that induced him to be our visitor. Nor did she seem to be much displeased at the innocent raillery of her brother and sister upon this occasion. Even Deborah herself seemed to share the glory of the day, and exulted in her daughter's victory as if it were her own. "And now, my dear," cried she to me, "I'll fairly own, that it was I that instructed my girls to encourage our landlord's addresses. I had always some ambition, and you now see that I was right; for who knows how this may end?"—"Ay, who knows that indeed!"

answered I, with a groan: "for my part, I don't much like it; and I could have been better pleased with one that was poor and honest, than this fine gentleman with his fortune and infidelity; for depend on't, if he be what I suspect him, no freethinker shall ever have a child of mine."

"Sure, father," cried Moses, "you are too severe in this; for Heaven will never arraign him for what he thinks, but for what he does. Every man has a thousand vicious thoughts, which arise without his power to suppress. Thinking freely of religion may be involuntary with this gentleman; so that, allowing his sentiments to be wrong, yet, as he is purely passive in his assent, he is no more to be blamed for his errors than the governor of a city without walls for the shelter he is obliged to afford an invading enemy."

"True, my son," cried I; "but if the governor invites the enemy there, he is justly culpable. And such is always the case with those who embrace error. The vice does not lie in assenting to the proofs they see; but being blind to many of the proofs that offer. So that, though our erroneous opinions be involuntary when formed, yet as we have been wilfully corrupt, or very negligent in forming them, we deserve punishment for our vice, or contempt for our folly."

My wife now kept up the conversation, though not the argument; she observed that several very prudent men of our acquaintance were freethinkers, and made very good husbands; and she knew some sensible girls that had skill enough to make converts of their spouses. "And who knows, my dear," continued she, "what Olivia may be able to do; the girl has a great deal to say upon every subject, and, to my knowledge, is very well skilled in controversy."

"Why, my dear, what controversy can she have read?" cried I. "It does not occur to me that I ever put such books into her hands: you certainly overrate her merit."—"Indeed, papa," replied Olivia, "she does not; I have read a great deal of controversy. I have read the disputes between Thwackum and Square; the controversy between Robinson Crusoe and Friday, the savage; and I am now employed in reading the controversy in Religious Courtship."—"Very well," cried I, "that's a good girl; I find you are perfectly qualified for making converts, and so go help your mother to make the gooseberry pie."

CHAPTER VIII.

An Amour, which promises little good Fortune, yet may be productive of much.

THE next morning we were again visited by Mr. Burchell, though I began, for certain reasons, to be displeased with the frequency of his return; but I could not refuse him my company and fireside. It is true, his labour more than requited his entertainment; for he wrought among us with vigour, and, either in the meadow or at the hay-rick, put himself foremost. Besides, he had always something amusing to say that lessened our toil, and was at once so out of the way, and yet so sensible, that I loved, laughed at, and pitied him. My only dislike arose from an attachment he discovered to my daughter. He would, in a jesting manner, call her his little mistress, and when he bought each of the girls a set of ribands, hers was the finest. I knew not how, but he every day seemed to become more amiable, his wit to improve, and his simplicity to assume the superior airs of wisdom.

Our family dined in the field, and we sat, or rather reclined, round a temperate repast, our cloth spread upon the hay, while Mr. Burchell gave cheerfulness to the feast. To heighten our satisfaction, two blackbirds answered each other from opposite hedges, the familiar redbreast came and pecked the crumbs from our hands, and every sound seemed but the echo of tranquillity. "I never sit thus," says Sophia, "but I think of the two lovers so sweetly described by Mr. Gay, who were struck dead in each other's arms. There is something so pathetic in the description, that I have read it an hundred times with new rapture."—"In my opinion," cried my son, "the finest strokes in that description are much below those in the Acis and Galatea of Ovid. The Roman poet understands the use of contrast better; and upon that figure, artfully managed, all strength in the pathetic depends."—"It is remarkable," cried Mr. Burchell, "that both the poets you mention have equally contributed to introduce a false taste into their respective countries, by loading all their lines with epithet. Men of little genius found them most easily imitated in their defects; and English poetry, like that in the latter empire of Rome, is nothing at present but a combination of luxuriant images, without plot or connexion—a string of epithets that improve the sound without carrying on the sense. But perhaps, madam, while I thus reprehend others, you'll think it just that I should give them an opportunity to retaliate; and, indeed, I have made this remark only to have an oppor-

tunity of introducing to the company a ballad, which, whatever be its other defects, is, I think, at least free from those I have mentioned."

A BALLAD.

'TURN, gentle Hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way
To where yon taper cheers the vale
With hospitable ray.

"For here forlorn and lost I tread,
With fainting steps and slow,
Where wilds, immeasurably spread,
Seem length'ning as I go.

"Forbear, my son," the Hermit cries,
"To tempt the dangerous gloom;
For yonder faithless phantom flies
To lure thee to thy doom.

"Here to the houseless child of want
My door is open still;
And, though my portion is but scant,
I give it with good will.

"Then turn to-night, and freely share
Whate'er my cell bestows;
My rushy couch and frugal fare,
My blessing and repose.

"No flocks that range the valley free
To slaughter I condemn;
Taught by that Power that pities me,
I learn to pity them:

"But from the mountain's grassy side
A guiltless feast I bring;
A scrip with herbs and fruits supplied,
And water from the spring.

"Then, pilgrim, turn; thy cares forego;
All earth-born cares are wrong:
Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

Soft as the dew from heaven descends
His gentle accents fell:
The modest stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure
The lonely mansion lay,
A refuge to the neighbouring poor,
And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
  Required a master's care;
The wicket, opening with a latch,
  Received the harmless pair.

And now, when busy crowds retire
  To take their evening rest,
The hermit trimm'd his little fire,
  And cheer'd his pensive guest:

And spread his vegetable store,
  And gaily press'd and smiled; 10
And, skill'd in legendary lore,
  The lingering hours beguiled.

Around, in sympathetic mirth,
  Its tricks the kitten tries,
The cricket chirrups on the hearth,
  The crackling fagot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
  To soothe the stranger's woe;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
  And tears began to flow. 20

His rising cares the Hermit spied,
  With answering care oppress'd:
And "Whence, unhappy youth," he cried,
  "The sorrows of thy breast?

"From better habitations spurn'd
  Reluctant dost thou rove?
Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
  Or unregarded love?

"Alas! the joys that fortune brings
  Are trifling, and decay; 30
And those who prize the paltry things,
  More trifling still than they.

"And what is friendship but a name,
  A charm that lulls to sleep;
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
  But leaves the wretch to weep?

"And love is still an emptier sound,
  The modern fair one's jest;
On earth unseen, or only found
  To warm the turtle's nest. 40

"For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush,
  And spurn the sex," he said;
But while he spoke, a rising blush
  His love-lorn guest betray'd.

Surprised he sees new beauties rise,
  Swift mantling to the view;
Like colours o'er the morning
  As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
Alternate spread alarms:
The lovely stranger stands confess'd
A maid in all her charms.

And, "Ah! forgive a stranger rude—
A wretch forlorn," she cried;
"Whose feet unhallow'd thus intrude
Where Heaven and you reside.

"But let a maid thy pity share,
10 Whom love has taught to stray;
Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
Companion of her way.

"My father lived beside the Tyne,
A wealthy lord was he;
And all his wealth was marked as mine,
He had but only me.

"To win me from his tender arms
Unnumber'd suitors came,
Who praised me for imputed charms,
20 And felt, or feign'd, a flame.

"Each hour a mercenary crowd
With richest proffers strove;
Amongst the rest, young Edwin bow'd.
But never talk'd of love.

"In humble, simple habit clad,
No wealth nor power had he;
Wisdom and worth were all he had,
But these were all to me.

"And when, beside me in the dale,
30 He caroll'd lays of love,
His breath lent fragance to the gale
And music to the grove.

"The blossom opening to the day,
The dews of heaven refined,
Could nought of purity display
To emulate his mind.

"The dew, the blossom on the tree,
With charms inconstant shine:
Their charms were his, but, woe to me,
40 Their constancy was mine.

"For still I tried each fickle art,
Importunate and vain;
And, while his passion touch'd my heart,
I triumph'd in his pain;

"Till, quite dejected with my scorn,
He left me to my pride;
And sought a solitude forlorn,
In secret, where he died.

"But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
And well my life shall pay;
I'll seek the solitude he sought,
And stretch me where he lay.

"And there, forlorn, despairing, hid,
I'll lay me down and die;
'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
And so for him will I."

"Forbid it Heaven!" the Hermit cried,
And clasp'd her to his breast: 10
The wondering fair one turned to chide—
'Twas Edwin's self that press'd!

"Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
My charmer, turn to see
Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
Restored to love and thee.

"Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
And every care resign:
And shall we never, never part,
My life—my all that's mine? 20

"No, never from this hour to part,
We'll live and love so true,
The sigh that rends thy constant heart
Shall break thy Edwin's too."

While this ballad was reading, Sophia seemed to mix an air of tenderness with her approbation. But our tranquillity was soon disturbed by the report of a gun just by us, and, immediately after, a man was seen bursting through the hedge, to take up the game he had killed. This sportsman was the Squire's chaplain, who had shot one of the blackbirds that so agreeably 30 entertained us. So loud a report, and so near, startled my daughters; and I could perceive that Sophia in the fright had thrown herself into Mr. Burchell's arms for protection. The gentleman came up, and asked pardon for having disturbed us, affirming that he was ignorant of our being so near. He therefore sat down by my youngest daughter, and, sportsman-like, offered her what he had killed that morning. She was going to refuse, but a private look from her mother soon induced her to correct the mistake, and accept his present, though with some reluctance. My wife, as usual, discovered her pride in a whisper, 40 observing, that Sophy had made a conquest of the chaplain, as well as her sister had of the Squire. I suspected, however, with more probability, that her affections were placed upon a different object. The chaplain's errand was to inform us, that Mr. Thornhill had provided music and refreshments; and intended that

night giving the young ladies a ball by moonlight, on the grass plat before our door. "Nor can I deny," continued he, "but I have an interest in being first to deliver this message, as I expect for my reward to be honoured with Miss Sophia's hand as a partner." To this my girl replied, that she should have no objection, if she could do it with honour; "But here," continued she, "is a gentleman," looking at Mr. Burchell, "who has been my companion in the task for the day, and it is fit he should share in its amusements." Mr. Burchell returned her a compliment for her intentions, but resigned her up to the chaplain; adding, that he was to go that night five miles, being invited to a harvest supper. His refusal appeared to me a little extraordinary; nor could I conceive how so sensible a girl as my youngest could thus prefer a man of broken fortunes to one whose expectations were much greater. But as men are most capable of distinguishing merit in women, so the ladies often form the truest judgments of us. The two sexes seem placed as spies upon each other, and are furnished with different abilities, adapted for mutual inspection.

CHAPTER IX.

Two Ladies of great Distinction introduced. Superior Finery ever seems to confer superior Breeding.

Mr. Burchell had scarce taken leave, and Sophia consented to dance with the chaplain, when my little ones came running out to tell us, that the Squire was come with a crowd of company. Upon our return, we found our landlord, with a couple of under gentlemen and two young ladies richly dressed, whom he introduced as women of very great distinction and fashion from town. We happened not to have chairs enough for the whole company; but Mr. Thornhill immediately proposed, that every gentleman should sit in a lady's lap. This I positively objected to, notwithstanding a look of disapprobation from my wife. Moses was therefore dispatched to borrow a couple of chairs; and as we were in want of ladies to make up a set at country dances, the two gentlemen went with him in quest of a couple of partners. Chairs and partners were soon provided. The gentlemen returned with my neighbour Flamborough's rosy daughters, flaunting with red top-knots; but an unlucky circumstance was not adverted to,—though the Miss Flamboroughs were reckoned the very best dancers in the parish, and understood the jig and roundabout to perfection, yet they were totally unacquainted with country dances. This at first discomposed us: however,

after a little shoving and dragging, they at last went merrily on. Our music consisted of two fiddles, with a pipe and tabor. The moon shone bright. Mr. Thornhill and my eldest daughter led up the ball, to the great delight of the spectators; for the neighbours, hearing what was going forward, came flocking about us. My girl moved with so much grace and vivacity, that my wife could not avoid discovering the pride of her heart by assuring me that, though the little chit did it so cleverly, all the steps were stolen from herself. The ladies of the town strove hard to be equally easy, but without success. They swam, sprawled, languished, and frisked; but all would not do: the gazers indeed owned that it was fine; but neighbour Flamborough observed that Miss Livy's feet seemed as pat to the music as its echo. After the dance had continued about an hour, the two ladies, who were apprehensive of catching cold, moved to break up the ball. One of them, I thought, expressed her sentiments upon this occasion in a very coarse manner, when she observed, that, "by the living jingo, she was all of a muck of sweat." Upon our return to the house, we found a very elegant cold supper, which Mr. Thornhill had ordered to be brought with him. The conversation at this time was more reserved than before. The two ladies threw my girls into the shade; for they would talk of nothing but high life, and high-lived company; with other fashionable topics, such as pictures, taste, Shakespeare, and the musical glasses. 'Tis true they once or twice mortified us sensibly by slipping out an oath; but that appeared to me as the surest symptom of their distinction (though I am since informed that swearing is perfectly unfashionable). Their finery, however, threw a veil over any grossness in their conversation. My daughters seemed to regard their superior accomplishments with envy; and what appeared amiss, was ascribed to tip-top quality breeding. But the condescension of the ladies was still superior to their accomplishments. One of them observed, that had Miss Olivia seen a little more of the world, it would greatly improve her; to which the other added, that a single winter in town would make her little Sophia quite another thing. My wife warmly assented to both; adding, that there was nothing she more ardently wished than to give her girls a single winter's polishing. To this I could not help replying, that their breeding was already superior to their fortune; and that greater refinement would only serve to make their poverty ridiculous, and give them a taste for pleasures they had no right to possess. "And what pleasures," cried Mr. Thornhill, "do they not deserve to possess, who have so much in their power to bestow? As for my part," continued he, "my

fortune is pretty large; love, liberty, and pleasure are my maxims; but curse me, if a settlement of half my estate could give my charming Olivia pleasure, it should be hers; and the only favour I would ask in return would be to add myself to the benefit." I was not such a stranger to the world as to be ignorant that this was the fashionable cant to disguise the insolence of the basest proposal; but I made an effort to suppress my resentment. "Sir," cried I, "the family which you now condescend to favour with your company has been bred with as nice a sense of honour as you. Any attempts to injure that may be attended with very dangerous consequences. Honour, sir, is our only possession at present, and of that last treasure we must be particularly careful." I was soon sorry for the warmth with which I had spoken this, when the young gentleman, grasping my hand, swore he commended my spirit, though he disapproved my suspicions. "As to your present hint," continued he, "I protest nothing was farther from my heart than such a thought. No, by all that's tempting! the virtue that will stand a regular siege was never to my taste; for all my amours are carried by a coup-de-main."

The two ladies, who affected to be ignorant of the rest, seemed highly displeased with this last stroke of freedom, and began a very discreet and serious dialogue upon virtue: in this, my wife, the chaplain, and I, soon joined; and the Squire himself was at last brought to confess a sense of sorrow for his former excesses. We talked of the pleasures of temperance, and of the sunshine in the mind unpolluted with guilt. I was so well pleased, that my little ones were kept up beyond the usual time to be edified by so much good conversation. Mr. Thornhill even went beyond me, and demanded if I had any objection to giving prayers. I joyfully embraced the proposal; and in this manner the night was passed in the most comfortable way, till at last the company began to think of returning. The ladies seemed very unwilling to part with my daughters, for whom they had conceived a particular affection, and joined in a request to have the pleasure of their company home. The Squire seconded the proposals, and my wife added her entreaties; the girls, too, looked upon me as if they wished to go. In this perplexity, I made two or three excuses, which my daughters as readily removed; so that at last I was obliged to give a peremptory refusal, for which we had nothing but sullen looks and short answers the whole day ensuing.

CHAPTER X.

The Family endeavour to cope with their Betters. The Miseries of the Poor, when they attempt to appear above their Circumstances.

I NOW began to find that all my long and painful lectures upon temperance, simplicity, and contentment were entirely disregarded. The distinctions lately paid us by our betters awakened that pride which I had laid asleep, but not removed. Our windows, again, as formerly, were filled with washes for the neck and face. The sun was dreaded as an enemy to the skin without doors, and the fire as a spoiler of the complexion within. My wife observed that rising too early would hurt her daughters' eyes, that working after dinner would redden their noses; and she convinced me that the hands never looked so white as when they did nothing. Instead therefore of finishing George's shirts, we now had them new-modelling their old gauzes, or flourishing upon catgut. The poor Miss Flamboroughs, their former gay companions, were cast off as mean acquaintance, and the whole conversation ran upon high life, and high-lived company, with pictures, taste, Shakespeare, and the musical glasses.

But we could have borne all this, had not a fortune-telling gipsy come to raise us into perfect sublimity. The tawny sibyl no sooner appeared, than my girls came running to me for a shilling a-piece to cross her hand with silver. To say the truth, I was tired of being always wise, and could not help gratifying their request, because I loved to see them happy. I gave each of them a shilling; though for the honour of the family it must be observed, that they never went without money themselves, as my wife always generously let them have a guinea each, to keep in their pockets, but with strict injunctions never to change it. After they had been closeted up with the fortune-teller for some time, I knew by their looks, upon their returning, that they had been promised something great. "Well, my girls, how have you sped? Tell me, Livy, has the fortune-teller given thee a pennyworth?"—"I protest, papa," says the girl, "I believe she deals with somebody that's not right; for she positively declared, that I am to be married to a Squire in less than a twelvemonth!"—"Well, now, Sophy, my child," said I, "and what sort of a husband are you to have?"—"Sir," replied she, "I am to have a Lord soon after my sister has married the Squire."—"How," cried I, "is that all you are to have for your two shillings? You fools, I could have promised you a Prince and a Nabob for half the money."

This curiosity of theirs, however, was attended with very serious effects: we now began to think ourselves designed by the stars to something exalted, and already anticipated our future grandeur.

It has been a thousand times observed, and I must observe it once more, that the hours we pass with happy prospects in view, are more pleasing than those crowned with fruition. In the first case, we cook the dish to our own appetite; in the latter, Nature cooks it for us. It is impossible to repeat the train of agreeable reveries we called up for our entertainment. We looked upon our fortunes as once more rising; and, as the whole parish asserted that the Squire was in love with my daughter, she was actually so with him; for they persuaded her into the passion. In this agreeable interval my wife had the most lucky dreams in the world, which she took care to tell us every morning with great solemnity and exactness. It was one night a coffin and cross-bones, the sign of an approaching wedding; at another time she imagined her daughters' pockets filled with farthings, a certain sign of their being shortly stuffed with gold. The girls themselves had their omens. They felt strange kisses on their lips; they saw rings in the candle; purses bounced from the fire, and true love-knots lurked in the bottom of every teacup.

Towards the end of the week we received a card from the two ladies, in which, with their compliments, they hoped to see all our family at church the Sunday following. All Saturday morning I could perceive, in consequence of this, my wife and daughters in close conference together, and now and then glancing at me with looks that betrayed a latent plot. To be sincere, I had strong suspicions that some absurd proposal was preparing for appearing with splendour the next day. In the evening they began their operations in a very regular manner, and my wife undertook to conduct the siege. After tea, when I seemed in spirits, she began thus:—"I fancy, Charles, my dear, we shall have a great deal of good company at our church to-morrow."—"Perhaps we may, my dear," returned I, "though you need be under no uneasiness about that; you shall have a sermon whether there be or not."—"That is what I expect," returned she; "but I think, my dear, we ought to appear there as decently as possible, for who knows what may happen?"—"Your precautions," replied I, "are highly commendable. A decent behaviour and appearance in church is what charms me. We should be devout and humble, cheerful and serene."—"Yes," cried she, "I know that; but I mean we should go there in as proper a manner as possible; not altogether like the scrubs

about us."—"You are quite right, my dear," returned I, "and I was going to make the very same proposal. The proper manner of going is to go there as early as possible, to have time for meditation before the service begins."—"Phoo, Charles," interrupted she, "all that is very true; but not what I would be at: I mean, we should go there genteelly. You know the church is two miles off, and I protest I don't like to see my daughters trudging up to their pew all blowzed and red with walking, and looking for all the world as if they had been winners at a smock race. Now, my dear, my proposal is this: there are our two plough horses, the colt that has been in our family these nine years, and his companion Blackberry, that has scarcely done an earthly thing for this month past. They are both grown fat and lazy. Why should not they do something as well as we? And let me tell you, when Moses has trimmed them a little, they will cut a very tolerable figure."

To this proposal I objected that walking would be twenty times more genteel than such a paltry conveyance, as Blackberry was wall-eyed, and the colt wanted a tail; that they had never been broke to the rein, but had a hundred vicious tricks; and that we had but one saddle and pillion in the whole house. All these objections, however, were overruled; so that I was obliged to comply. The next morning I perceived them not a little busy in collecting such materials as might be necessary for the expedition; but, as I found it would be a business of time, I walked on to the church before, and they promised speedily to follow. I waited near an hour in the reading desk for their arrival; but not finding them come as I expected, I was obliged to begin, and went through the service, not without some uneasiness at finding them absent. This was increased when all was finished, and no appearance of the family. I therefore walked back by the horse-way, which was five miles round, though the footway was but two, and, when got about half-way home, perceived the procession marching slowly forward towards the church; my son, my wife, and the two little ones exalted on one horse, and my two daughters upon the other. I demanded the cause of their delay; but I soon found by their looks they had met with a thousand misfortunes on the road. The horses had at first refused to move from the door, till Mr. Burchell was kind enough to beat them forward for about two hundred yards with his cudgel. Next, the straps of my wife's pillion broke down, and they were obliged to stop to repair them before they could proceed. After that, one of the horses took it into his head to stand still, and neither blows nor entreaties could prevail with him to proceed. He was just recovering from this dismal

situation when I found them; but perceiving everything safe, I own their present mortification did not much displease me, as it would give me many opportunities of future triumph, and teach my daughters more humility.

CHAPTER XI.

The Family still resolve to hold up their Heads.

MICHAELMAS-EVE happening on the next day, we were invited to burn nuts and play tricks at neighbour Flamborough's. Our late mortifications had humbled us a little, or it is probable we might have rejected such an invitation with contempt; however, we suffered ourselves to be happy. Our honest neighbour's goose and dumplings were fine, and the lamb's-wool, even in the opinion of my wife, who was a connoisseur, was excellent. It is true, his manner of telling stories was not quite so well. They were very long, and very dull, and all about himself, and we had laughed at them ten times before: however, we were kind enough to laugh at them once more.

Mr. Burchell, who was of the party, was always fond of seeing some innocent amusement going forward, and set the boys and girls to blind man's buff. My wife, too, was persuaded to join in the diversion, and it gave me pleasure to think she was not yet too old. In the meantime, my neighbour and I looked on, laughed at every feat, and praised our own dexterity when we were young. Hot cockles succeeded next, questions and commands followed that, and, last of all, they sat down to hunt the slipper. As every person may not be acquainted with this primeval pastime, it may be necessary to observe, that the company in this play plant themselves in a ring upon the ground, all except one, who stands in the middle, whose business it is to catch a shoe, which the company shove about under their hams from one to another, something like a weaver's shuttle. As it is impossible, in this case, for the lady who is up to face all the company at once, the great beauty of the play lies in hitting her a thump with the heel of the shoe on that side least capable of making a defence. It was in this manner that my eldest daughter was hemmed in, and thumped about, all blowzed, in spirits, and bawling for "fair play" with a voice that might deafen a ballad-singer; when, confusion on confusion! who should enter the room but our two great acquaintances from town, Lady Blarney and Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs! Description would but beggar, therefore it is un-

necessary to describe, this new mortification. Death! To be seen by ladies of such high breeding in such vulgar attitudes! Nothing better could ensue from such a vulgar play of Mr. Flamborough's proposing. We seemed stuck to the ground for some time, as if actually petrified with amazement.

The two ladies had been at our house to see us, and finding us from home, came after us hither, as they were uneasy to know what accident could have kept us from church the day before. Olivia undertook to be our prolocutor, and delivered the whole in a summary way, only saying, "We were thrown from our horses." At which account the ladies were greatly concerned; but being told the family received no hurt, they were extremely glad; but being informed that we were almost killed by the fright, they were vastly sorry; but hearing that we had a very good night, they were extremely glad again. Nothing could exceed their complaisance to my daughters: their professions the last evening were warm, but now they were ardent. They protested a desire of having a more lasting acquaintance. Lady Blarney was particularly attached to Olivia; Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs (I love to give the whole name) took a greater fancy to her sister. They supported the conversation between themselves, while my daughters sat silent, admiring their exalted breeding. But as every reader, however beggarly himself, is fond of high-lived dialogues, with anecdotes of lords, ladies, and knights of the Garter, I must beg leave to give him the concluding part of the present conversation.

"All that I know of the matter," cried Miss Skeggs, "is this, that it may be true or may not be true; but this I can assure your Ladyship, that the whole rout was in amaze: his Lordship turned all manner of colours, my Lady fell into a *sound*, but Sir Tomkyn drawing his sword, swore he was hers to the last drop of his blood."

"Well," replied our Peeress, "this I can say, that the Duchess never told me a syllable of the matter, and I believe her Grace would keep nothing a secret from me. This you may depend upon as fact, that the next morning my lord Duke cried out three times to his valet-de-chambre, Jernigan! Jernigan! Jernigan! bring me my garters."

But previously I should have mentioned the very impolite behaviour of Mr. Burchell, who, during this discourse, sat with his face turned to the fire, and, at the conclusion of every sentence, would cry out "Fudge!" an expression which displeased us all, and, in some measure, damped the rising spirit of the conversation.

"Besides, my dear Skeggs," continued our Peeress, "there is

nothing of this in the copy of verses that Dr. Burdock made upon the occasion."—"Fudge!"

"I am surprised at that," cried Miss Skeggs; "for he seldom leaves anything out, as he writes only for his own amusement. But can your Ladyship favour me with a sight of them?"—"Fudge!"

"My dear creature," replied our Peeress, "do you think I carry such things about me? Though they are very fine, to be sure, and I think myself something of a judge—at least I know what pleases myself. Indeed, I was ever an admirer of all Dr. Burdock's little pieces; for, except what he does, and our dear Countess at Hanover Square, there's nothing comes out but the most lowest stuff in nature; not a bit of high life among them."—"Fudge!"

"Your Ladyship should except," says the other, "your own things in the Lady's Magazine. I hope you'll say there's nothing low-lived there? But I suppose we are to have no more from that quarter?"—"Fudge!"

"Why, my dear," says the lady, "you know my reader and companion has left me, to be married to Captain Roach, and as my poor eyes won't suffer me to write myself, I have been for some time looking out for another. A proper person is no easy matter to find; and, to be sure, thirty pounds a year is a small stipend for a well bred girl of character, that can read, write, and behave in company: as for the chits about town, there is no bearing them about one."—"Fudge!"

"That I know," cried Miss Skeggs, "by experience. For of the three companions I had this last half year, one of them refused to do plain work an hour in the day; another thought twenty-five guineas a year too small a salary; and I was obliged to send away the third, because I suspected an intrigue with the chaplain. Virtue, my dear Lady Blarney, virtue is worth any price; but where is that to be found?"—"Fudge!"

My wife had been, for a long time, all attention to this discourse, but was particularly struck with the latter part of it. Thirty pounds and twenty-five guineas a year, made fifty-six pounds five shillings English money, all which was in a manner going a begging, and might easily be secured in the family. She for a moment studied my looks for approbation; and, to own a truth, I was of opinion, that two such places would fit our two daughters exactly. Besides, if the Squire had any real affection for my eldest daughter, this would be the way to make her every way qualified for her fortune. My wife, therefore, was resolved that we should not be deprived of such advantages for want of assurance, and undertook to harangue for the family.

"I hope," cried she, "your ladyships will pardon my present presumption. It is true, we have no right to pretend to such favours; but yet it is natural for me to wish putting my children forward in the world. And, I will be bold to say, my two girls have had a pretty good education and capacity; at least the country can't show better. They can read, write, and cast accompts; they understand their needle, broadstitch, cross and change, and all manner of plain work; they can pink, point, and frill, and know something of music; they can do up small clothes, and work upon catgut; my eldest can cut paper, and my youngest has a very pretty manner of telling fortunes upon the cards."—"Fudge!"

When she had delivered this pretty piece of eloquence, the two ladies looked at each other a few minutes in silence, with an air of doubt and importance. At last Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs condescended to observe, that the young ladies, from the opinion she could form of them from so slight an acquaintance, seemed very fit for such employments. "But a thing of this kind, madam," cried she, addressing my spouse, "requires a thorough examination into characters, and a more perfect knowledge of each other. Not, madam," continued she, "that I in the least suspect the young ladies' virtue, prudence, and discretion; but there is a form in these things, madam—there is a form."

My wife approved her suspicions very much, observing that she was very apt to be suspicious herself, but referred her to all the neighbours for a character; but this our Peeress declined as unnecessary, alleging that her cousin Thornhill's recommendation would be sufficient; and upon this we rested our petition.

CHAPTER XII.

Fortune seems resolved to humble the Family of Wakefield. Mortifications are often more painful than real Calamities.

When we were returned home, the night was dedicated to schemes of future conquest. Deborah exerted much sagacity in conjecturing which of the two girls was likely to have the best place, and most opportunities of seeing good company. The only obstacle to our preferment was in obtaining the Squire's recommendation; but he had already shown us too many instances of his friendship to doubt of it now. Even in bed, my wife kept up the usual theme: "Well, faith, my dear Charles, between ourselves, I think we have made an excellent day's work of it."—"Pretty well," cried I, not knowing what to

say. "What, only pretty well!" returned she: "I think it is very well. Suppose the girls should come to make acquaintances of taste in town! This I am assured of, that London is the only place in the world for all manner of husbands. Besides, my dear, stranger things happen every day: and as ladies of quality are so taken with my daughters, what will not men of quality be? *Entre nous*, I protest I like my Lady Blarney vastly—so very obliging. However, Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs has my warm heart. But yet, when they came to talk of places in town, you saw at once how I nailed them. Tell me, my dear, don't you think I did for my children there?"—"Ay," returned I, not knowing well what to think of the matter; "Heaven grant they may be both the better for it this day three months!" This was one of those observations I usually made to impress my wife with an opinion of my sagacity: for if the girls succeeded, then it was a pious wish fulfilled; but if any thing unfortunate ensued, then it might be looked upon as a prophecy. All this conversation, however, was only preparatory to another scheme; and indeed I dreaded as much. This was nothing less than that, as we were now to hold up our heads a little higher in the world, it would be proper to sell the colt, which was grown old, at a neighbouring fair, and buy us a horse that would carry a single or double upon an occasion, and make a pretty appearance at church, or upon a visit. This at first I opposed stoutly; but it was stoutly defended. However, as I weakened, my antagonist gained strength, till at last it was resolved to part with him.

As the fair happened on the following day, I had intentions of going myself; but my wife persuaded me that I had got a cold, and nothing could prevail upon her to permit me from home. "No, my dear," said she, "our son Moses is a discreet boy, and can buy and sell to a very good advantage: you know all our great bargains are of his purchasing. He always stands out and higgles, and actually tires them till he gets a bargain."

As I had some opinion of my son's prudence, I was willing enough to entrust him with this commission: and the next morning I perceived his sisters mighty busy in fitting out Moses for the fair; trimming his hair, brushing his buckles, and cocking his hat with pins. The business of the toilet being over, we had at last the satisfaction of seeing him mounted upon the colt, with a deal box before him to bring home groceries in. He had on a coat made of that cloth they call thunder-and-lightning, which, though grown too short, was much too good to be thrown away. His waistcoat was of gosling green, and his sisters had tied his hair with a broad black riband. We all

followed him several paces from the door, bawling after him, "Good luck! good luck!" till we could see him no longer.

He was scarce gone, when Mr. Thornhill's butler came to congratulate us upon our good fortune, saying that he overheard his young master mention our names with great commendation.

Good fortune seemed resolved not to come alone. Another footman from the same family followed, with a card for my daughters, importing that the two ladies had received such pleasing accounts from Mr. Thornhill of us all, that after a few previous inquiries they hoped to be perfectly satisfied. "Ay," 10 cried my wife, "I now see it is no easy matter to get into the families of the great; but when one once gets in, then, as Moses says, one may go to sleep." To this piece of humour, for she intended it for wit, my daughters assented with a loud laugh of pleasure. In short, such was her satisfaction at this message, that she actually put her hand in her pocket, and gave the messenger sevenpence halfpenny.

This was to be our visiting day. The next that came was Mr. Burchell, who had been at the fair. He brought my little ones a pennyworth of gingerbread each, which my wife under- 20 took to keep for them, and give them by letters at a time. He brought my daughters also a couple of boxes, in which they might keep wafers, snuff, patches, or even money, when they got it. My wife was usually fond of a weasel-skin purse, as being the most lucky; but this by the by. We had still a regard for Mr. Burchell, though his late rude behaviour was in some measure displeasing; nor could we now avoid communicating our happiness to him, and asking his advice: although we seldom followed advice, we were all ready enough to ask it. When he read the note from the two ladies, he shook his head, 30 and observed, that an affair of this sort demanded the utmost circumspection. This air of diffidence highly displeased my wife. "I never doubted, sir," cried she, "your readiness to be against my daughters and me. You have more circumspection than is wanted. However, I fancy when we come to ask advice, we will apply to persons who seem to have made use of it themselves."—"Whatever my own conduct may have been, madam," replied he, "is not the present question: though, as I have made no use of advice myself, I should in conscience give it to those that will." As I was apprehensive this answer might 40 draw on a repartee, making up by abuse what it wanted in wit, I changed the subject, by seeming to wonder what could keep our son so long at the fair, as it was now almost nightfall. "Never mind our son," cried my wife; "depend upon it he knows what he is about. I'll warrant we'll never see him sell

his hen of a rainy day. I have seen him buy such bargains as would amaze one. I'll tell you a good story about that, that will make you split your sides with laughing.—But, as I live, yonder comes Moses, without a horse, and the box at his back."

As she spoke, Moses came slowly on foot, and sweating under the deal box, which he had strapt round his shoulders like a pedlar. "Welcome, welcome, Moses! well, my boy, what have you brought us from the fair?"—"I have brought you myself," cried Moses, with a sly look, and resting the box on the dresser. "Ay, Moses," cried my wife, "that we know; but where is the horse?"—"I have sold him," cried Moses, "for three pounds five shillings and twopence."—"Well done, my good boy," returned she; "I knew you would touch them off. Between ourselves, three pounds five shillings and twopence is no bad day's work. Come, let us have it then."—"I have brought back no money," cried Moses again. "I have laid it all out in a bargain, and here it is," pulling out a bundle from his breast: "here they are; a gross of green spectacles, with silver rims and shagreen cases."—"A gross of green spectacles!" repeated my wife, in a faint voice. "And you have parted with the colt, and brought us back nothing but a gross of green paltry spectacles!"—"Dear mother," cried the boy, "why won't you listen to reason? I had them a dead bargain, or I should not have brought them. The silver rims alone will sell for double the money."—"A fig for the silver rims," cried my wife, in a passion: "I dare swear they won't sell for above half the money at the rate of broken silver, five shillings an ounce."—"You need be under no uneasiness," cried I, "about selling the rims, for they are not worth sixpence; for I perceive they are only copper varnished over."—"What!" cried my wife, "not silver! the rims not silver?"—"No," cried I, "no more silver than your saucepan."—"And so," returned she, "we have parted with the colt, and have only got a gross of green spectacles, with copper rims and shagreen cases? A murrain take such trumpery! The blockhead has been imposed upon, and should have known his company better."—"There, my dear," cried I, "you are wrong; he should not have known them at all."—"Marry, hang the idiot!" returned she, "to bring me such stuff: if I had them I would throw them in the fire."—"There again you are wrong, my dear," cried I; "for though they be copper, we will keep them by us, as copper spectacles, you know, are better than nothing."

By this time the unfortunate Moses was undeceived. He now saw that he had been imposed upon by a prowling sharper, who, observing his figure, had marked him for an easy prey. I

therefore asked the circumstances of his deception. He sold the horse, it seems, and walked the fair in search of another. A reverend-looking man brought him to a tent, under pretence of having one to sell. "Here," continued Moses, "we met another man, very well dressed, who desired to borrow twenty pounds upon these, saying that he wanted money, and would dispose of them for a third of the value. The first gentleman, who pretended to be my friend, whispered me to buy them, and cautioned me not to let so good an offer pass. I sent for Mr. Flamborough, and they talked him up as finely as they did me; 10 and so at last we were persuaded to buy the two gross between us."

CHAPTER XIII.

Mr. Burchell is found to be an Enemy, for he has the confidence to give disagreeable Advice.

Our family had now made several attempts to be fine; but some unforeseen disaster demolished each as soon as projected. I endeavoured to take the advantage of every disappointment to improve their good sense, in proportion as they were frustrated in ambition. "You see, my children," cried I, "how little is to be got by attempts to impose upon the world in coping with 20 our betters. Such as are poor, and will associate with none but the rich, are hated by those they avoid, and despised by those they follow. Unequal combinations are always disadvantageous to the weaker side: the rich having the pleasure, and the poor the inconveniences that result from them. But come, Dick, my boy, and repeat the fable that you were reading to-day, for the good of the company."

"Once upon a time," cried the child, "a Giant and a Dwarf were friends, and kept together. They made a bargain, that they would never forsake each other, but go seek adventures. 30 The first battle they fought was with two Saracens, and the Dwarf, who was very courageous, dealt one of the champions a most angry blow. It did the Saracen very little injury, who, lifting up his sword, fairly struck off the poor Dwarf's arm. He was now in a woful plight; but the giant, coming to his assistance, in a short time left the two Saracens dead on the plain, and the Dwarf cut off the dead man's head out of spite. They then travelled on another adventure. This was against three bloody-minded Satyrs, who were carrying away a damsel in distress. The dwarf was not quite so fierce now as before; but 40 for all that struck the first blow, which was returned by another that knocked out his eye; but the Giant was soon up with

them, and, had they not fled, would certainly have killed them every one. They were all very joyful for this victory, and the damsel who was relieved fell in love with the Giant, and married him. They now travelled far, and farther than I can tell, till they met with a company of robbers. The Giant, for the first time, was foremost now; but the Dwarf was not far behind. The battle was stout and long. Wherever the Giant came, all fell before him; but the Dwarf had like to have been killed more than once. At last the victory declared for the two adventurers; but the Dwarf lost his leg. The Dwarf had now lost an arm, a leg, and an eye, while the Giant was without a single wound. Upon which he cried out to his little companion, "My little hero, this is glorious sport! let us get one victory more, and then we shall have honour for ever.'—'No,' cries the Dwarf, who was by this time grown wiser, 'no, I declare off; I'll fight no more: for I find in every battle that you get all the honours and rewards, but all the blows fall upon me.'"

I was going to moralize this fable, when our attention was called off to a warm dispute between my wife and Mr. Burchell, upon my daughters' intended expedition to town. My wife very strenuously insisted upon the advantages that would result from it: Mr. Burchell, on the contrary, dissuaded her with great ardour; and I stood neuter. His present dissuasions seemed but the second part of those which were received with so ill a grace in the morning. The dispute grew high; while poor Deborah, instead of reasoning stronger, talked louder, and at last was obliged to take shelter from a defeat in clamour. The conclusion of her harangue, however, was highly displeasing to us all: she knew, she said, of some who had their own secret reasons for what they advised; but, for her part, she wished such to stay away from her house for the future. "Madam," cried Burchell, with looks of great composure, which tended to inflame her the more, "as for secret reasons you are right: I have secret reasons, which I forbear to mention, because you are not able to answer those of which I make no secret: but I find my visits here are become troublesome; I'll take my leave therefore now, and perhaps come once more to take a final farewell when I am quitting the country." Thus saying, he took up his hat, nor could the attempts of Sophia, whose looks seemed to upbraid his precipitancy, prevent his going.

When gone, we all regarded each other for some minutes with confusion. My wife, who knew herself to be the cause, strove to hide her concern with a forced smile, and an air of assurance, which I was willing to reprove: "How, woman," cried I to her, "is it thus we treat strangers? Is it thus we return their kind-

ness? Be assured, my dear, that these were the harshest words, and to me the most unpleasing, that ever escaped your lips!"—"Why would he provoke me then?" replied she; "but I know the motives of his advice perfectly well. He would prevent my girls from going to town, that he may have the pleasure of my youngest daughter's company here at home. But, whatever happens, she shall choose better company than such low-lived fellows as he."—"Low-lived, my dear, do you call him?" cried I; "it is very possible we may mistake this man's character, for he seems, upon some occasions, the most finished gentleman I ever knew. Tell me, Sophia, my girl, has he ever given you any secret instances of his attachment?"—"His conversation with me, sir," replied my daughter, "has ever been sensible, modest, and pleasing. As to aught else—no, never. Once, indeed, I remember to have heard him say, he never knew a woman who could find merit in a man that seemed poor."—"Such, my dear," cried I, "is the common cant of all the unfortunate or idle. But I hope you have been taught to judge properly of such men, and that it would be even madness to expect happiness from one who has been so very bad an economist of his own. Your mother and I have now better prospects for you. The next winter, which you will probably spend in town, will give you opportunities of making a more prudent choice."

What Sophia's reflections were upon this occasion I cannot pretend to determine; but I was not displeased at the bottom that we were rid of a guest from whom I had much to fear. Our breach of hospitality went to my conscience a little; but I quickly silenced that monitor by two or three specious reasons, which served to satisfy and reconcile me to myself. The pain which conscience gives the man who has already done wrong is soon got over. Conscience is a coward; and those faults it has not strength enough to prevent, it seldom has justice enough to accuse.

CHAPTER XIV.

Fresh Mortifications, or a Demonstration that seeming Calamities may be real Blessings.

THE journey of my daughters to town was now resolved upon, Mr. Thornhill having kindly promised to inspect their conduct himself, and inform us by letter of their behaviour. But it was thought indispensably necessary that their appearance should equal the greatness of their expectations, which could not be done without expense. We debated therefore in full council

what were the easiest methods of raising money, or, more properly speaking, what we could most conveniently sell. The deliberation was soon finished: it was found that our remaining horse was utterly useless for the plough without his companion, and equally unfit for the road, as wanting an eye: it was therefore determined that we should dispose of him for the purpose above mentioned, at the neighbouring fair; and, to prevent imposition, that I should go with him myself. Though this was one of the first mercantile transactions of my life, yet I had no doubt about acquitting myself with reputation. The opinion a man forms of his own prudence is measured by that of the company he keeps: and as mine was most in the family way, I had conceived no unfavourable sentiments of my worldly wisdom. My wife, however, next morning, at parting, after I had got some paces from the door, called me back to advise me, in a whisper, to have all my eyes about me.

I had, in the usual forms, when I came to the fair, put my horse through all his paces, but for some time had no bidders. At last a chapman approached, and after he had for a good while examined the horse round, finding him blind of one eye, he would have nothing to say to him; a second came up, but observing he had a spavin, declared he would not take him for the driving home; a third perceived he had a windgall, and would bid no money; a fourth knew by his eye that he had the botts; a fifth wondered what a plague I could do at the fair with a blind, spavined, galled hack, that was only fit to be cut up for a dog kennel. By this time, I began to have a most hearty contempt for the poor animal myself, and was almost ashamed at the approach of every customer: for though I did not entirely believe all the fellows told me, yet I reflected that the number of witnesses was a strong presumption they were right; and St. Gregory, upon Good Works, professes himself to be of the same opinion.

I was in this mortifying situation, when a brother clergyman, an old acquaintance, who had also business at the fair, came up, and, shaking me by the hand, proposed adjourning to a public-house, and taking a glass of whatever we could get. I readily closed with the offer, and entering an alehouse, we were shown into a little back room, where there was only a venerable old man, who sat wholly intent over a large book, which he was reading. I never in my life saw a figure that prepossessed me more favourably. His locks of silver grey venerably shaded his temples, and his green old age seemed to be the result of health and benevolence. However, his presence did not interrupt our conversation: my friend and I discoursed on the various

turns of fortune we had met; the Whistonian controversy, my last pamphlet, the archdeacon's reply, and the hard measure that was dealt me. But our attention was in a short time taken off, by the appearance of a youth, who, entering the room, respectfully said something softly to the old stranger. "Make no apologies, my child," said the old man; "to do good is a duty we owe to all our fellow-creatures: take this, I wish it were more; but five pounds will relieve your distress, and you are welcome." The modest youth shed tears of gratitude, and yet his gratitude was scarce equal to mine. I could have hugged the good old man in my arms, his benevolence pleased me so. He continued to read, and we resumed our conversation, until my companion, after some time, recollecting that he had business to transact in the fair, promised to be soon back; adding, that he always desired to have as much of Dr. Primrose's company as possible. The old gentleman, hearing my name mentioned, seemed to look at me with attention for some time; and when my friend was gone, most respectfully demanded if I was any way related to the great Primrose, that courageous monogamist, who had been the bulwark of the Church. Never did my heart feel sincerer rapture than at that moment. "Sir," cried I, "the applause of so good a man as I am sure you are, adds to that happiness in my breast which your benevolence has already excited. You behold before you, sir, that Dr. Primrose, the monogamist, whom you have been pleased to call great. You here see that unfortunate divine, who has so long, and it would ill become me to say, successfully, fought against the deutero-gamy of the age."—"Sir," cried the stranger, struck with awe, "I fear I have been too familiar, but you'll forgive my curiosity, sir: I beg pardon."—"Sir," cried I, grasping his hand, "you are so far from displeasing me by your familiarity, that I must beg you'll accept my friendship, as you already have my esteem."—"Then with gratitude I accept the offer," cried he, squeezing me by the hand, "thou glorious pillar of unshaken orthodoxy! and do I behold——" I here interrupted what he was going to say; for though, as an author, I could digest no small share of flattery, yet now my modesty would permit no more. However, no lovers in romance ever cemented a more instantaneous friendship. We talked upon several subjects: at first I thought he seemed rather devout than learned, and began to think he despised all human doctrines as dross. Yet this no way lessened him in my esteem, for I had for some time begun privately to harbour such an opinion myself. I therefore took occasion to observe, that the world in general began to be blameably indifferent as to doctrinal matters, and followed human speculations

too much. "Ay, sir," replied he, as if he had reserved all his learning to that moment, "Ay, sir, the world is in its dotage; and yet the cosmogony, or creation of the world, has puzzled philosophers of all ages. What a medley of opinions have they not broached upon the creation of the world! Sanchoniathon, Manetho, Berosus, and Ocellus Lucanus, have all attempted it in vain. The latter has these words, *Anarchon ara kai ateleutaion to pan*, which imply that all things have neither beginning nor end. Manetho also, who lived about the time of Nebuchadon-
10 Asser—Asser being a Syriac word, usually applied as a surname to the kings of that country, as Teglat Phael-Asser, Nabon-Asser—he, I say, formed a conjecture equally absurd; for, as we usually say, *ek to biblion kubernetes*, which implies that books will never teach the world; so he attempted to investigate—— But, sir, I ask pardon, I am straying from the question."—That he actually was; nor could I, for my life, see how the creation of the world had anything to do with the business I was talking of; but it was sufficient to show me that he was a man of letters, and I now reverenced him the more. I was resolved, therefore,
20 to bring him to the touchstone; but he was too mild and too gentle to contend for victory. Whenever I made an observation that looked like a challenge to controversy, he would smile, shake his head, and say nothing; by which I understood he could say much, if he thought proper. The subject, therefore, insensibly changed, from the business of antiquity, to that which brought us both to the fair: mine, I told him, was to sell a horse, and very luckily, indeed, his was to buy one for one of his tenants. My horse was soon produced; and, in fine, we struck a bargain. Nothing now remained but to pay me, and
30 he accordingly pulled out a thirty pound note, and bid me change it. Not being in a capacity of complying with this demand, he ordered his footman to be called up, who made his appearance in a very genteel livery. "Here, Abraham," cried he, "go and get gold for this; you'll do it at neighbour Jackson's, or anywhere." While the fellow was gone, he entertained me with a pathetic harangue on the great scarcity of silver, which I undertook to improve, by deploring also the great scarcity of gold; so that by the time Abraham returned, we had both agreed that money was never so hard to be come
40 at as now. Abraham returned to inform us, that he had been over the whole fair, and could not get change, though he had offered half-a-crown for doing it. This was a very great disappointment to us all; but the old gentleman, having paused a little, asked me if I knew one Solomon Flamborough in my part of the country. Upon replying that he was my next door neigh-

bour: "If that be the case, then," returned he, "I believe we shall deal. You shall have a draft upon him, payable at sight; and, let me tell you, he is as warm a man as any within five miles round him. Honest Solomon and I have been acquainted for many years together. I remember I always beat him at three jumps; but he could hop on one leg farther than I." A draft upon my neighbour was to me the same as money; for I was sufficiently convinced of his ability. The draft was signed, and put into my hands, and Mr. Jenkinson, the old gentleman, his man Abraham, and my horse, old Blackberry, trotted off very well pleased with each other.

After a short interval, being left to reflection, I began to recollect that I had done wrong in taking a draft from a stranger, and so prudently resolved upon following the purchaser, and having back my horse. But this was now too late; I therefore made directly homewards, resolving to get the draft changed into money at my friend's as fast as possible. I found my honest neighbour smoking his pipe at his own door, and informing him that I had a small bill upon him, he read it twice over. "You can read the name, I suppose," cried I,—"Ephraim Jenkinson."—"Yes," returned he, "the name is written plain enough, and I know the gentleman too,—the greatest rascal under the canopy of heaven. This is the very same rogue who sold us the spectacles. Was he not a venerable-looking man, with grey hair, and no flaps to his pocket-holes? And did he not talk a long string of learning about Greek, and cosmogony, and the world?" To this I replied with a groan. "Ay," continued he, "he has but that one piece of learning in the world, and he always talks it away whenever he finds a scholar in company; but I know the rogue, and will catch him yet."

Though I was already sufficiently mortified, my greatest struggle was to come, in facing my wife and daughters. No truant was ever more afraid of returning to school, there to behold the master's visage, than I was of going home. I was determined, however, to anticipate their fury, by first falling into a passion myself.

But, alas! upon entering, I found the family no way disposed for battle. My wife and girls were all in tears, Mr. Thornhill having been there that day to inform them that their journey to town was entirely over. The two ladies, having heard reports of us from some malicious person about us, were that day set out for London. He could neither discover the tendency nor the author of these; but whatever they might be, or whoever might have broached them, he continued to assure our family of his friendship and protection. I found, therefore, that they

bore my disappointment with great resignation, as it was eclipsed in the greatness of their own. But what perplexed us most, was to think who could be so base as to asperse the character of a family so harmless as ours; too humble to excite envy, and too inoffensive to create disgust.

CHAPTER XV.

All Mr. Burchell's Villany at once detected. The Folly of being overwise.

THAT evening, and a part of the following day, was employed in fruitless attempts to discover our enemies: scarcely a family in the neighbourhood but incurred our suspicions, and each of us had reasons for our opinions best known to ourselves. As we were in this perplexity, one of our little boys, who had been playing abroad, brought in a letter-case, which he found on the green. It was quickly known to belong to Mr. Burchell, with whom it had been seen, and, upon examination, contained some hints upon different subjects; but what particularly engaged our attention was a sealed note, superscribed, "The copy of a letter to be sent to the ladies at Thornhill Castle." It instantly occurred that he was the base informer, and we deliberated whether the note should not be broken open. I was against it; but Sophia, who said she was sure that of all men he would be the last to be guilty of so much baseness, insisted upon its being read. In this she was seconded by the rest of the family, and at their joint solicitation I read as follows:—

"Ladies,—The bearer will sufficiently satisfy you as to the person from whom this comes: one at least the friend of innocence, and ready to prevent its being seduced. I am informed for a truth, that you have some intention of bringing two young ladies to town, whom I have some knowledge of, under the character of companions. As I would neither have simplicity imposed upon, nor virtue contaminated, I must offer it as my opinion, that the impropriety of such a step will be attended with dangerous consequences. It has never been my way to treat the infamous or the lewd with severity; nor should I now have taken this method of explaining myself, or reproving folly, did it not aim at guilt. Take, therefore, the admonition of a friend, and seriously reflect on the consequences of introducing infamy and vice into retreats where peace and innocence have hitherto resided."

Our doubts were now at an end. There seemed, indeed, something applicable to both sides in this letter, and its censures might as well be referred to those to whom it was

written, as to us; but the malicious meaning was obvious, and we went no farther. My wife had scarcely patience to hear me to the end, but railed at the writer with unrestrained resentment. Olivia was equally severe, and Sophia seemed perfectly amazed at his baseness. As for my part, it appeared to me one of the vilest instances of unprovoked ingratitude I had ever met with; nor could I account for it in any other manner, than by imputing it to his desire of detaining my youngest daughter in the country, to have the more frequent opportunities of an interview. In this manner we all sat ruminating upon schemes of vengeance, when our other little boy came running in to tell us that Mr. Burchell was approaching at the other end of the field. It is easier to conceive than describe the complicated sensations which are felt from the pain of a recent injury, and the pleasure of approaching vengeance. Though our intentions were only to upbraid him with his ingratitude, yet it was resolved to do it in a manner that would be perfectly cutting. For this purpose we agreed to meet him with our usual smiles; to chat in the beginning with more than ordinary kindness, to amuse him a little; and then, in the midst of the flattering calm, to burst upon him like an earthquake, and overwhelm him with a sense of his own baseness. This being resolved upon, my wife undertook to manage the business herself, as she really had some talents for such an undertaking. We saw him approach: he entered, drew a chair, and sat down. "A fine day, Mr. Burchell."—"A very fine day, Doctor; though I fancy we shall have some rain by the shooting of my corns."—"The shooting of your horns!" cried my wife, in a loud fit of laughter, and then asked pardon for being fond of a joke. "Dear madam," replied he, "I pardon you with all my heart, for I protest I should not have thought it a joke had you not told me."—"Perhaps not, sir," cried my wife, winking at us; "and yet I dare say you can tell us how many jokes go to an ounce."—"I fancy, madam," returned Burchell, "you have been reading a jest book this morning, that ounce of jokes is so very good a conceit; and yet, madam, I had rather see half an ounce of understanding."—"I believe you might," cried my wife, still smiling at us, though the laugh was against her; "and yet I have seen some men pretend to understanding that had very little."—"And no doubt," returned her antagonist, "you have known ladies set up for wit that had none." I quickly began to find that my wife was likely to gain but little at this business; so I resolved to treat him in a style of more severity myself. "Both wit and understanding," cried I, "are trifles, without integrity; it is that which gives value to every character. The ignorant

peasant without fault, is greater than the philosopher with many; for what is genius or courage without an heart?

"'An honest man's the noblest work of God.'"

"I always held that hackneyed maxim of Pope," returned Mr. Burchell, "as very unworthy a man of genius, and a base desertion of his own superiority. As the reputation of books is raised, not by their freedom from defect, but the greatness of their beauties; so should that of men be prized, not for their exception from fault, but the size of those virtues they are possessed of. The scholar may want prudence, the statesman may have pride, and the champion ferocity; but shall we prefer to these the low mechanic, who laboriously plods through life without censure or applause? We might as well prefer the tame correct paintings of the Flemish school to the erroneous but sublime animations of the Roman pencil."

"Sir," replied I, "your present observation is just, when there are shining virtues and minute defects; but when it appears that great vices are opposed in the same mind to as extraordinary virtues, such a character deserves contempt."

"Perhaps," cried he, "there may be some such monsters as you describe, of great vices joined to great virtues; yet, in my progress through life, I never yet found one instance of their existence: on the contrary, I have ever perceived, that where the mind was capacious, the affections were good. And indeed Providence seems kindly our friend in this particular, thus to debilitate the understanding where the heart is corrupt, and diminish the power where there is the will to do mischief. This rule seems to extend even to other animals: the little vermin race are ever treacherous, cruel, and cowardly, whilst those endowed with strength and power are generous, brave, and gentle."

"These observations sound well," returned I, "and yet it would be easy this moment to point out a man," and I fixed my eye stedfastly upon him, "whose head and heart form a most detestable contrast. Ay, sir," continued I, raising my voice, "and I am glad to have this opportunity of detecting him in the midst of his fancied security. Do you know this, sir, this pocket-book?"—"Yes, sir," returned he, with a face of impenetrable assurance, "that pocket-book is mine, and I am glad you have found it."—And do you know," cried I, "this letter? Nay, never falter, man; but look me full in the face: I say, do you know this letter?"—"That letter?" returned he; "yes, it was I that wrote that letter."—And how could you," said I, "so basely, so ungratefully presume to write this letter?"—"And

how came you," replied he, with looks of unparalleled effrontery, "so basely to presume to break open this letter?" Don't you know, now, I could hang you all for this? All that I have to do is to swear at the next Justice's that you have been guilty of breaking open the lock of my pocket-book, and so hang you all up at his door." This piece of unexpected insolence raised me to such a pitch, that I could scarcely govern my passion. "Ungrateful wretch! begone, and no longer pollute my dwelling with thy baseness! begone, and never let me see thee again! Go from my door, and the only punishment I wish thee is an alarmed conscience, which will be a sufficient tormentor!" So saying, I threw him his pocket-book, which he took up with a smile, and shutting the clasps with the utmost composure, left us, quite astonished at the serenity of his assurance. My wife was particularly enraged that nothing could make him angry, or make him seem ashamed of his villanies. "My dear," cried I, willing to calm those passions that had been raised too high among us, "we are not to be surprised that bad men want shame: they only blush at being detected in doing good, but glory in their vices.

"Guilt and Shame, says the allegory, were at first companions, and, in the beginning of their journey, inseparably kept together. But their union was soon found to be disagreeable and inconvenient to both. Guilt gave Shame frequent uneasiness, and Shame often betrayed the secret conspiracies of Guilt. After long disagreement, therefore, they at length consented to part for ever. Guilt boldly walked forward alone, to overtake Fate, that went before in the shape of an executioner; but Shame, being naturally timorous, returned back to keep company with Virtue, which in the beginning of their journey they had left behind. Thus, my children, after men have travelled through a few stages in vice, Shame forsakes them, and returns back to wait upon the few virtues they have still remaining."

CHAPTER XVI.

The Family use Art, which is opposed with still greater.

WHATEVER might have been Sophia's sensations, the rest of the family was easily consoled for Mr. Burchell's absence by the company of our landlord, whose visits now became more frequent, and longer. Though he had been disappointed in procuring my daughters the amusements of the town, as he designed, he took every opportunity of supplying them with those little recreations which our retirement would admit of.

He usually came in the morning; and, while my son and I followed our occupations abroad, he sat with the family at home, and amused them by describing the town, with every part of which he was particularly acquainted. He could repeat all the observations that were retailed in the atmosphere of the playhouses, and had all the good things of the high wits by rote, long before they made their way into the jest books. The intervals between conversation were employed in teaching my daughters piquet, or sometimes in setting my two little ones to box, to make them *sharp*, as he called it: but the hopes of having him for a son-in-law in some measure blinded us to all his imperfections. It must be owned, that my wife laid a thousand schemes to entrap him; or, to speak more tenderly, used every art to magnify the merit of her daughter. If the cakes at tea eat short and crisp, they were made by Olivia; if the gooseberry wine was well knit, the gooseberries were of her gathering: it was her fingers which gave the pickles their peculiar green; and, in the composition of a pudding, it was her judgment that mixed the ingredients. Then the poor woman would sometimes tell the Squire, that she thought him and Olivia extremely of a size, and would bid both stand up to see which was tallest. These instances of cunning, which she thought impenetrable, yet which everybody saw through, were very pleasing to our benefactor, who gave every day some new proofs of his passion, which, though they had not arisen to proposals of marriage, yet we thought fell but little short of it; and his slowness was attributed sometimes to native bashfulness, and sometimes to his fear of offending his uncle. An occurrence, however, which happened soon after, put it beyond a doubt that he designed to become one of our family; my wife even regarded it as an absolute promise.

My wife and daughters happening to return a visit at neighbour Flamborough's, found that family had lately got their pictures drawn by a limner, who travelled the country, and took likenesses for fifteen shillings a head. As this family and ours had long a sort of rivalry in point of taste, our spirit took the alarm at this stolen march upon us; and, notwithstanding all I could say, and I said much, it was resolved that we should have our pictures done too.

Having, therefore, engaged the limner,—for what could I do?—our next deliberation was to show the superiority of our taste in the attitudes. As for our neighbour's family, there were seven of them, and they were drawn with seven oranges,—a thing quite out of taste, no variety in life, no composition in the world. We desired to have something in a brighter style; and,

after many debates, at length came to a unanimous resolution of being drawn together, in one large historical family piece. This would be cheaper, since one frame would serve for all, and it would be infinitely more genteel; for all families of any taste were now drawn in the same manner. As we did not immediately recollect an historical subject to hit us, we were contented each with being drawn as independent historical figures. My wife desired to be represented as Venus, and the painter was desired not to be too frugal of his diamonds in her stomacher and hair. Her two little ones were to be as Cupids by her 10 side; while I, in my gown and band, was to present her with my books on the Whistonian controversy. Olivia would be drawn as an Amazon, sitting upon a bank of flowers, dressed in a green joseph, richly laced with gold, and a whip in her hand. Sophia was to be a shepherdess, with as many sheep as the painter could put in for nothing; and Moses was to be dressed out with a hat and white feather. Our taste so much pleased the Squire, that he insisted on being put in as one of the family, in the character of Alexander the Great, at Olivia's feet. This was considered by us all as an indication of his 20 desire to be introduced into the family, nor could we refuse his request. The painter was therefore set to work, and, as he wrought with assiduity and expedition, in less than four days the whole was completed. The piece was large, and, it must be owned, he did not spare his colours; for which my wife gave him great encomiums. We were all perfectly satisfied with his performance; but an unfortunate circumstance which had not occurred till the picture was finished, now struck us with dismay. It was so very large, that we had no place in the house to fix it. How we all came to disregard so material a point is incon- 30 ceivable; but certain it is, we had been all greatly remiss. The picture, therefore, instead of gratifying our vanity, as we hoped, leaned, in a most mortifying manner, against the kitchen wall, where the canvas was stretched and painted, much too large to be got through any of the doors, and the jest of all our neighbours. One compared it to Robinson Crusoe's longboat, too large to be removed; another thought it more resembled a reel in a bottle: some wondered how it could be got out, but still more were amazed how it ever got in.

But though it excited the ridicule of some, it effectually raised 40 more malicious suggestions in many. The Squire's portrait being found united with ours was an honour too great to escape envy. Scandalous whispers began to circulate at our expense, and our tranquillity was continually disturbed by persons, who came as friends, to tell us what was said of us by enemies.

These reports we always resented with becoming spirit; but scandal ever improves by opposition.

We once again, therefore, entered into a consultation upon obviating the malice of our enemies, and at last came to a resolution which had too much cunning to give me entire satisfaction. It was this: as our principal object was to discover the honour of Mr. Thornhill's addresses, my wife undertook to sound him, by pretending to ask his advice in the choice of a husband for her eldest daughter. If this was not found sufficient to induce
10 him to a declaration, it was then resolved to terrify him with a rival. To this last step, however, I would by no means give my consent, till Olivia gave me the most solemn assurances that she would marry the person provided to rival him upon this occasion, if he did not prevent it by taking her himself. Such was the scheme laid, which, though I did not strenuously oppose, I did not entirely approve.

The next time, therefore, that Mr. Thornhill came to see us, my girls took care to be out of the way, in order to give their mamma an opportunity of putting her scheme in execution; but
20 they only retired to the next room, from whence they could overhear the whole conversation. My wife artfully introduced it, by observing, that one of the Miss Flamboroughs was like to have a very good match of it in Mr. Spanker. To this the Squire assenting, she proceeded to remark, that they who had warm fortunes were always sure of getting good husbands: "But Heaven help," continued she, "the girls that have none! What signifies beauty, Mr. Thornhill? or what signifies all the virtue, and all the qualifications in the world, in this age of self-interest? It is not, What is she? but, What has she? is all
30 the cry."

"Madam," returned he, "I highly approve the justice, as well as the novelty, of your remarks; and if I were a king, it should be otherwise. It should then, indeed, be fine times with the girls without fortunes: our two young ladies should be the first for whom I would provide."

"Ah, sir," returned my wife, "you are pleased to be facetious: but I wish I were a queen, and then I know where my eldest daughter should look for a husband. But, now that you have put it into my head, seriously, Mr. Thornhill, can't you recommend
40 me a proper husband for her? She is now nineteen years old, well grown and well educated, and, in my humble opinion, does not want for parts."

"Madam," replied he, "if I were to choose, I would find out a person possessed of every accomplishment that can make an angel happy. One with prudence, fortune, taste, and sincerity; such,

madam, would be, in my opinion, the proper husband."—"Ay, sir," said she, "but do you know of any such person?"—"No, madam," returned he, "it is impossible to know any person that deserves to be her husband: she's too great a treasure for one man's possession; she's a goddess! Upon my soul, I speak what I think—she's an angel!"—"Ah, Mr. Thornhill, you only flatter my poor girl: but we have been thinking of marrying her to one of your tenants, whose mother is lately dead, and who wants a manager; you know whom I mean,—Farmer Williams; a warm man, Mr. Thornhill, able to give her good bread, and who has several times made her proposals" (which was actually the case); "but, sir," concluded she, "I should be glad to have your approbation of our choice."—"How, madam," replied he, "my approbation!—my approbation of such a choice! Never. What! sacrifice so much beauty, and sense, and goodness, to a creature insensible of the blessing! Excuse me, I can never approve of such a piece of injustice. And I have my reasons."—"Indeed, sir," cried Deborah, "if you have your reasons, that's another affair; but I should be glad to know those reasons."—"Excuse me, madam," returned he, "they lie too deep for discovery" (laying his hand upon his bosom); "they remain buried, rivetted here."

After he was gone, upon a general consultation, we could not tell what to make of these fine sentiments. Olivia considered them as instances of the most exalted passion; but I was not quite so sanguine: it seemed to me pretty plain, that they had more of love than matrimony in them; yet, whatever they might portend, it was resolved to prosecute the scheme of Farmer Williams, who, from my daughter's first appearance in the country, had paid her his addresses.

CHAPTER XVII.

Scarcely any Virtue found to resist the Power of long and pleasing Temptation.

As I only studied my child's real happiness, the assiduity of Mr. Williams pleased me, as he was in easy circumstances, prudent, and sincere. It required but very little encouragement to revive his former passion; so that in an evening or two he and Mr. Thornhill met at our house, and surveyed each other for some time with looks of anger; but Williams owed his landlord no rent, and little regarded his indignation. Olivia, on her side, acted the coquette to perfection, if that might be called acting which was her real character, pretending to lavish all her

tenderness on her new lover. Mr. Thornhill appeared quite dejected at this preference, and with a pensive air took leave, though I own it puzzled me to find him in so much pain as he appeared to be, when he had it in his power so easily to remove the cause, by declaring an honourable passion. But whatever uneasiness he seemed to endure, it could easily be perceived that Olivia's anguish was still greater. After any of these interviews between her lovers, of which there were several, she usually retired to solitude, and there indulged her grief. It was in such a situation I found her one evening, after she had been for some time supporting a fictitious gaiety. "You now see, my child," said I, "that your confidence in Mr. Thornhill's passion was all a dream: he permits the rivalry of another, every way his inferior, though he knows it lies in his power to secure you to himself by a candid declaration."—"Yes, papa," returned she; "but he has his reasons for this delay; I know he has. The sincerity of his looks and words convinces me of his real esteem. A short time, I hope, will discover the generosity of his sentiments, and convince you that my opinion of him has been more just than yours."—Olivia, my darling," returned I, "every scheme that has been hitherto pursued to compel him to a declaration has been proposed and planned by yourself; nor can you in the least say that I have constrained you. But you must not suppose, my dear, that I will ever be instrumental in suffering his honest rival to be the dupe of your ill-placed passion. Whatever time you require to bring your fancied admirer to an explanation shall be granted; but at the expiration of that term, if he is still regardless, I must absolutely insist that honest Mr. Williams shall be rewarded for his fidelity. The character which I have hitherto supported in life demands this from me, and my tenderness as a parent shall never influence my integrity as a man. Name, then, your day; let it be as distant as you think proper; and in the meantime, take care to let Mr. Thornhill know the exact time on which I design delivering you up to another. If he really loves you, his own good sense will readily suggest that there is but one method alone to prevent his losing you for ever." This proposal, which she could not avoid considering as perfectly just, was readily agreed to. She again renewed her most positive promise of marrying Mr. Williams, in case of the other's insensibility; and at the next opportunity, in Mr. Thornhill's presence, that day month was fixed upon for her nuptials with his rival.

Such vigorous proceedings seemed to redouble Mr. Thornhill's anxiety: but what Olivia really felt gave me some uneasiness. In this struggle between prudence and passion, her vivacity quite

forsook her, and every opportunity of solitude was sought, and spent in tears. One week passed away; but Mr. Thornhill made no efforts to restrain her nuptials. The succeeding week he was still assiduous; but not more open. On the third, he discontinued his visits entirely, and instead of my daughter testifying any impatience, as I expected, she seemed to retain a pensive tranquillity, which I looked upon as resignation. For my own part, I was now sincerely pleased with thinking that my child was going to be secured in a continuance of competence and peace, and frequently applauded her resolution, in preferring 10 happiness to ostentation.

It was within about four days of her intended nuptials, that my little family at night were gathered round a charming fire, telling stories of the past, and laying schemes for the future: busied in forming a thousand projects, and laughing at whatever folly came uppermost. "Well, Moses," cried I, "we shall soon, my boy, have a wedding in the family: what is your opinion of matters and things in general?"—"My opinion, father, is, that all things go on very well; and I was just now thinking, that when sister Livy is married to Farmer Williams, we shall then have the loan 20 of his cider-press and brewing-tubs for nothing."—"That we shall, Moses," cried I, "and he will sing us 'Death and the Lady' to raise our spirits into the bargain."—"He has taught that song to our Dick," cried Moses; "and I think he goes through it very prettily."—"Does he so," cried I; "then let us have it: where is little Dick? let him up with it boldly."—"My brother Dick," cried Bill, my youngest, "is just gone out with sister Livy: but Mr. Williams has taught me two songs, and I'll sing them for you, papa. Which song do you choose, 'The Dying Swan,' or the 'Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog'?"—"The elegy, child, by all 30 means," said I; "I never heard that yet: and Deborah, my life, grief, you know, is dry; let us have a bottle of the best gooseberry wine, to keep up our spirits. I have wept so much at all sorts of elegies of late, that without an enlivening glass I am sure this will overcome me; and Sophy, love, take your guitar, and thrum in with the boy a little."

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG.

Good people all, of every sort,
  Give ear unto my song,
And if you find it wondrous short,
  It cannot hold you long. 40

In Islington there was a man,
  Of whom the world might say.

That still a godly race he ran,
  Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
  To comfort friends and foes;
The naked every day he clad,
  When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
  As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
10 And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends;
  But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain some private ends,
  Went mad, and bit the man.

Around from all the neighbouring streets
  The wond'ring neighbours ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
  To bite so good a man.

The wound it seem'd both sore and sad
20 To every Christian eye;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
  They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
  That show'd the rogues they lied:
The man recover'd of the bite—
  The dog it was that died.

"A very good boy, Bill, upon my word: and an elegy that may truly be called tragical. Come, my children, here's Bill's health, and may he one day be a bishop!"

30 "With all my heart," cried my wife: "and if he but preaches as well as he sings, I make no doubt of him. The most of his family, by the mother's side, could sing a good song: it was a common saying in our country, that the family of the Blenkinsops could never look straight before them, nor the Hugginsons blow out a candle; that there were none of the Grograms but could sing a song, or of the Marjorams but could tell a story."—"However that be," cried I, "the most vulgar ballad of them all generally pleases me better than the fine modern odes, and things that petrify us in a single stanza,—productions that we 40 at once detest and praise.—Put the glass to your brother, Moses.—The great fault of these elegiasts is, that they are in despair for griefs that give the sensible part of mankind very little pain. A lady loses her muff, her fan, or her lap-dog, and so the silly poet runs home to versify the disaster."

"That may be the mode," cried Moses, "in sublimer composi-

tions: but the Ranelagh songs that come down to us are perfectly familiar, and all cast in the same mould: Colin meets Dolly, and they hold a dialogue together; he gives her a fairing to put in her hair, and she presents him with a nosegay; and then they go together to church, where they give good advice to young nymphs and swains to get married as fast as they can."

"And very good advice too," cried I; "and I am told there is not a place in the world where advice can be given with so much propriety as there: for as it persuades us to marry, it also furnishes us with a wife; and surely that must be an excellent market, my boy, where we are told what we want, and supplied with it when wanting."

"Yes, sir," returned Moses, "and I know but of two such markets for wives in Europe,—Ranelagh in England, and Fontarabia in Spain. The Spanish market is open once a year; but our English wives are saleable every night."

"You are right, my boy," cried his mother; "Old England is the only place in the world for husbands to get wives."—"And for wives to manage their husbands," interrupted I. "It is a proverb abroad, that if a bridge were built across the sea, all the ladies of the Continent would come over to take pattern from ours; for there are no such wives in Europe as our own. But let us have one bottle more, Deborah, my life; and, Moses, give us a good song. What thanks do we not owe to Heaven for thus bestowing tranquillity, health, and competence! I think myself happier now than the greatest monarch upon earth. He has no such fireside, nor such pleasant faces about it. Yes, Deborah, we are now growing old; but the evening of our life is likely to be happy. We are descended from ancestors that knew no stain, and we shall leave a good and virtuous race of children behind us. While we live, they will be our support and our pleasure here; and when we die, they will transmit our honour untainted to posterity. Come, my son, we wait for a song: let us have a chorus. But where is my darling Olivia? that little cherub's voice is always sweetest in the concert." Just as I spoke Dick came running in. "O papa, papa, she is gone from us, she is gone from us; my sister Livy is gone from us for ever!"—"Gone, child!"—"Yes, she is gone off with two gentlemen in a post-chaise, and one of them kissed her, and said he would die for her: and she cried very much, and was for coming back; but he persuaded her again, and she went into the chaise, and said, 'Oh, what will my poor papa do when he knows I am undone!'"—"Now, then," cried I, "my children, go and be miserable; for we shall never enjoy one hour more. And oh, may Heaven's everlasting fury light upon him and his!—thus to rob me of my

child!—And sure it will, for taking back my sweet innocent that I was leading up to Heaven. Such sincerity as my child was possessed of! But all our earthly happiness is now over! Go, my children, go and be miserable and infamous; for my heart is broken within me!"—"Father," cried my son, "is this your fortitude?"—"Fortitude, child?—yes, ye shall see I have fortitude! Bring me my pistols. I'll pursue the traitor—while he is on earth I'll pursue him. Old as I am, he shall find I can sting him yet. The villain—the perfidious villain!" I had by this time reached down my pistols, when my poor wife, whose passions were not so strong as mine, caught me in her arms. "My dearest, dearest husband!" cried she, "the Bible is the only weapon that is fit for your old hands now. Open that, my love, and read our anguish into patience, for she has vilely deceived us."—"Indeed, sir," resumed my son, after a pause, "your rage is too violent and unbecoming. You should be my mother's comforter, and you increase her pain. It ill suited you and your reverend character thus to curse your greatest enemy: you should not have cursed him, villain as he is."—"I did not curse him child, did I?"—"Indeed, sir, you did; you cursed him twice."—"Then may Heaven forgive me and him if I did! And now, my son, I see it was more than human benevolence that first taught us to bless our enemies: Blessed be His holy name for all the good He hath given, and for all that He hath taken away. But it is not—it is not a small distress that can wring tears from these old eyes, that have not wept for so many years. My child! to undo my darling!—May confusion seize——Heaven forgive me! what am I about to say!—you may remember, my love, how good she was, and how charming: till this vile moment all her care was to make us happy. Had she but died! But she is gone, the honour of our family contaminated, and I must look out for happiness in other worlds than here. But, my child, you saw them go off: perhaps he forced her away? If he forced her, she may yet be innocent."—"Ah, no, sir," cried the child; "he only kissed her, and called her his angel, and she wept very much, and leaned upon his arm, and they drove off very fast."—"She's an ungrateful creature," cried my wife, who could scarcely speak for weeping, "to use us thus. She never had the least constraint put upon her affections. She has basely deserted her parents without any provocation, thus to bring your gray hairs to the grave; and I must shortly follow."

In this manner that night, the first of our real misfortunes, was spent in the bitterness of complaint, and ill-supported sallies of enthusiasm. I determined, however, to find out our

betrayer, wherever he was, and reproach his baseness. The next morning we missed our wretched child at breakfast, where she used to give life and cheerfulness to us all. My wife, as before, attempted to ease her heart by reproaches. "Never," cried she, "shall that vilest stain of our family again darken these harmless doors. I will never call her daughter more. No, let her live with her vile seducer: she may bring us to shame, but she shall never more deceive us."

"Wife," said I, "do not talk thus hardly: my detestation of her guilt is as great as yours; but ever shall this house and this heart be open to a poor returning repentant sinner. The sooner she returns from her transgressions, the more welcome shall she be to me. For the first time the very best may err; art may persuade, and novelty spread out its charm. The first fault is the child of simplicity, but every other, the offspring of guilt. Yes, the wretched creature shall be welcome to this heart and this house, though stained with ten thousand vices. I will again hearken to the music of her voice, again will I hang fondly on her bosom, if I find but repentance there. My son, bring hither my Bible and my staff: I will pursue her, wherever she is; and though I cannot save her from shame, I may prevent the continuance of iniquity."

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Pursuit of a Father to reclaim a Lost Child to Virtue.

THOUGH the child could not describe the gentleman's person who handed his sister into the post-chaise, yet my suspicions fell entirely upon our young landlord, whose character for such intrigues was but too well known. I therefore directed my steps towards Thornhill Castle, resolving to upbraid him, and, if possible, to bring back my daughter: but before I had reached his seat, I was met by one of my parishioners, who said he saw a young lady resembling my daughter in a post-chaise with a gentleman, whom by the description I could only guess to be Mr. Burchell, and that they drove very fast. This information, however, did by no means satisfy me. I therefore went to the young Squire's, and, though it was yet early, insisted upon seeing him immediately. He soon appeared with the most open familiar air, and seemed perfectly amazed at my daughter's elopement, protesting, upon his honour, that he was quite a stranger to it. I now therefore condemned my former suspicions, and could turn them only on Mr. Burchell, who, I recollected, had of late several private conferences with her; but

the appearance of another witness left me no room to doubt his villany, who averred, that he and my daughter were actually gone towards the Wells, about thirty miles off, where there was a great deal of company. Being driven to that state of mind in which we all are more ready to act precipitately than to reason right, I never debated with myself whether these accounts might not have been given by persons purposely placed in my way to mislead me, but resolved to pursue my daughter and her fancied deluder thither. I walked along with earnestness, and inquired of several by the way; but received no accounts, till, entering the town, I was met by a person on horseback, whom I remembered to have seen at the Squire's, and he assured me that if I followed them to the races, which were but thirty miles farther, I might depend upon overtaking them; for he had seen them dance there the night before, and the whole assembly seemed charmed with my daughter's performance. Early the next day, I walked forward to the races, and about four in the afternoon I came upon the course. The company made a very brilliant appearance, all earnestly employed in one pursuit,—that of pleasure: how different from mine,—that of reclaiming a lost child to virtue! I thought I perceived Mr. Burchell at some distance from me; but, as if he dreaded an interview, upon my approaching him he mixed among a crowd, and I saw him no more.

I now reflected that it would be to no purpose to continue my pursuit farther, and resolved to return home to an innocent family, who wanted my assistance. But the agitations of my mind, and the fatigues I had undergone, threw me into a fever, the symptoms of which I perceived before I came off the course. This was another unexpected stroke, as I was more than seventy miles distant from home: however, I retired to a little alehouse by the roadside; and in this place, the usual retreat of indigence and frugality, I laid me down patiently to wait the issue of my disorder. I languished here for nearly three weeks; but at last my constitution prevailed, though I was unprovided with money to defray the expenses of my entertainment. It is possible the anxiety from this last circumstance alone might have brought on a relapse, had I not been supplied by a traveller, who stopped to take a cursory refreshment. This person was no other than the philanthropic bookseller in St. Paul's Churchyard, who has written so many little books for children: he called himself their friend, but he was the friend of all mankind. He was no sooner alighted, but he was in haste to be gone; for he was ever on business of the utmost importance, and was at that time actually compiling materials for the history of one Mr. Thomas

Trip. I immediately recollected this good-natured man's red pimpled face; for he had published for me against the Deuterogamists of the age; and from him I borrowed a few pieces, to be paid at my return. Leaving the inn, therefore, as I was yet but weak, I resolved to return home by easy journeys of ten miles a day. My health and usual tranquillity were almost restored, and I now condemned that pride which had made me refractory to the hand of correction. Man little knows what calamities are beyond his patience to bear, till he tries them: as in ascending the heights of ambition, which look bright from below, every step we rise shows us some new and gloomy prospect of hidden disappointment; so in our descent from the summits of pleasure, though the vale of misery below may appear at first dark and gloomy, yet the busy mind, still attentive to its own amusement, finds, as we descend, something to flatter and to please. Still as we approach, the darkest objects appear to brighten, and the mental eye becomes adapted to its gloomy situation.

I now proceeded forward, and had walked about two hours, when I perceived what appeared at a distance like a waggon, which I was resolved to overtake; but when I came up with it, found it to be a strolling company's cart, that was carrying their scenes and other theatrical furniture to the next village, where they were to exhibit. The cart was attended only by the person who drove it, and one of the company, as the rest of the players were to follow the ensuing day. "Good company upon the road," says the proverb, "is the shortest cut." I therefore entered into conversation with the poor player; and as I once had some theatrical powers myself, I disserted on such topics with my usual freedom: but as I was pretty much unacquainted with the present state of the stage, I demanded who were the present theatrical writers in vogue—who the Drydens and Otways of the day?—"I fancy, sir," cried the player, "few of our modern dramatists would think themselves much honoured, by being compared to the writers you mention. Dryden's and Rowe's manner, sir, are quite out of fashion: our taste has gone back a whole century; Fletcher, Ben Jonson, and all the plays of Shakespeare are the only things that go down."—"How," cried I, "is it possible the present age can be pleased with that antiquated dialect, that obsolete humour, those overcharged characters, which abound in the works you mention?"—"Sir," returned my companion, "the public think nothing about dialect or humour, or character, for that is none of their business; they only go to be amused, and find themselves happy when they can enjoy a pantomime, under the sanction of Jonson's or Shake-

speare's name."—"So then, I suppose," cried I, "that our modern dramatists are rather imitators of Shakespeare than of nature." —"To say the truth," returned my companion, "I don't know that they imitate anything at all; nor, indeed, does the public require it of them; it is not the composition of the piece, but the number of starts and attitudes that may be introduced into it, that elicits applause. I have known a piece, with not one jest in the whole, shrugged into popularity, and another saved, by the poet's throwing in a fit of the gripes. No, sir, the works of Congreve and Farquhar have too much wit in them for the present taste; our modern dialect is much more natural."

By this time, the equipage of the strolling company was arrived at the village, which, it seems, had been apprised of our approach, and was come out to gaze at us; for my companion observed, that strollers always have more spectators without doors than within. I did not consider the impropriety of my being in such company, till I saw a mob gather about me. I therefore took shelter, as fast as possible, in the first alehouse that offered; and being shown into the common room, was accosted by a very well-dressed gentleman, who demanded whether I was the real chaplain of the company, or whether it was only to be my masquerade character in the play? Upon informing him of the truth, and that I did not belong, in any sort, to the company, he was condescending enough to desire me and the player to partake in a bowl of punch, over which he discussed modern politics with great earnestness and interest. I set him down, in my own mind, for nothing less than a parliament-man at least; but was almost confirmed in my conjectures, when, upon asking what there was in the house for supper, he insisted that the player and I should sup with him at his house; with which request, after some entreaties, we were prevailed on to comply.

CHAPTER XIX.

The description of a person discontented with the present Government, and apprehensive of the loss of our liberties.

The house where we were to be entertained lying at a small distance from the village, our inviter observed, that as the coach was not ready, he would conduct us on foot; and we soon arrived at one of the most magnificent mansions I had seen in that part of the country. The apartment into which we were shown was perfectly elegant and modern: he went to give orders for supper, while the player, with a wink, observed

that we were perfectly in luck. Our entertainer soon returned; an elegant supper was brought in; two or three ladies in easy dishabille were introduced, and the conversation began with some sprightliness. Politics, however, was the subject on which our entertainer chiefly expatiated; for he asserted that liberty was at once his boast and his terror. After the cloth was removed, he asked me if I had seen the last Monitor? to which, replying in the negative, "What! nor the Auditor, I suppose?" cried he. "Neither, sir," returned I. "That's strange, very strange!" replied my entertainer. "Now, I read all the politics that come out: the Daily, the Public, the Ledger, the Chronicle, the London Evening, the Whitehall Evening, the seventeen Magazines, and the two Reviews; and, though they hate each other, I love them all. Liberty, sir, liberty is the Briton's boast! and, by all my coal-mines in Cornwall, I reverence its guardians."—"Then, it is to be hoped," cried I, "you reverence the king?"—"Yes," returned my entertainer, "when he does what we would have him; but if he goes on as he has done of late, I'll never trouble myself more with his matters. I say nothing. I think, only, I could have directed some things better. I don't think there has been a sufficient number of advisers: he should advise with every person willing to give him advice, and then we should have things done in another guess manner."

"I wish," cried I, "that such intruding advisers were fixed in the pillory. It should be the duty of honest men to assist the weaker side of our constitution, that sacred power that has for some years been every day declining, and losing its due share of influence in the state. But these ignorants still continue the same cry of liberty, and, if they have any weight, basely throw it into the subsiding scale."

"How!" cried one of the ladies, "do I live to see one so base, so sordid, as to be an enemy to liberty, and a defender of tyrants? Liberty, that sacred gift of Heaven, that glorious privilege of Britons!"

"Can it be possible," cried our entertainer, "that there should be any found at present advocates for slavery? Any who are for meanly giving up the privileges of Britons? Can any, sir, be so abject?"

"No, sir," replied I, "I am for liberty! that attribute of gods! Glorious liberty! that theme of modern declamation! I would have all men kings! I would be a king myself. We have all naturally an equal right to the throne: we are all originally equal. This is my opinion, and was once the opinion of a set of honest men who were called Levellers. They tried

to erect themselves into a community, where all should be equally free. But, alas! it would never answer: for there were some among them stronger, and some more cunning, than others, and these became masters of the rest; for, as sure as your groom rides your horses, because he is a cunninger animal than they, so surely will the animal that is cunninger or stronger than he, sit upon his shoulders in turn. Since, then, it is entailed upon humanity to submit, and some are born to command and others to obey, the question is, as there must be tyrants, whether it is better to have them in the same house with us, or in the same village, or, still farther off, in the metropolis. Now, sir, for my own part, as I naturally hate the face of a tyrant, the farther off he is removed from me the better pleased am I. The generality of mankind also are of my way of thinking, and have unanimously created one king, whose election at once diminishes the number of tyrants, and puts tyranny at the greatest distance from the greatest number of people. Now, the great, who were tyrants themselves before the election of one tyrant, are naturally averse to a power raised over them, and whose weight must ever lean heaviest on the subordinate orders. It is the interest of the great, therefore, to diminish kingly power as much as possible; because, whatever they take from that is naturally restored to themselves; and all they have to do in the state is to undermine the single tyrant, by which they resume their primeval authority. Now, the state may be so circumstanced, or its laws may be so disposed, or its men of opulence so minded, as all to conspire in carrying on this business of undermining monarchy. For, in the first place, if the circumstances of our state be such as to favour the accumulation of wealth, and make the opulent still more rich, this will increase their ambition. An accumulation of wealth, however, must necessarily be the consequence, when, as at present, more riches flow in from external commerce than arise from internal industry; for external commerce can only be managed to advantage by the rich, and they have also at the same time all the emoluments arising from internal industry; so that the rich, with us, have two sources of wealth, whereas the poor have but one. For this reason, wealth, in all commercial states, is found to accumulate; and all such have hitherto in time become aristocratical. Again, the very laws also of this country may contribute to the accumulation of wealth; as when, by their means, the natural ties that bind the rich and poor together are broken, and it is ordained that the rich shall only marry with the rich; or when the learned are held unqualified to serve their country as counsellors, merely from

a defect of opulence, and wealth is thus made the object of a wise man's ambition: by these means, I say, and such means as these, riches will accumulate. Now, the possessor of accumulated wealth, when furnished with the necessaries and pleasures of life has no other method to employ the superfluity of his fortune but in purchasing power. That is, differently speaking, in making dependants, by purchasing the liberty of the needy or the venal, of men who are willing to bear the mortification of contiguous tyranny for bread. Thus each very opulent man generally gathers round him a circle of the poorest of the people; and the polity abounding in accumulated wealth may be compared to a Cartesian system, each orb with a vortex of its own. Those, however, who are willing to move in a great man's vortex, are only such as must be slaves, the rabble of mankind, whose souls and whose education are adapted to servitude, and who know nothing of liberty except the name. But there must still be a large number of the people without the sphere of the opulent man's influence; namely, that order of men which subsists between the very rich and the very rabble; those men who are possessed of too large fortunes to submit to the neighbouring man in power, and yet are too poor to set up for tyranny themselves. In this middle order of mankind are generally to be found all the arts, wisdom, and virtues of society. This order alone is known to be the true preserver of freedom, and may be called THE PEOPLE. Now, it may happen that this middle order of mankind may lose all its influence in a state, and its voice be in a manner drowned in that of the rabble: for, if the fortune sufficient for qualifying a person at present to give his voice in state affairs be ten times less than was judged sufficient upon forming the constitution, it is evident that great numbers of the rabble will thus be introduced into the political system, and they, ever moving in the vortex of the great, will follow where greatness shall direct. In such a state, therefore, all that the middle order has left is to preserve the prerogative and privileges of the one principal governor with the most sacred circumspection. For he divides the power of the rich, and calls off the great from falling with tenfold weight on the middle order placed beneath them. The middle order may be compared to a town of which the opulent are forming the siege, and of which the governor from without is hastening the relief. While the besiegers are in dread of an enemy over them, it is but natural to offer the townsmen the most specious terms; to flatter them with sounds, and amuse them with privileges; but if they once defeat the governor from behind, the walls of the town will be but a small defence to its inhabitants. What they

may then expect, may be seen by turning our eyes to Holland, Genoa, or Venice, where the laws govern the poor, and the rich govern the law. I am then for, and would die for monarchy, sacred monarchy: for if there be anything sacred amongst men, it must be the anointed SOVEREIGN of his people; and every diminution of his power, in war or in peace, is an infringement upon the real liberties of the subject. The sounds of Liberty, Patriotism, and Britons, have already done much; it is to be hoped that the true sons of freedom will prevent their ever doing more. I have known many of these pretended champions for liberty in my time, yet do I not remember one that was not in his heart and in his family a tyrant."

My warmth, I found, had lengthened this harangue beyond the rules of good breeding; but the impatience of my entertainer, who often strove to interrupt it, could be restrained no longer. "What!" cried he, "then I have been all this while entertaining a Jesuit in parson's clothes! But, by all the coal-mines of Cornwall, out he shall pack, if my name be Wilkinson." I now found I had gone too far, and asked pardon for the warmth with which I had spoken. "Pardon!" returned he, in a fury: "I think such principles demand ten thousand pardons. What! give up liberty, property, and, as the Gazetteer says, lie down to be saddled with wooden shoes! Sir, I insist upon your marching out of this house immediately, to prevent worse consequences: sir, I insist upon it." I was going to repeat my remonstrances, but just then we heard a footman's rap at the door, and the two ladies cried out, "As sure as death, there is our master and mistress come home!" It seems my entertainer was all this while only the butler, who, in his master's absence, had a mind to cut a figure, and be for a while the gentleman himself; and, to say the truth, he talked politics as well as most country gentlemen do. But nothing could now exceed my confusion upon seeing the gentleman and his lady enter; nor was their surprise, at finding such company and good cheer, less than ours. "Gentlemen," cried the real master of the house to me and my companion, "my wife and I are your most humble servants; but I protest this is so unexpected a favour, that we almost sink under the obligation." However unexpected our company might be to them, theirs, I am sure, was still more so to us, and I was struck dumb with the apprehensions of my own absurdity, when whom should I next see enter the room but my dear Miss Arabella Wilmot, who was formerly designed to be married to my son George, but whose match was broken off, as already related. As soon as she saw me, she flew to my arms with the utmost joy. "My dear sir," cried she, "to what

happy accident is it that we owe so unexpected a visit? I am sure my uncle and aunt will be in raptures when they find they have the good Dr. Primrose for their guest." Upon hearing my name, the old gentleman and lady very politely stepped up, and welcomed me with most cordial hospitality. Nor could they forbear smiling, upon being informed of the nature of my present visit: but the unfortunate butler, whom they at first seemed disposed to turn away, was at my intercession forgiven.

Mr. Arnold and his lady, to whom the house belonged, now insisted upon having the pleasure of my stay for some days; 10 and as their niece, my charming pupil, whose mind in some measure had been formed under my own instructions, joined in their entreaties, I complied. That night I was shown to a magnificent chamber; and the next morning early Miss Wilmot desired to walk with me in the garden, which was decorated in the modern manner. After some time spent in pointing out the beauties of the place, she inquired with seeming unconcern, when last I had heard from my son George.—"Alas! madam," cried I, "he has now been nearly three years absent, without ever writing to his friends or me. Where he is I know not; 20 perhaps I shall never see him or happiness more. No, my dear madam, we shall never more see such pleasing hours as were once spent by our fireside at Wakefield. My little family are now dispersing very fast, and poverty has brought not only want, but infamy upon us." The good-natured girl let fall a tear at this account; but as I saw her possessed of too much sensibility, I forebore a more minute detail of our sufferings. It was, however, some consolation to me to find that time had made no alteration in her affections, and that she had rejected several matches that had been made her since our leaving her 30 part of the country. She led me round all the extensive improvements of the place, pointing to the several walks and arbours, and at the same time catching from every object a hint for some new question relative to my son. In this manner we spent the forenoon, till the bell summoned us in to dinner, where we found the manager of the strolling company that I mentioned before, who was come to dispose of tickets for the Fair Penitent, which was to be acted that evening: the part of Horatio by a young gentleman who had never appeared on any stage. He seemed to be very warm in the praise of the new 40 performer, and averred that he never saw any who bid so fair for excellence. Acting, he observed, was not learned in a day; "but this gentleman," continued he, "seems born to tread the stage. His voice, his figure, and attitudes are all admirable. We caught him up accidentally in our journey down." This

account in some measure excited our curiosity, and, at the entreaty of the ladies, I was prevailed upon to accompany them to the play-house, which was no other than a barn. As the company with which I went was incontestably the chief of the place, we were received with the greatest respect, and placed in the front seat of the theatre, where we sat for some time with no small impatience to see Horatio make his appearance. The new performer advanced at last; and let parents think of my sensations by their own, when I found it was my unfortunate son! He was going to begin; when, turning his eyes upon the audience, he perceived Miss Wilmot and me, and stood at once speechless and immoveable.

The actors behind the scene, who ascribed this pause to his natural timidity, attempted to encourage him; but instead of going on, he burst into a flood of tears, and retired off the stage. I don't know what were my feelings on this occasion, for they succeeded with too much rapidity for description; but I was soon awaked from this disagreeable reverie by Miss Wilmot, who, pale and with a trembling voice, desired me to conduct her back to her uncle's. When got home, Mr. Arnold, who was as yet a stranger to our extraordinary behaviour, being informed that the new performer was my son, sent his coach and an invitation for him; and as he persisted in his refusal to appear again upon the stage, the players put another in his place, and we soon had him with us. Mr. Arnold gave him the kindest reception, and I received him with my usual transport; for I could never counterfeit false resentment. Miss Wilmot's reception was mixed with seeming neglect, and yet I could perceive she acted a studied part. The tumult in her mind seemed not yet abated: she said twenty giddy things that looked like joy, and then laughed loud at her own want of meaning. At intervals she would take a sly peep at the glass, as if happy in the consciousness of unresisted beauty; and often would ask questions without giving any manner of attention to the answers.

CHAPTER XX.

The History of a philosophic Vagabond, pursuing Novelty, but losing Content.

After we had supped, Mrs. Arnold politely offered to send a couple of her footmen for my son's baggage, which he at first seemed to decline; but upon her pressing the request, he was obliged to inform her, that a stick and wallet were all the moveable things upon this earth that he could boast of. "Why, ay,

my son," cried I, "you left me but poor, and poor I find you are come back: and yet I make no doubt you have seen a great deal of the world."—"Yes, sir," replied my son, "but travelling after Fortune is not the way to secure her; and, indeed, of late I have desisted from the pursuit."—"I fancy, sir," cried Mrs. Arnold, "that the account of your adventures would be amusing; the first part of them I have often heard from my niece; but could the company prevail for the rest, it would be an additional obligation." "Madam," replied my son, "I promise you the pleasure you have in hearing will not be half so great as my vanity in repeating them; yet in the whole narrative I can scarcely promise you one adventure, as my account is rather of what I saw than what I did. The first misfortune of my life, which you all know, was great; but though it distressed, it could not sink me. No person ever had a better knack at hoping than I. The less kind I found Fortune at one time, the more I expected from her another; and being now at the bottom of her wheel, every new revolution might lift, but could not depress me. I proceeded, therefore, towards London in a fine morning, no way uneasy about to-morrow, but cheerful as the birds that carolled by the road; and comforted myself with reflecting, that London was the mart where abilities of every kind were sure of meeting distinction and reward.

"Upon my arrival in town, sir, my first care was to deliver your letter of recommendation to our cousin, who was himself in little better circumstances than I. My first scheme, you know, sir, was to be usher at an academy; and I asked his advice on the affair. Our cousin received the proposal with a true sardonic grin. 'Ay,' cried he, 'this is indeed a very pretty career that has been chalked out for you. I have been an usher at a boarding-school myself; and may I die by an anodyne necklace, but I had rather be an under-turnkey in Newgate. I was up early and late: I was browbeat by the master, hated for my ugly face by the mistress, worried by the boys within, and never permitted to stir out to meet civility abroad. But are you sure you are fit for a school? Let me examine you a little. Have you been bred apprentice to the business?'—'No.'—'Then you won't do for a school. Can you dress the boys' hair?'—'No.'—'Then you won't do for a school. Have you had the small-pox?'—'No.'—'Then you won't do for a school. Can you lie three in a bed?'—'No.'—'Then you will never do for a school. Have you got a good stomach?'—'Yes.'—'Then you will by no means do for a school. No, sir: if you are for a genteel, easy profession, bind yourself seven years an apprentice to turn a cutler's wheel: but avoid a school by any means. Yet come,'

continued he, 'I see you are a lad of spirit and some learning; what do you think of commencing author, like me? You have read in books, no doubt, of men of genius starving at the trade. At present I'll show you forty very dull fellows about town that live by it in opulence; all honest jog-trot men, who go on smoothly and dully, and write history and politics, and are praised: men, sir, who, had they been bred cobblers, would all their lives have only mended shoes, but never made them.'

"Finding that there was no great degree of gentility affixed to the character of an usher, I resolved to accept his proposal; and having the highest respect for literature, hailed the *antiqua mater* of Grub-street with reverence. I thought it my glory to pursue a track which Dryden and Otway trod before me. I considered the goddess of this region as the parent of excellence; and however an intercourse with the world might give us good sense, the poverty she entailed I supposed to be the nurse of genius! Big with these reflections, I sat down, and finding that the best things remained to be said on the wrong side, I resolved to write a book that should be wholly new. I therefore dressed up three paradoxes with some ingenuity. They were false, indeed, but they were new. The jewels of truth have been so often imported by others, that nothing was left for me to import but some splendid things that at a distance looked every bit as well. Witness, you powers, what fancied importance sat perched upon my quill while I was writing! The whole learned world, I made no doubt, would rise to oppose my systems: but then I was prepared to oppose the whole learned world. Like the porcupine, I sat self-collected, with a quill pointed against every opposer."

"Well said, my boy," cried I: "and what subject did you treat upon? I hope you did not pass over the importance of monogamy. But I interrupt: go on. You published your paradoxes; well, and what did the learned world say to your paradoxes?"

"Sir," replied my son, "the learned world said nothing to my paradoxes; nothing at all, sir. Every man of them was employed in praising his friends and himself, or condemning his enemies; and unfortunately, as I had neither, I suffered the cruelest mortification,—neglect.

"As I was meditating, one day, in a coffee-house, on the fate of my paradoxes, a little man happening to enter the room, placed himself in the box before me; and after some preliminary discourse, finding me to be a scholar, drew out a bundle of proposals, begging me to subscribe to a new edition he was going to give to the world of Propertius, with notes. This demand necessarily produced a reply that I had no money; and that

concession led him to inquire into the nature of my expectations. Finding that my expectations were just as great as my purse,—'I see,' cried he, 'you are unacquainted with the town: I'll teach you a part of it. Look at these proposals,—upon these very proposals I have subsisted very comfortably for twelve years. The moment a nobleman returns from his travels, a Creolian arrives from Jamaica, or a dowager from her country seat, I strike for a subscription. I first besiege their hearts with flattery, and then pour in my proposals at the breach. If they subscribe readily the first time, I renew my request to beg a dedication fee: if they let me have that, I smite them once more for engraving their coat of arms at the top. Thus,' continued he, 'I live by vanity, and laugh at it. But, between ourselves, I am now too well known: I should be glad to borrow your face a bit. A nobleman of distinction has just returned from Italy; my face is familiar to his porter; but if you bring this copy of verses, my life for it you succeed, and we divide the spoil.'"

"Bless us, George," cried I, "and is this the employment of poets now? Do men of exalted talents thus stoop to beggary? Can they so far disgrace their calling, as to make a vile traffic of praise for bread?"

"Oh no, sir," returned he, "a true poet can never be so base; for wherever there is genius, there is pride. The creatures I now describe are only beggars in rhyme. The real poet, as he braves every hardship for fame, so he is equally a coward to contempt; and none but those who are unworthy protection condescend to solicit it.

"Having a mind too proud to stoop to such indignities, and yet a fortune too humble to hazard a second attempt for fame, I was now obliged to take a middle course, and write for bread. But I was unqualified for a profession where mere industry alone was to ensure success. I could not suppress my lurking passion for applause; but usually consumed that time in efforts after excellence which takes up but little room, when it should have been more advantageously employed in the diffusive productions of fruitful mediocrity. My little piece would therefore come forth in the midst of periodical publications, unnoticed and unknown. The public were more importantly employed than to observe the easy simplicity of my style, or the harmony of my periods. Sheet after sheet was thrown off to oblivion. My essays were buried among the essays upon liberty, Eastern tales, and cures for the bite of a mad dog; while Philautos, Philalethes, Philelutheros, and Philanthropos, all wrote better, because they wrote faster than I.

"Now, therefore, I began to associate with none but disappointed authors like myself, who praised, deplored, and despised each other. The satisfaction we found in every celebrated writer's attempts was inversely as their merits. I found that no genius in another could please me. My unfortunate paradoxes had entirely dried up that source of comfort. I could neither read nor write with satisfaction; for excellence in another was my aversion, and writing was my trade.

"In the midst of these gloomy reflections, as I was one day sitting on a bench in St. James's Park, a young gentleman of distinction, who had been my intimate acquaintance at the university, approached me. We saluted each other with some hesitation; he almost ashamed of being known to one who made so shabby an appearance, and I afraid of a repulse. But my suspicions soon vanished; for Ned Thornhill was at the bottom a very good-natured fellow."

"What did you say, George?" interrupted I. "Thornhill, was not that his name? It can certainly be no other than my landlord."—"Bless me," cried Mrs. Arnold, "is Mr. Thornhill so near a neighbour of yours? He has long been a friend in our family, and we expect a visit from him shortly."

"My friend's first care," continued my son, "was to alter my appearance by a very fine suit of his own clothes, and then I was admitted to his table, upon the footing of half friend, half underling. My business was to attend him at auctions, to put him in spirits when he sat for his picture, to take the left hand in his chariot when not filled by another, and to assist when he had a mind for a frolic. Besides this, I had twenty other little employments in the family. I was to do many small things without bidding: to carry the corkscrew; to stand godfather to all the butler's children; to sing when I was bid; to be never out of humour; always to be humble, and, if I could, to be very happy.

"In this honourable post, however, I was not without a rival. A captain of marines, who was formed for the place by nature, opposed me in my patron's affections. His mother had been laundress to a man of quality, and thus he early acquired a taste for pedigree. As this gentleman made it the study of his life to be acquainted with lords, though he was dismissed from several for his stupidity, yet he found many of them who were as dull as himself, that permitted his assiduities. As flattery was his trade, he practised it with the easiest address imaginable; but it came awkward and stiff from me: and as every day my patron's desire of flattery increased, so, every hour, being better acquainted with his defects, I became more

unwilling to give it. Thus, I was once more fairly going to give up the field to the captain, when my friend found occasion for my assistance. This was nothing less than to fight a duel for him with a gentleman, whose sister it was pretended he had used ill. I readily complied with his request; and though I see you are displeased at my conduct, yet, as it was a debt indispensably due to friendship, I could not refuse. I undertook the affair, disarmed my antagonist, and soon after had the pleasure of finding, that the lady was only a woman of the town, and the fellow her bully and a sharper. This piece of service was repaid with the warmest professions of gratitude; but, as my friend was to leave town in a few days, he knew no other method of serving me but by recommending me to his uncle, Sir William Thornhill, and another nobleman of great distinction, who enjoyed a post under the government. When he was gone, my first care was to carry his recommendatory letter to his uncle, a man whose character for every virtue was universal, yet just. I was received by his servants with the most hospitable smiles; for the looks of the domestic ever transmit the master's benevolence. Being shown into a grand apartment, where Sir William soon came to me, I delivered my message and letter, which he read, and, after pausing some minutes,—'Pray, sir,' cried he, 'inform me what you have done for my kinsman to deserve this warm recommendation? But I suppose, sir, I guess your merits: you have fought for him; and so you would expect a reward from me for being the instrument of his vices. I wish—sincerely wish, that my present refusal may be some punishment for your guilt; but still more, that it may be some inducement to your repentance.' The severity of this rebuke I bore patiently, because I knew it was just. My whole expectations now, therefore, lay in my letter to the great man. As the doors of the nobility are almost ever beset with beggars, all ready to thrust in some sly petition, I found it no easy matter to gain admittance. However, after bribing the servants with half my worldly fortune, I was at last shown into a spacious apartment, my letter being previously sent up for his lordship's inspection. During this anxious interval, I had full time to look round me. Every thing was grand and of happy contrivance: the paintings, the furniture, the gildings, petrified me with awe, and raised my idea of the owner. Ah, thought I to myself, how very great must the possessor of all these things be, who carries in his head the business of the state, and whose house displays half the wealth of a kingdom! sure his genius must be unfathomable!—During these awful reflections, I heard a step come heavily forward. Ah, this is the great man himself! No;

it was only a chambermaid. Another foot was heard soon after. This must be he! No; it was only the great man's valet-de-chambre. At last his lordship actually made his appearance. 'Are you,' cried he, 'the bearer of this here letter?' I answered with a bow. 'I learn by this,' continued he, 'as how that,'—But just at that instant a servant delivered him a card, and, without taking farther notice, he went out of the room, and left me to digest my own happiness at leisure. I saw no more of him, till told by a footman that his lordship was going to his coach at the door. Down I immediately followed, and joined my voice to that of three or four more, who came, like me, to petition for favours. His lordship, however, went too fast for us, and was gaining his chariot door with large strides, when I hallooed out to know if I was to have any reply. He was, by this time, got in, and muttered an answer, half of which only I heard, the other half was lost in the rattling of his chariot-wheels. I stood for some time with my neck stretched out, in the posture of one that was listening to catch the glorious sounds, till, looking round me, I found myself alone at his lordship's gate.

"My patience," continued my son, "was now quite exhausted: stung with the thousand indignities I had met with, I was willing to cast myself away, and only wanted the gulf to receive me. I regarded myself as one of those vile things that Nature designed should be thrown by into her lumber-room, there to perish in obscurity. I had still, however, half-a-guinea left, and of that I thought Nature herself should not deprive me; but in order to be sure of this, I was resolved to go instantly and spend it while I had it, and then trust to occurrences for the rest. As I was going along with this resolution, it happened that Mr. Crispe's office seemed invitingly open to give me a welcome reception. In this office, Mr. Crispe kindly offers all his Majesty's subjects a generous promise of £30 a year, for which promise all they give in return is their liberty for life, and permission to let him transport them to America as slaves. I was happy at finding a place where I could lose my fears in desperation, and entered this cell (for it had the appearance of one) with the devotion of a monastic. Here I found a number of poor creatures, all in circumstances like myself, expecting the arrival of Mr. Crispe, presenting a true epitome of English impatience. Each untractable soul at variance with Fortune wreaked her injuries on their own hearts: but Mr. Crispe at last came down, and all our murmurs were hushed. He deigned to regard me with an air of peculiar approbation, and indeed he was the first man who, for a month past, had talked to me with smiles. After a few questions, he found I was fit for everything in the

world. He paused a while upon the properest means of providing for me: and slapping his forehead as if he had found it, assured me that there was at that time an embassy talked of from the synod of Pennsylvania to the Chickasaw Indians, and that he would use his interest to get me made secretary. I knew in my own heart that the fellow lied, and yet his promise gave me pleasure, there was something so magnificent in the sound. I fairly therefore divided my half-guinea, one half of which went to be added to his thirty thousand pounds, and with the other half I resolved to go to the next tavern, to be there more happy than he.

"As I was going out with that resolution, I was met at the door by the captain of a ship with whom I had formerly some little acquaintance, and he agreed to be my companion over a bowl of punch. As I never chose to make a secret of my circumstances, he assured me that I was upon the very point of ruin, in listening to the office-keeper's promises; for that he only designed to sell me to the plantations. 'But,' continued he, 'I fancy you might, by a much shorter voyage, be very easily put into a genteel way of bread. Take my advice. My ship sails to-morrow for Amsterdam: what if you go in her as a passenger? The moment you land, all you have to do is to teach the Dutchmen English, and I'll warrant you'll get pupils and money enough. I suppose you understand English,' added he, 'by this time, or the deuce is in it.' I confidently assured him of that; but expressed a doubt whether the Dutch would be willing to learn English. He affirmed, with an oath, that they were fond of it to distraction; and upon that affirmation I agreed with his proposal, and embarked the next day to teach the Dutch English in Holland. The wind was fair, our voyage short; and after having paid my passage with half my moveables, I found myself, fallen as from the skies, a stranger in one of the principal streets of Amsterdam. In this situation I was unwilling to let any time pass unemployed in teaching. I addressed myself, therefore, to two or three of those I met whose appearance seemed most promising; but it was impossible to make ourselves mutually understood. It was not till this very moment I recollected, that in order to teach the Dutchmen English, it was necessary that they should first teach me Dutch. How I came to overlook so obvious an objection is to me amazing: but certain it is I overlooked it.

"This scheme thus blown up, I had some thoughts of fairly shipping back to England again, but falling into company with an Irish student, who was returning from Louvain, our conversation turning upon topics of literature, (for, by the way, it may

be observed that I always forgot the meanness of my circumstances when I could converse upon such subjects,) from him I learned that there were not two men in his whole university who understood Greek. This amazed me. I instantly resolved to travel to Louvain, and there live by teaching Greek: and in this design I was heartened by my brother student, who threw out some hints that a fortune might be got by it.

"I set boldly forward the next morning. Every day lessened the burden of my moveables, like Æsop and his basket of bread; for I paid them for my lodgings to the Dutch, as I travelled on. When I came to Louvain, I was resolved not to go sneaking to the lower professors, but openly tendered my talents to the Principal himself. I went, had admittance, and offered him my service as a master of the Greek language, which I had been told was a desideratum in his university. The Principal seemed at first to doubt of my abilities; but of these I offered to convince him, by turning a part of any Greek author he should fix upon into Latin. Finding me perfectly earnest in my proposal, he addressed me thus: 'You see me, young man; I never learned Greek, and I don't find that I have ever missed it. I have had a Doctor's cap and gown without Greek; I have ten thousand florins a year without Greek; I eat heartily without Greek; and, in short,' continued he, 'as I don't know Greek, I do not believe there is any good in it.'

"I was now too far from home to think of returning; so I resolved to go forward. I had some knowledge of music, with a tolerable voice, and now turned what was my amusement into a present means of subsistence. I passed among the harmless peasants of Flanders, and among such of the French as were poor enough to be very merry; for I ever found them sprightly in proportion to their wants. Whenever I approached a peasant's house towards nightfall, I played one of my most merry tunes, and that procured me not only a lodging, but subsistence for the next day. I once or twice attempted to play for people of fashion, but they always thought my performance odious, and never rewarded me even with a trifle. This was to me the more extraordinary, as, whenever I used, in better days, to play for company, when playing was my amusement, my music never failed to throw them into raptures, and the ladies especially; but as it was now my only means, it was received with contempt —a proof how ready the world is to underrate those talents by which a man is supported.

"In this manner I proceeded to Paris, with no design but just to look about me, and then to go forward. The people of Paris are much fonder of strangers that have money, than those that

have wit. As I could not boast much of either, I was no great favourite. After walking about the town four or five days, and seeing the outsides of the best houses, I was preparing to leave this retreat of venal hospitality, when passing through one of the principal streets, whom should I meet but our cousin, to whom you first recommended me. This meeting was very agreeable to me, and I believe not displeasing to him. He inquired into the nature of my journey to Paris, and informed me of his own business there, which was to collect pictures, medals, intaglios, and antiques of all kinds, for a gentleman in London 10 who had just stepped into taste and a large fortune. I was the more surprised at seeing our cousin pitched upon for this office, as he himself had often assured me he knew nothing of the matter. Upon asking how he had been taught the art of a cognoscento so very suddenly, he assured me that nothing was more easy. The whole secret consisted in a strict adherence to two rules: the one, always to observe the picture might have been better if the painter had taken more pains; and the other, to praise the works of Pietro Perugino. 'But,' says he, 'as I once taught you how to be an author in London, I'll now under- 20 take to instruct you in the art of picture-buying at Paris.'

"With this proposal I very readily closed, as it was a living, and now all my ambition was to live. I went therefore to his lodgings, improved my dress by his assistance; and, after some time, accompanied him to auctions of pictures, where the English gentry were expected to be purchasers. I was not a little surprised at his intimacy with people of the best of fashion, who referred themselves to his judgment upon every picture or medal, as to an unerring standard of taste. He made very good use of my assistance upon these occasions; for, when asked his opinion, 30 he would gravely take me aside and ask mine, shrug, look wise, return, and assure the company that he could give no opinion upon an affair of so much importance. Yet there was sometimes an occasion for a more supported assurance. I remember to have seen him, after giving his opinion that the colouring of a picture was not mellow enough, very deliberately take a brush with brown varnish, that was accidently lying by, and rub it over the piece with great composure before all the company, and then asked if he had not improved the tints.

"When he had finished his commission in Paris, he left me 40 strongly recommended to several men of distinction, as a person very proper for a travelling tutor; and after some time, I was employed in that capacity by a gentleman who brought his ward to Paris, in order to set him forward on his tour through Europe. I was to be the young gentleman's governor; but with a proviso,

that he should always be permitted to govern himself. My pupil, in fact, understood the art of guiding in money concerns much better than I. He was heir to a fortune of about two hundred thousand pounds, left him by an uncle in the West Indies; and his guardians, to qualify him for the management of it, had bound him apprentice to an attorney. Thus avarice was his prevailing passion: all his questions on the road were, how money might be saved; which was the least expensive course of travel; whether anything could be bought that would turn to account when disposed of again in London? Such curiosities on the way as could be seen for nothing, he was ready enough to look at; but if the sight of them was to be paid for, he usually asserted that he had been told they were not worth seeing. He never paid a bill that he would not observe how amazingly expensive travelling was! and all this though he was not yet twenty-one. When arrived at Leghorn, as we took a walk to look at the port and shipping, he inquired the expense of the passage by sea home to England. This he was informed was but a trifle compared to his returning by land; he was therefore unable to withstand the temptation; so paying me the small part of my salary that was due, he took leave, and embarked with only one attendant for London.

"I now therefore was left once more upon the world at large; but then, it was a thing I was used to. However, my skill in music could avail me nothing in a country where every peasant was a better musician than I: but by this time I had acquired another talent, which answered my purpose as well, and this was a skill in disputation. In all the foreign universities and convents there are, upon certain days, philosophical theses maintained against every adventitious disputant; for which, if the champion opposes with any dexterity, he can claim a gratuity in money, a dinner, and a bed for one night. In this manner, therefore, I fought my way towards England; walked along from city to city; examined mankind more nearly; and, if I may so express it, saw both sides of the picture. My remarks, however, are but few: I found that monarchy was the best government for the poor to live in, and commonwealths for the rich. I found that riches in general were in every country another name for freedom; and that no man is so fond of liberty himself, as not to be desirous of subjecting the will of some individuals in society to his own.

"Upon my arrival in England, I resolved to pay my respects first to you, and then to enlist as a volunteer in the first expedition that was going forward; but on my journey down, my resolutions were changed by meeting an old acquaintance, who

I found belonged to a company of comedians that were going to make a summer campaign in the country. The company seemed not much to disapprove of me for an associate. They all, however, apprised me of the importance of the task at which I aimed; that the public was a many-headed monster, and that only such as had very good heads could please it: that acting was not to be learned in a day; and that without some traditional shrugs, which had been on the stage, and only on the stage, these hundred years, I could never pretend to please. The next difficulty was in fitting me with parts, as almost every character was in keeping. I was driven for some time from one character to another, till at last Horatio was fixed upon, which the presence of the present company has happily hindered me from acting."

CHAPTER XXI.

The short continuance of friendship amongst the vicious, which is coeval only with mutual satisfaction.

My son's account was too long to be delivered at once; the first part of it was begun that night, and he was concluding the rest after dinner the next day, when the appearance of Mr. Thornhill's equipage at the door seemed to make a pause in the general satisfaction. The butler, who was now become my friend in the family, informed me, with a whisper, that the Squire had already made some overtures to Miss Wilmot, and that her aunt and uncle seemed highly to approve the match. Upon Mr. Thornhill's entering, he seemed, at seeing my son and me, to start back; but I readily imputed that to surprise, and not displeasure. However, upon our advancing to salute him, he returned our greeting with the most apparent candour; and after a short time his presence served only to increase the general good humour.

After tea he called me aside to inquire after my daughter: but upon my informing him that my inquiry was unsuccessful, he seemed greatly surprised; adding that he had been since frequently at my house in order to comfort the rest of my family, whom he left perfectly well. He then asked if I communicated her misfortune to Miss Wilmot or my son; and upon my replying that I had not told them as yet, he greatly approved my prudence and precaution, desiring me by all means to keep it a secret: "For at best," cried he, "it is but divulging one's own infamy; and perhaps Miss Livy may not be so guilty as we all imagine." We were here interrupted by a servant who

came to ask the Squire in, to stand up at country-dances: so that he left me quite pleased with the interest he seemed to take in my concerns. His addresses, however, to Miss Wilmot were too obvious to be mistaken: and yet, she seemed not perfectly pleased, but bore them rather in compliance to the will of her aunt than from real inclination. I had even the satisfaction to see her lavish some kind looks upon my unfortunate son, which the other could neither extort by his fortune nor assiduity. Mr. Thornhill's seeming composure, however, not a little surprised me: we had now continued here a week at the pressing instances of Mr. Arnold; but each day the more tenderness Miss Wilmot showed my son, Mr. Thornhill's friendship seemed proportionably to increase for him.

He had formerly made us the most kind assurances of using his interest to serve the family; but now his generosity was not confined to promises alone. The morning I designed for my departure, Mr. Thornhill came to me with looks of real pleasure, to inform me of a piece of service he had done for his friend George. This was nothing less than his having procured him an ensign's commission in one of the regiments that was going to the West Indies, for which he had promised but one hundred pounds, his interest having been sufficient to get an abatement of the other two. "As for this trifling piece of service," continued the young gentleman, "I desire no other reward but the pleasure of having served my friend; and as for the hundred pounds to be paid, if you are unable to raise it yourselves, I will advance it, and you shall repay me at your leisure." This was a favour we wanted words to express our sense of: I readily, therefore, gave my bond for the money, and testified as much gratitude as if I never intended to pay.

George was to depart for town the next day, to secure his commission, in pursuance of his generous patron's directions, who judged it highly expedient to use dispatch, lest in the meantime another should step in with more advantageous proposals. The next morning, therefore, our young soldier was early prepared for his departure, and seemed the only person among us that was not affected by it. Neither the fatigues and dangers he was going to encounter, nor the friends and mistress —for Miss Wilmot actually loved him—he was leaving behind, any way damped his spirits. After he had taken leave of the rest of the company, I gave him all I had, my blessing. "And now, my boy," cried I, "thou art going to fight for thy country: remember how thy brave grandfather fought for his sacred king when loyalty among Britons was a virtue. Go, my boy, and imitate him in all but his misfortunes, if it was a misfortune

to die with Lord Falkland. Go, my boy, and if you fall, though distant, exposed, and unwept by those that love you, the most precious tears are those with which Heaven bedews the unburied head of a soldier."

The next morning I took leave of the good family, that had been kind enough to entertain me so long, not without several expressions of gratitude to Mr. Thornhill for his late bounty. I left them in the enjoyment of all that happiness which affluence and good breeding procure, and returned towards home, despairing of ever finding my daughter more, but sending a sigh to Heaven to spare and to forgive her.

I was now come within about twenty miles of home, having hired an horse to carry me, as I was yet but weak, and comforted myself with the hopes of soon seeing all I held dearest upon earth. But the night coming on, I put up at a little public-house by the road-side, and asked for the landlord's company over a pint of wine. We sat beside his kitchen fire, which was the best room in the house, and chatted on politics and the news of the country. We happened, among other topics, to talk of young Squire Thornhill, who, the host assured me, was hated as much as his uncle Sir William, who sometimes came down to the country, was loved. He went on to observe, that he made it his whole study to betray the daughters of such as received him to their houses, and, after a fortnight or three weeks' possession, turned them out unrewarded and abandoned to the world. As we continued our discourse in this manner, his wife, who had been out to get change, returned, and perceiving that her husband was enjoying a pleasure in which she was not a sharer, she asked him, in an angry tone, what he did there? to which he only replied, in an ironical way, by drinking her health. "Mr. Symonds," cried she, "you use me very ill, and I'll bear it no longer. Here three parts of the business is left for me to do, and the fourth left unfinished, while you do nothing but soak with the guests all day long; whereas, if a spoonful of liquor were to cure me of a fever, I never touch a drop." I now found what she would be at, and immediately poured her out a glass, which she received with a courtesy; and, drinking towards my good health, "Sir," resumed she, "it is not so much for the value of the liquor I am angry, but one cannot help it when the house is going out of the windows. If the customers or guests are to be dunned, all the burden lies upon my back: he'd as lief eat that glass as budge after them himself. There, now, above stairs, we have a young woman who has come to take up her lodging here, and I don't believe she has got any money, by her over-civility. I am certain she is very slow of payment, and I

wish she were put in mind of it."—"What signifies minding her?" cried the host; "if she be slow, she is sure."—"I don't know that," replied the wife; "but I know that I am sure she has been here a fortnight, and we have not yet seen the cross of her money."—"I suppose, my dear," cried he, "we shall have it all in a lump."—"In a lump!" cried the other: "I hope we may get it any way; and that I am resolved we will this very night, or out she tramps, bag and baggage."—"Consider, my dear," cried the husband, "she is a gentlewoman, and deserves more respect."—"As for the matter of that," returned the hostess, "gentle or simple, out she shall pack with a sussarara. Gentry may be good things where they take: but, for my part, I never saw much good of them at the sign of the Harrow." Thus saying, she ran up a narrow flight of stairs that went from the kitchen to a room overhead; and I soon perceived, by the loudness of her voice, and the bitterness of her reproaches, that no money was to be had from her lodger. I could hear her remonstrances very distinctly: "Out, I say; pack out this moment! tramp, or I'll give thee a mark thou won't be the better for this three months. What! you trumpery, to come and take up an honest house without cross or coin to bless yourself with! Come along, I say!"—"Oh, dear madam," cried the stranger, "pity me—pity a poor abandoned creature, for one night, and death will soon do the rest!" I instantly knew the voice of my poor ruined child Olivia. I flew to her rescue, while the woman was dragging her along by her hair, and I caught the dear folorn wretch in my arms. "Welcome, any way welcome, my dearest lost one—my treasure—to your poor old father's bosom! Though the vicious forsake thee, there is yet one in the world that will never forsake thee; though thou hadst ten thousand crimes to answer for, he will forget them all!"—"Oh, my own dear"—for minutes she could say no more—"my own dearest good papa! Could angels be kinder? How do I deserve so much? The villain, I hate him and myself, to be a reproach to so much goodness! You can't forgive me, I know you cannot."—"Yes, my child, from my heart I do forgive thee: only repent, and we both shall yet be happy. We shall see many pleasant days yet, my Olivia."—"Ah! never, sir, never. The rest of my wretched life must be infamy abroad, and shame at home. But, alas! papa, you look much paler than you used to do. Could such a thing as I am give you so much uneasiness? Surely you have too much wisdom to take the miseries of my guilt upon yourself."—"Our wisdom, young woman," replied I.—"Ah, why so cold a name, papa?" cried she. "This is the first time you ever called me by so cold a name."

—"I ask pardon, my darling," returned I; "but I was going to observe, that wisdom makes but a slow defence against trouble, though at last a sure one." The landlady now returned, to know if we did not choose a more genteel apartment; to which assenting, we were shown a room where we could converse more freely. After we had talked ourselves into some degree of tranquillity, I could not avoid desiring some account of the gradations that led her to her present wretched situation. "That villain, sir," said she, "from the first day of our meeting, made me honourable, though private proposals." 10

"Villain, indeed!" cried I: "and yet it in some measure surprises me, how a person of Mr. Burchell's good sense and seeming honour could be guilty of such deliberate baseness, and thus step into a family to undo it."

"My dear papa," returned my daughter, "you labour under a strange mistake. Mr. Burchell never attempted to deceive me: instead of that, he took every opportunity of privately admonishing me against the artifices of Mr. Thornhill, who, I now find, was even worse than he represented him."—"Mr. Thornhill!" interrupted I; "can it be?"—"Yes, sir," returned she, "it was 20 Mr. Thornhill who seduced me; who employed the two ladies, as he called them, but who in fact were abandoned women of the town, without breeding or pity, to decoy us up to London. Their artifices, you may remember, would have certainly succeeded, but for Mr. Burchell's letter, who directed those reproaches at them which we all applied to ourselves. How he came to have so much influence as to defeat their intentions still remains a secret to me; but I am convinced he was ever our warmest, sincerest friend."

"You amaze me, my dear," cried I; "but now I find my first 30 suspicions of Mr. Thornhill's baseness were too well grounded: but he can triumph in security; for he is rich, and we are poor. But tell me, my child, sure it was no small temptation that could thus obliterate all the impressions of such an education and so virtuous a disposition as thine?"

"Indeed, sir," replied she, "he owes all his triumph to the desire I had of making him, and not myself, happy. I knew that the ceremony of our marriage, which was privately performed by a popish priest, was no way binding, and that I had nothing to trust to but his honour."—"What!" interrupted I, 40 "and were you indeed married by a priest in orders?"—"Indeed, sir, we were," replied she, "though we were both sworn to conceal his name."—"Why then, my child, come to my arms again; and now you are a thousand times more welcome than before; for you are now his wife to all intents and purposes;

nor can all the laws of man, though written upon tables of adamant, lessen the force of that sacred connexion."

"Alas, papa!" replied she, "you are but little acquainted with his villanies: he has been married already by the same priest to six or eight wives more, whom, like me, he has deceived and abandoned."

"Has he so?" cried I; "then we must hang the priest, and you shall inform against him to-morrow."—"But, sir," returned she, "will that be right, when I am sworn to secresy?"—"My dear," I replied, "if you have made such a promise, I cannot, nor will I tempt you to break it. Even though it may benefit the public, you must not inform against him. In all human institutions a smaller evil is allowed to procure a greater good; as, in politics, a province may be given away to secure a kingdom; in medicine, a limb may be lopped off to preserve the body: but in religion, the law is written, and inflexible, *never* to do evil. And this law, my child, is right; for otherwise, if we commit a smaller evil to procure a greater good, certain guilt would be thus incurred, in expectation of contingent advantage. And though the advantage should certainly follow, yet the interval between commission and advantage, which is allowed to be guilty, may be that in which we are called away to answer for the things we have done, and the volume of human actions is closed for ever. But I interrupt you, my dear; go on."

"The very next morning," continued she, "I found what little expectation I was to have from his sincerity. That very morning he introduced me to two unhappy women more, whom, like me, he had deceived. I loved him too tenderly to bear such rivals in his affections, and strove to forget my infamy in a tumult of pleasures. With this view I danced, dressed, and talked; but still was unhappy. The gentlemen who visited there told me every moment of the power of my charms, and this only contributed to increase my melancholy, as I had thrown all their power quite away. Thus each day I grew more pensive, and he more insolent, till at last the monster had the assurance to offer me to a young baronet of his acquaintance. Need I describe, sir, how his ingratitude stung me? My answer to this proposal was almost madness. I desired to part. As I was going, he offered me a purse; but I flung it at him with indignation, and burst from him in a rage, that for a while kept me insensible of the miseries of my situation. But I soon looked round me, and saw myself a vile, abject, guilty thing, without one friend in the world to apply to. Just in that interval, a stage coach happened to pass by, I took a place, it being my only aim to be driven at a distance from a wretch I despised and detested. I was set

down here, where, since my arrival, my own anxiety and this woman's unkindness have been my only companions. The hours of pleasure that I have passed with my mamma and sister now grow painful to me. Their sorrows are much; but mine are greater than theirs, for mine are mixed with guilt and infamy."

"Have patience, my child," cried I, "and I hope things will yet be better. Take some repose to-night, and to-morrow I'll carry you home to your mother and the rest of the family, from whom you will receive a kind reception. Poor woman! this has gone to her heart; but she loves you still, Olivia, and will forget it."

CHAPTER XXII.

Offences are easily pardoned, where there is Love at bottom.

THE next morning I took my daughter behind me, and set out on my return home. As we travelled along, I strove, by every persuasion, to calm her sorrows and fears, and to arm her with resolution to bear the presence of her offended mother. I took every opportunity, from the prospect of a fine country, through which we passed, to observe how much kinder Heaven was to us than we to each other; and that the misfortunes of Nature's making were very few. I assured her, that she should never perceive any change in my affections, and that, during my life, which yet might be long, she might depend upon a guardian and an instructor. I armed her against the censure of the world, showed her that books were sweet unreproaching companions to the miserable, and that, if they could not bring us to enjoy life, they would at least teach us to endure it.

The hired horse that we rode was to be put up that night at an inn by the way, within about five miles from my house; and as I was willing to prepare my family for my daughter's reception, I determined to leave her that night at the inn, and to return for her, accompanied by my daughter Sophia, early the next morning. It was night before we reached our appointed stage; however, after seeing her provided with a decent apartment, and having ordered the hostess to prepare proper refreshments, I kissed her, and proceeded towards home. And now my heart caught new sensations of pleasure, the nearer I approached that peaceful mansion. As a bird that had been frighted from its nest, my affections outwent my haste, and hovered round my little fireside with all the rapture of expectation. I called up the many fond things I had to say, and anticipated the welcome I was to receive. I already felt my

wife's tender embrace, and smiled at the joy of my little ones. As I walked but slowly, the night waned apace. The labourers of the day were all retired to rest; the lights were out in every cottage; no sounds were heard but of the shrilling cock, and the deep-mouthed watch-dog, at hollow distance. I approached my little abode of pleasure, and, before I was within a furlong of the place, our honest mastiff came running to welcome me.

It was now near midnight that I came to knock at my door: all was still and silent: my heart dilated with unutterable happiness, when, to my amazement, I saw the house bursting out in a blaze of fire, and every aperture red with conflagration. I gave a loud convulsive outcry, and fell upon the pavement, insensible. This alarmed my son, who had, till this, been asleep; and he, perceiving the flames, instantly waked my wife and daughter; and all running out, naked, and wild with apprehension, recalled me to life with their anguish. But it was only to objects of new terror; for the flames had, by this time, caught the roof of our dwelling, part after part continuing to fall in, while the family stood, with silent agony, looking on, as if they enjoyed the blaze. I gazed upon them and upon it by turns, and then looked round me for my two little ones; but they were not to be seen. O misery! "Where," cried I, "where are my little ones?"—"They are burnt to death in the flames," said my wife, calmly, "and I will die with them." That moment I heard the cry of the babes within, who were just awaked by the fire, and nothing could have stopped me. "Where, where are my children?" cried I, rushing through the flames, and bursting the door of the chamber in which they were confined!—"Where are my little ones?"—"Here, dear papa, here we are," cried they together, while the flames were just catching the bed where they lay. I caught them both in my arms, and snatched them through the fire as fast as possible, while, just as I was got out, the roof sunk in. "Now," cried I, holding up my children, "now let the flames burn on, and all my possessions perish. Here they are; I have saved my treasure. Here, my dearest, here are our treasures, and we shall yet be happy." We kissed our little darlings a thousand times; they clasped us round the neck, and seemed to share our transports, while their mother laughed and wept by turns.

I now stood a calm spectator of the flames; and, after some time, began to perceive that my arm to the shoulder was scorched in a terrible manner. It was, therefore, out of my power to give my son any assistance, either in attempting to save our goods, or preventing the flames spreading to our corn. By this time the neighbours were alarmed, and came

running to our assistance; but all they could do was to stand, like us—spectators of the calamity.

My goods, among which were the notes I had reserved for my daughters' fortunes, were entirely consumed, except a box with some papers that stood in the kitchen, and two or three things more of little consequence, which my son brought away in the beginning. The neighbours contributed, however, what they could to lighten our distress. They brought us clothes, and furnished one of our outhouses with kitchen utensils; so that by daylight we had another, though a wretched dwelling to retire 10 to. My honest next neighbour and his children were not the least assiduous in providing us with everything necessary, and offering whatever consolation untutored benevolence could suggest.

When the fears of my family had subsided, curiosity to know the cause of my long stay began to take place; having therefore informed them of every particular, I proceeded to prepare them for the reception of our lost one; and though we had nothing but wretchedness now to impart, I was willing to procure her a welcome to what we had. This task would have been more 20 difficult but for our recent calamity, which had humbled my wife's pride, and blunted it by more poignant afflictions. Being unable to go for my poor child myself, as my arm grew very painful, I sent my son and daughter, who soon returned, supporting the wretched delinquent, who had not the courage to look up at her mother, whom no instructions of mine could persuade to a perfect reconciliation; for women have a much stronger sense of female error than men. "Ah, madam," cried her mother, "this is but a poor place you are come to after so much finery. My daughter Sophy and I can afford but little 30 entertainment to persons who have kept company only with people of distinction. Yes, Miss Livy, your poor father and I have suffered very much of late; but I hope Heaven will forgive you." During this reception, the unhappy victim stood pale and trembling, unable to weep or to reply; but I could not continue a silent spectator of her distress; wherefore, assuming a degree of severity in my voice and manner, which was ever followed with instant submission, "I entreat, woman, that my words may be now marked once for all: I have here brought you back a poor deluded wanderer; her return to duty demands the revival 40 of our tenderness. The real hardships of life are now coming fast upon us; let us not, therefore, increase them by dissension among each other. If we live harmoniously together, we may yet be contented, as there are enough of us to shut out the censuring world, and keep each other in countenance. The kind-

ness of Heaven is promised to the penitent, and let ours be directed by the example. Heaven, we are assured, is much more pleased to view a repentant sinner, than ninety-nine persons who have supported a course of undeviating rectitude. And this is right; for that single effort by which we stop short in the down-hill path to perdition, is itself a greater exertion of virtue than a hundred acts of justice."

CHAPTER XXIII.

None but the Guilty can be long and completely miserable.

Some assiduity was now required to make our present abode as convenient as possible, and we were soon again qualified to enjoy our former serenity. Being disabled myself from assisting my son in our usual occupations, I read to my family from the few books that were saved, and particularly from such as, by amusing the imagination, contributed to ease the heart. Our good neighbours, too, came every day, with the kindest condolence, and fixed a time in which they were all to assist at repairing my former dwelling. Honest Farmer Williams was not last among these visitors; but heartily offered his friendship. He would even have renewed his addresses to my daughter; but she rejected him in such a manner, as totally repressed his future solicitations. Her grief seemed formed for continuing, and she was the only person of our little society that a week did not restore to cheerfulness. She now lost that unblushing innocence which once taught her to respect herself, and to seek pleasure by pleasing. Anxiety now had taken strong possession of her mind; her beauty began to be impaired with her constitution, and neglect still more contributed to diminish it. Every tender epithet bestowed on her sister brought a pang to her heart, and a tear to her eye; and as one vice, though cured, ever plants others where it has been, so her former guilt, though driven out by repentance, left jealousy and envy behind. I strove a thousand ways to lessen her care, and even forgot my own pain in a concern for hers, collecting such amusing passages of history as a strong memory and some reading could suggest. "Our happiness, my dear," I would say, "is in the power of One who can bring it about a thousand unforeseen ways, that mock our foresight. If example be necessary to prove this, I'll give you a story, my child, told us by a grave though sometimes a romancing historian.

"Matilda was married very young to a Neapolitan nobleman of the first quality, and found herself a widow and a mother at

the age of fifteen. As she stood one day caressing her infant son in the open window of an apartment which hung over the river Volturna, the child with a sudden spring leaped from her arms into the flood below, and disappeared in a moment. The mother, struck with instant surprise, and making an effort to save him, plunged in after; but far from being able to assist the infant, she herself with great difficulty escaped to the opposite shore, just when some French soldiers were plundering the country on that side, who immediately made her their prisoner. 10

"As the war was then carried on between the French and Italians with the utmost inhumanity, they were going at once to perpetrate those two extremes suggested by appetite and cruelty. This base resolution, however, was opposed by a young officer, who, though their retreat required the utmost expedition, placed her behind him, and brought her in safety to his native city. Her beauty at first caught his eye; her merit, soon after, his heart. They were married: he rose to the highest posts; they lived long together, and were happy. But the felicity of a soldier can never be called permanent: after 20 an interval of several years, the troops which he commanded having met with a repulse, he was obliged to take shelter in the city where he had lived with his wife. Here they suffered a siege, and the city at length was taken. Few histories can produce more various instances of cruelty than those which the French and Italians at that time exercised upon each other. It was resolved by the victors, upon this occasion, to put all the French prisoners to death; but particularly the husband of the unfortunate Matilda, as he was principally instrumental in protracting the siege. Their determinations were, in general, executed almost 30 as soon as resolved upon. The captive soldier was led forth, and the executioner with his sword stood ready, while the spectators in gloomy silence awaited the fatal blow, which was only suspended till the general who presided as judge should give the signal. It was in this interval of anguish and expectation that Matilda came to take her last farewell of her husband and deliverer, deploring her wretched situation, and the cruelty of fate, that had saved her from perishing by a premature death in the river Volturna, to be the spectator of still greater calamities. The general, who was a young man, was struck 40 with surprise at her beauty, and pity at her distress; but with still stronger emotions when he heard her mention her former dangers. He was her son, the infant for whom she had encountered so much danger. He acknowledged her at once as his mother, and fell at her feet. The rest may be easily

supposed: the captive was set free, and all the happiness that love, friendship, and duty, could confer on each, were united."

In this manner I would attempt to amuse my daughter: but she listened with divided attention; for her own misfortunes engrossed all the pity she once had for those of another, and nothing gave her ease. In company she dreaded contempt; and in solitude she only found anxiety. Such was the colour of her wretchedness, when we received certain information that Mr. Thornhill was going to be married to Miss Wilmot, for whom I always suspected he had a real passion, though he took every opportunity before me to express his contempt both of her person and fortune. This news only served to increase poor Olivia's affliction: such a flagrant breach of fidelity was more than her courage could support. I was resolved, however, to get more certain information, and to defeat, if possible, the completion of his designs, by sending my son to old Mr. Wilmot's, with instructions to know the truth of the report, and to deliver Miss Wilmot a letter, intimating Mr. Thornhill's conduct in my family. My son went in pursuance of my directions, and in three days returned, assuring us of the truth of the account; but that he had found it impossible to deliver the letter, which he was therefore obliged to leave, as Mr. Thornhill and Miss Wilmot were visiting round the country. They were to be married, he said, in a few days, having appeared together at church the Sunday before he was there, in great splendour, the bride attended by six young ladies, and he by as many gentlemen. Their approaching nuptials filled the whole country with rejoicing, and they usually rode out together in the grandest equipage that had been seen in the country for many years. All the friends of both families, he said, were there, particularly the Squire's uncle, Sir William Thornhill, who bore so good a character. He added, that nothing but mirth and feasting were going forward; that all the country praised the young bride's beauty, and the bridegroom's fine person, and that they were immensely fond of each other; concluding, that he could not help thinking Mr. Thornhill one of the most happy men in the world.

"Why, let him, if he can," returned I: "but, my son, observe this bed of straw and unsheltering roof; those mouldering walls and humid floor; my wretched body thus disabled by fire, and my children weeping round me for bread: you have come home my child, to all this; yet here, even here, you see a man that would not for a thousand worlds exchange situations. Oh, my children, if you could but learn to commune with your own hearts, and know what noble company you can make them, you

would little regard the elegance and splendour of the worthless. Almost all men have been taught to call life a passage, and themselves the travellers. The similitude still may be improved, when we observe that the good are joyful and serene, like travellers that are going towards home; the wicked but by intervals happy, like travellers that are going into exile."

My compassion for my poor daughter, overpowered by this new disaster, interrupted what I had further to observe. I bade her mother support her, and after a short time she recovered. She appeared from that time more calm, and I imagined had gained a new degree of resolution; but appearances deceived me: for her tranquillity was the languor of over-wrought resentment. A supply of provisions, charitably sent us by my kind parishioners, seemed to diffuse new cheerfulness among the rest of the family, nor was I displeased at seeing them once more sprightly and at ease. It would have been unjust to damp their satisfactions, merely to condole with resolute melancholy, or to burden them with a sadness they did not feel. Thus, once more the tale went round, and the song was demanded, and cheerfulness condescended to hover round our little habitation.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Fresh Calamities.

THE next morning the sun arose with peculiar warmth for the season, so that we agreed to breakfast together on the honeysuckle bank; where, while we sat, my youngest daughter at my request joined her voice to the concert on the trees about us. It was in this place my poor Olivia first met her seducer, and every object served to recall her sadness. But that melancholy which is excited by objects of pleasure, or inspired by sounds of harmony, soothes the heart instead of corroding it. Her mother, too, upon this occasion, felt a pleasing distress, and wept, and loved her daughter as before. "Do, my pretty Olivia," cried she, "let us have that little melancholy air your papa was so fond of; your sister Sophy has already obliged us. Do, child; it will please your old father." She complied in a manner so exquisitely pathetic as moved me:

When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy?
What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom, is—to die.

As she was concluding the last stanza, to which an interruption in her voice from sorrow gave peculiar softness, the appearance of Mr. Thornhill's equipage at a distance alarmed us all, but particularly increased the uneasiness of my eldest daughter, who, desirous of shunning her betrayer, returned to the house with her sister. In a few minutes he was alighted from his chariot, and making up to the place where I was still sitting, inquired after my health with his usual air of familiarity. "Sir," replied I, "your present assurance only serves to aggravate the baseness of your character; and there was a time when I would have chastised your insolence for presuming thus to appear before me. But now you are safe; for age has cooled my passions, and my calling restrains them."

"I vow, my dear sir," returned he, "I am amazed at all this; nor can I understand what it means! I hope you don't think your daughter's late excursion with me had anything criminal in it?"

"Go," cried I; "thou art a wretch, a poor, pitiful wretch, and every way a liar: but your meanness secures you from my anger! Yet, sir, I am descended from a family that would not have borne this!—And so, thou vile thing, to gratify a momentary passion, thou hast made one poor creature wretched for life, and polluted a family that had nothing but honour for their portion!"

"If she or you," returned he, "are resolved to be miserable, I cannot help it. But you may still be happy; and whatever opinion you may have formed of me, you shall ever find me ready to contribute to it. We can marry her to another in a short time; and, what is more, she may keep her lover beside; for I protest I shall ever continue to have a true regard for her."

I found all my passions alarmed at this new degrading proposal; for though the mind may often be calm under great injuries, little villany can at any time get within the soul, and sting it into rage.—"Avoid my sight, thou reptile!" cried I, "nor continue to insult me with thy presence. Were my brave son at home, he would not suffer this; but I am old and disabled, and every way undone."

"I find," cried he, "you are bent upon obliging me to talk in a harsher manner than I intended. But as I have shown you what may be hoped from my friendship, it may not be improper to represent what may be the consequences of my resentment,

My attorney, to whom your late bond has been transferred, threatens hard; nor do I know how to prevent the course of justice, except by paying the money myself; which, as I have been at some expenses lately previous to my intended marriage, is not so easy to be done. And then my steward talks of driving for the rent: it is certain he knows his duty; for I never trouble myself with affairs of that nature. Yet still I could wish to serve you, and even to have you and your daughter present at my marriage, which is shortly to be solemnized with Miss Wilmot; it is even the request of my charming Arabella herself, whom I hope you will not refuse."

"Mr. Thornhill," replied I, "hear me once for all: as to your marriage with any but my daughter, that I never will consent to; and though your friendship could raise me to a throne, or your resentment sink me to the grave, yet would I despise both. Thou hast once wofully, irreparably deceived me. I reposed my heart upon thine honour, and have found its baseness. Never more, therefore, expect friendship from me. Go, and possess what fortune has given thee—beauty, riches, health, and pleasure. Go, and leave me to want, infamy, disease, and sorrow. Yet, humbled as I am, shall my heart still vindicate its dignity; and though thou hast my forgiveness, thou shalt ever have my contempt."

"If so," returned he, "depend upon it you shall feel the effects of this insolence; and we shall shortly see which is the fittest object of scorn, you or me."—Upon which he departed abruptly.

My wife and son, who were present at this interview, seemed terrified with apprehension. My daughters also, finding that he was gone, came out to be informed of the result of our conference, which, when known, alarmed them not less than the rest. But as to myself, I disregarded the utmost stretch of his malevolence: he had already struck the blow, and now I stood prepared to repel every new effort, like one of those instruments used in the art of war, which, however thrown, still presents a point to receive the enemy.

We soon, however, found that he had not threatened in vain; for the very next morning his steward came to demand my annual rent, which, by the train of accidents already related, I was unable to pay. The consequence of my incapacity was his driving my cattle that evening, and their being appraised and sold the next day for less than half their value. My wife and children now therefore entreated me to comply upon any terms, rather than incur certain destruction. They even begged of me to admit his visits once more, and used all their little

eloquence to point the calamities I was going to endure,—the terrors of a prison in so rigorous a season as the present, with the danger that threatened my health from the late accident that happened by the fire. But I continued inflexible.

"Why, my treasures," cried I, "why will you thus attempt to persuade me to the thing that is not right? My duty has taught me to forgive him; but my conscience will not permit me to approve. Would you have me applaud to the world what my heart must internally condemn? Would you have me tamely sit down and flatter our infamous betrayer; and, to avoid a prison, continually suffer the more galling bonds of mental confinement? No, never! If we are to be taken from this abode, only let us hold to the right; and wherever we are thrown, we can still retire to a charming apartment, when we can look round our own hearts with intrepidity and with pleasure!"

In this manner we spent that evening. Early the next morning, as the snow had fallen in great abundance in the night, my son was employed in clearing it away, and opening a passage before the door. He had not been thus engaged long, when he came running in, with looks all pale, to tell us that two strangers, whom he knew to be officers of justice, were making towards the house.

Just as he spoke they came in, and approaching the bed where I lay, after previously informing me of their employment and business, made me their prisoner, bidding me prepare to go with them to the county gaol, which was eleven miles off.

"My friends," said I, "this is severe weather in which you have come to take me to a prison; and it is particularly unfortunate at this time, as one of my arms has lately been burnt in a terrible manner, and it has thrown me into a slight fever, and I want clothes to cover me, and I am now too weak and old to walk far in such deep snow; but, if it must be so——"

I then turned to my wife and children, and directed them to get together what few things were left us, and to prepare immediately for leaving this place. I entreated them to be expeditious; and desired my son to assist his eldest sister, who, from a consciousness that she was the cause of all our calamities, was fallen, and had lost anguish in insensibility. I encouraged my wife, who, pale and trembling, clasped our affrighted little ones in her arms, that clung to her bosom in silence, dreading to look round at the strangers. In the meantime my youngest daughter prepared for our departure, and as she received several hints to use dispatch, in about an hour we were ready to depart.

CHAPTER XXV.

No situation, however wretched it seems, but has some sort of comfort attending it.

We set forward from this peaceful neighbourhood, and walked on slowly. My eldest daughter being enfeebled by a slow fever, which had begun for some days to undermine her constitution, one of the officers who had a horse kindly took her behind him; for even these men cannot entirely divest themselves of humanity. My son led one of the little ones by the hand, and my wife the other, while I leaned upon my youngest girl, whose tears fell, not for her own, but my distresses. 10

We were now got from my late dwelling about two miles, when we saw a crowd, running and shouting behind us, consisting of about fifty of my poorest parishioners. These, with dreadful imprecations, soon seized upon the two officers of justice, and swearing they would never see their minister go to gaol while they had a drop of blood to shed in his defence, were going to use them with great severity. The consequence might have been fatal, had I not immediately interposed, and with some difficulty rescued the officers from the hands of the enraged multitude. My children, who looked upon my delivery now as 20 certain, appeared transported with joy, and were incapable of containing their raptures. But they were soon undeceived, upon hearing me address the poor deluded people, who came, as they imagined, to do me service.

"What! my friends," cried I, "and is this the way you love me? Is this the manner you obey the instructions I have given you from the pulpit? Thus to fly in the face of justice, and bring down ruin on yourselves and me? Which is your ringleader? Show me the man that has thus seduced you. As sure as he lives he shall feel my resentment. Alas! my dear deluded 30 flock, return back to the duty you owe to God, to your country, and to me. I shall yet perhaps one day see you in greater felicity here, and contribute to make your lives more happy. But, let it at least be my comfort, when I pen my fold for immortality, that not one here shall be wanting."

They now seemed all repentance, and, melting into tears, came one after the other to bid me farewell. I shook each tenderly by the hand, and leaving them my blessing, proceeded forward without meeting any further interruption. Some hours before night, we reached the town, or rather village, for it con- 40 sisted but of a few mean houses, having lost all its former

opulence, and retaining no marks of its ancient superiority but the gaol.

Upon entering, we put up at an inn, where we had such refreshments as could most readily be procured, and I supped with my family with my usual cheerfulness. After seeing them properly accommodated for that night, I next attended the sheriff's officers to the prison, which had formerly been built for the purposes of war, and consisted of one large apartment, strongly grated, and paved with stone, common to both felons and debtors at certain hours in the four-and-twenty. Besides this, every prisoner had a separate cell, where he was locked in for the night.

I expected, upon my entrance, to find nothing but lamentations and various sounds of misery; but it was very different. The prisoners seemed all employed in one common design, that of forgetting thought in merriment or clamour. I was apprised of the usual perquisites required upon these occasions, and immediately complied with the demand, though the little money I had was very near being all exhausted. This was immediately sent away for liquor, and the whole prison was soon filled with riot, laughter, and profaneness.

"How," cried I to myself, "shall men so very wicked be cheerful, and shall I be melancholy? I feel only the same confinement with them, and I think I have more reason to be happy."

With such reflections I laboured to become cheerful; but cheerfulness was never yet produced by effort, which is itself painful. As I was sitting, therefore, in a corner of the gaol, in a pensive posture, one of my fellow-prisoners came up, and, sitting by me, entered into conversation. It was my constant rule in life never to avoid the conversation of any man who seemed to desire it: for if good, I might profit by his instruction; if bad, he might be assisted by mine. I found this to be a knowing man, of strong unlettered sense, but a thorough knowledge of the world, as it is called, or, more properly speaking, of human nature on the wrong side. He asked me if I had taken care to provide myself with a bed, which was a circumstance I had never once attended to.

"That's unfortunate," cried he, "as you are allowed here nothing but straw, and your apartment is very large and cold. However, you seem to be something of a gentleman, and, as I have been one myself in my time, part of my bed-clothes are heartily at your service."

I thanked him, professing my surprise at finding such humanity in a gaol in misfortunes; adding, to let him see that

I was a scholar, "That the sage ancient seemed to understand the value of company in affliction, when he said *Ton kosmon aire, ei dos ton etairon*; and, in fact," continued I, "what is the world if it affords only solitude?"

"You talk of the world, sir," returned my fellow-prisoner; "the world is in its dotage; and yet the cosmogony or creation of the world has puzzled the philosophers of every age. What a medley of opinions have they not broached upon the creation of the world! Sanchoniathon, Manetho, Berosus, and Ocellus Lucanus, have all attempted it in vain. The latter has these 10 words, *Anarchon ara kai atelutaion to pan*, which implies"—"I ask pardon, sir," cried I, "for interrupting so much learning; but I think I have heard all this before. Have I not had the pleasure of once seeing you at Wellbridge fair, and is not your name Ephraim Jenkinson?" At this demand he only sighed. "I suppose you must recollect," resumed I, "one Doctor Primrose, from whom you bought a horse?"

He now at once recollected me; for the gloominess of the place and the approaching night had prevented his distinguishing my features before. "Yes, sir," returned Mr. Jenkinson, "I 20 remember you perfectly well; I bought a horse, but forgot to pay for him. Your neighbour Flamborough is the only prosecutor I am any way afraid of at the next assizes; for he intends to swear positively against me as a coiner. I am heartily sorry, sir, I ever deceived you, or indeed any man; for you see," continued he, showing his shackles, "what my tricks have brought me to."

"Well, sir," replied I, "your kindness in offering me assistance when you could expect no return shall be repaid with my endeavours to soften, or totally suppress Mr. Flamborough's 30 evidence, and I will send my son to him for that purpose the first opportunity; nor do I in the least doubt but he will comply with my request; and as to my own evidence, you need be under no uneasiness about that."

"Well, sir," cried he, "all the return I can make shall be yours. You shall have more than half my bed-clothes to-night, and I'll take care to stand your friend in the prison, where I think I have some influence."

I thanked him, and could not avoid being surprised at the present youthful change in his aspect; for at the time I had 40 seen him before, he appeared at least sixty. "Sir," answered he, "you are little acquainted with the world; I had, at that time, false hair, and have learnt the art of counterfeiting every age from seventeen to seventy. Ah, sir! had I but bestowed half the pains in learning a trade that I have in learning to be a

scoundrel, I might have been a rich man at this day. But, rogue as I am, still I may be your friend, and that, perhaps, when you least expect it."

We were now prevented from further conversation by the arrival of the gaoler's servants, who came to call over the prisoners' names, and lock up for the night. A fellow also, with a bundle of straw for my bed, attended, who led me along a dark narrow passage, into a room paved like the common prison, and in one corner of this I spread my bed, and the clothes given me by my fellow-prisoner; which done, my conductor, who was civil enough, bade me a good night. After my usual meditations, and having praised my Heavenly Corrector, I laid myself down, and slept with the utmost tranquillity till morning.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A Reformation in the Gaol: to make laws complete, they should reward as well as punish.

The next morning early, I was awakened by my family, whom I found in tears at my bedside. The gloomy strength of everything about us, it seems, had daunted them. I gently rebuked their sorrow, assuring them I had never slept with greater tranquillity; and next inquired after my eldest daughter, who was not among them. They informed me that yesterday's uneasiness and fatigue had increased her fever, and it was judged proper to leave her behind. My next care was to send my son to procure a room or two to lodge the family in, as near the prison as conveniently could be found. He obeyed; but could only find one apartment, which was hired at a small expense for his mother and sisters, the gaoler, with humanity, consenting to let him and his two little brothers lie in the prison with me. A bed was therefore prepared for them in a corner of the room, which I thought answered very conveniently. I was willing, however, previously to know whether my little children chose to lie in a place which seemed to fright them upon entrance.

"Well," cried I, "my good boys, how do you like your bed? I hope you are not afraid to lie in this room, dark as it appears?"

"No, papa," says Dick, "I am not afraid to lie anywhere, where you are."

"And I," says Bill, who was yet but four years old, "love every place best that my papa is in."

After this I allotted to each of the family what they were to do. My daughter was particularly directed to watch her declining sister's health; my wife was to attend me; my little

boys were to read to me: "And as for you, my son," continued I, "it is by the labour of your hands we must all hope to be supported. Your wages as a day-labourer will be fully sufficient, with proper frugality, to maintain us all, and comfortably too. Thou art now sixteen years old, and hast strength; and it was given thee, my son, for very useful purposes; for it must save from famine your helpless parents and family. Prepare then, this evening, to look out for work against to-morrow, and bring home every night what money you earn for our support."

Having thus instructed him, and settled the rest, I walked down to the common prison, where I could enjoy more air and room. But I was not long there when the execrations, lewdness, and brutality that invaded me on every side, drove me back to my apartment again. Here I sat for some time pondering upon the strange infatuation of wretches, who, finding all mankind in open arms against them, were labouring to make themselves a future and a tremendous enemy.

Their insensibility excited my highest compassion, and blotted my own uneasiness from my mind. It even appeared a duty incumbent upon me to attempt to reclaim them. I resolved, therefore, once more to return, and, in spite of their contempt, to give them my advice, and conquer them by my perseverance. Going, therefore, among them again, I informed Mr. Jenkinson of my design, at which he laughed heartily, but communicated it to the rest. The proposal was received with the greatest good humour, as it promised to afford a new fund of entertainment to persons who had now no other resource for mirth but what could be derived from ridicule or debauchery.

I therefore read them a portion of the service with a loud, unaffected voice, and found my audience perfectly merry upon the occasion. Lewd whispers, groans of contrition burlesqued, winking and coughing, alternately excited laughter. However, I continued with my natural solemnity to read on, sensible that what I did might mend some, but could itself receive no contamination from any.

After reading, I entered upon my exhortation, which was rather calculated at first to amuse them than to reprove. I previously observed, that no other motive but their welfare could induce me to this; that I was their fellow-prisoner, and now got nothing by preaching. I was sorry, I said, to hear them so very profane; because they got nothing by it, but might lose a great deal: "For be assured, my friends," cried I,—"for you are my friends, however the world may disclaim your friendship,—though you swore twelve thousand oaths in a day, it would not put one penny in your purse. Then what

signifies calling every moment upon the devil, and courting his friendship, since you find how scurvily he uses you? He has given you nothing here, you find, but a mouthful of oaths and an empty belly; and, by the best accounts I have of him, he will give you nothing that's good hereafter.

"If used ill in our dealings with one man, we naturally go elsewhere. Were it not worth your while, then, just to try how you may like the usage of another master, who gives you fair promises at least to come to him? Surely, my friends, of all stupidity in the world, his must be the greatest, who, after robbing a house, runs to the thief-takers for protection. And yet, how are you more wise? You are all seeking comfort from one that has already betrayed you, applying to a more malicious being than any thief-taker of them all; for they only decoy and then hang you; but he decoys and hangs, and, what is worst of all, will not let you loose after the hangman has done."

When I had concluded, I received the compliments of my audience, some of whom came and shook me by the hand, swearing that I was a very honest fellow, and that they desired my further acquaintance. I therefore promised to repeat my lecture next day, and actually conceived some hopes of making a reformation here; for it had ever been my opinion, that no man was past the hour of amendment, every heart lying open to the shafts of reproof, if the archer could but take a proper aim. When I had thus satisfied my mind, I went back to my apartment, where my wife prepared a frugal meal, while Mr. Jenkinson begged leave to add his dinner to ours, and partake of the pleasure, as he was kind enough to express it, of my conversation. He had not yet seen my family; for as they came to my apartment by a door in the narrow passage already described, by this means they avoided the common prison. Jenkinson at the first interview, therefore, seemed not a little struck with the beauty of my youngest daughter, which her pensive air contributed to heighten; and my little ones did not pass unnoticed.

"Alas, Doctor," cried he, "these children are too handsome and too good for such a place as this!"

"Why, Mr. Jenkinson," replied I, "thank Heaven, my children are pretty tolerable in morals; and if they be good, it matters little for the rest."

"I fancy, sir," returned my fellow-prisoner, "that it must give you great comfort to have all this little family about you."

"A comfort, Mr. Jenkinson!" replied I; "yes, it is indeed a comfort, and I would not be without them for all the world; for

they can make a dungeon seem a palace. There is but one way in this life of wounding my happiness, and that is by injuring them."

"I am afraid then, sir," cried he, "that I am in some measure culpable; for I think I see here (looking at my son Moses) one that I have injured, and by whom I wish to be forgiven."

My son immediately recollected his voice and features, though he had before seen him in disguise, and taking him by the hand, with a smile, forgave him. "Yet," continued he, "I can't help wondering at what you could see in my face, to think me a proper mark for deception."

"My dear sir," returned the other, "it was not your face, but your white stockings, and the black ribbon in your hair, that allured me. But, no disparagement to your parts, I have deceived wiser men than you in my time; and yet, with all my tricks, the blockheads have been too many for me at last."

"I suppose," cried my son, "that the narrative of such a life as yours must be extremely instructive and amusing."

"Not much of either," returned Mr. Jenkinson. "Those relations which describe the tricks and vices only of mankind, by increasing our suspicion in life, retard our success. The traveller that distrusts every person he meets, and turns back upon the appearance of every man that looks like a robber, seldom arrives in time at his journey's end.

"Indeed, I think, from my own experience, that the knowing one is the silliest fellow under the sun. I was thought cunning from my very childhood: when but seven years old, the ladies would say that I was a perfect little man; at fourteen, I knew the world, cocked my hat, and loved the ladies; at twenty, though I was perfectly honest, yet every one thought me so cunning, that not one would trust me. Thus I was at last obliged to turn sharper in my own defence, and have lived ever since, my head throbbing with schemes to deceive, and my heart palpitating with fears of detection. I used often to laugh at your honest simple neighbour Flamborough, and, one way or another, generally cheated him once a year. Yet still the honest man went forward without suspicion, and grew rich, while I still continued tricksy and cunning, and was poor, without the consolation of being honest. However," continued he, "let me know your case, and what has brought you here; perhaps, though I have not skill to avoid a gaol myself, I may extricate my friends."

In compliance with his curiosity, I informed him of the whole train of accidents and follies that had plunged me into my present troubles, and my utter inability to get free.

After hearing my story, and pausing some minutes, he slapped his forehead, as if he had hit upon something material, and took his leave, saying, he would try what could be done.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The same subject continued.

THE next morning I communicated to my wife and children the scheme I had planned of reforming the prisoners, which they received with universal disapprobation, alleging the impossibility and impropriety of it; adding that my endeavours would no way contribute to their amendment, but might probably disgrace my calling.

"Excuse me," returned I; "these people, however fallen, are still men; and that is a very good title to my affections. Good counsel rejected, returns to enrich the giver's bosom; and though the instruction I communicate may not mend them, yet it will assuredly mend myself. If these wretches, my children, were princes, there would be thousands ready to offer their ministry; but, in my opinion, the heart that is buried in a dungeon is as precious as that seated upon a throne. Yes, my treasures, if I can mend them, I will: perhaps they will not all despise me. Perhaps I may catch up even one from the gulf, and that will be great gain; for is there upon earth a gem so precious as the human soul?"

Thus saying, I left them, and descended to the common prison, where I found the prisoners very merry, expecting my arrival; and each prepared with some gaol trick to play upon the Doctor. Thus, as I was going to begin, one turned my wig awry, as if by accident, and then asked my pardon. A second, who stood at some distance, had a knack of spitting through his teeth, which fell in showers upon my book. A third would cry Amen in such an affected tone, as gave the rest great delight. A fourth had slyly picked my pocket of my spectacles. But there was one whose trick gave more universal pleasure than all the rest; for observing the manner in which I had disposed my books on the table before me, he very dexterously displaced one of them, and put an obscene jest-book of his own in the place. However, I took no notice of all that this mischievous group of little beings could do, but went on, perfectly sensible that what was ridiculous in my attempt would excite mirth only the first or second time, while what was serious would be permanent. My design succeeded, and in less than six days some were penitent, and all attentive.

It was now that I applauded my perseverance and address, at thus giving sensibility to wretches divested of every moral feeling, and now began to think of doing them temporal services also, by rendering their situation somewhat more comfortable. Their time had hitherto been divided between famine and excess, tumultuous riot and bitter repining. Their only employment was quarrelling among each other, playing at cribbage, and cutting tobacco-stoppers. From this last mode of idle industry I took the hint of setting such as chose to work at cutting pegs for tobacconists and shoemakers, the proper wood being bought by a general subscription, and, when manufactured, sold by my appointment; so that each earned something every day—a trifle indeed, but sufficient to maintain him.

I did not stop here, but instituted fines for the punishment of immorality, and rewards for peculiar industry. Thus, in less than a fortnight I had formed them into something social and humane, and had the pleasure of regarding myself as a legislator, who had brought men from their native ferocity into friendship and obedience.

And it were highly to be wished, that legislative power would thus direct the law rather to reformation than severity; that it would seem convinced that the work of eradicating crimes is not by making punishments familiar, but formidable. Then, instead of our present prisons, which find or make men guilty, which enclose wretches for the commission of one crime, and return them, if returned alive, fitted for the perpetration of thousands; we should see, as in other parts of Europe, places of penitence and solitude, where the accused might be attended by such as could give them repentance, if guilty, or new motives to virtue, if innocent. And this, but not the increasing punishments, is the way to mend a State. Nor can I avoid even questioning the validity of that right which social combinations have assumed, of capitally punishing offences of a slight nature. In cases of murder, their right is obvious, as it is the duty of us all, from the law of self-defence, to cut off that man who has shown a disregard for the life of another. Against such, all nature rises in arms; but it is not so against him who steals my property. Natural law gives me no right to take away his life, as, by that, the horse he steals is as much his property as mine. If, then, I have any right, it must be from a compact made between us, that he who deprives the other of his horse shall die. But this is a false compact; because no man has a right to barter his life any more than to take it away, as it is not his own. And besides, the compact is inadequate, and would be set aside, even in a court of modern equity, as there is a great penalty for a

very trifling convenience, since it is far better that two men should live than that one man should ride. But a compact that is false between two men, is equally so between a hundred, or a hundred thousand; for as ten millions of circles can never make a square, so the united voice of myriads cannot lend the smallest foundation to falsehood. It is thus that reason speaks, and untutored nature says the same thing. Savages, that are directed by natural law alone, are very tender of the lives of each other; they seldom shed blood but to retaliate former cruelty.

Our Saxon ancestors, fierce as they were in war, had but few executions in times of peace; and, in all commencing governments that have the print of nature still strong upon them, scarce any crime is held capital.

It is among the citizens of a refined community that penal laws, which are in the hands of the rich, are laid upon the poor. Government, while it grows older, seems to acquire the moroseness of age; and, as if our property were become dearer in proportion as it increased—as if the more enormous our wealth the more extensive our fears—all our possessions are paled up with new edicts every day, and hung round with gibbets to scare every invader.

I cannot tell whether it is from the number of our penal laws, or the licentiousness of our people, that this country should show more convicts in a year than half the dominions of Europe united. Perhaps it is owing to both; for they mutually produce each other. When, by indiscriminate penal laws, a nation beholds the same punishment affixed to dissimilar degrees of guilt, from perceiving no distinction in the penalty, the people are led to lose all sense of distinction in the crime, and this distinction is the bulwark of all morality: thus the multitude of laws produce new vices, and new vices call for fresh restraints.

It were to be wished, then, that power, instead of contriving new laws to punish vice; instead of drawing hard the cords of society till a convulsion come to burst them; instead of cutting away wretches as useless before we have tried their utility; instead of converting correction into vengeance,—it were to be wished that we tried the restrictive arts of government, and made law the protector, but not the tyrant of the people. We should then find that creatures, whose souls are held as dross, only wanted the hand of a refiner: we should then find that creatures, now stuck up for long tortures, lest luxury should feel a momentary pang, might, if properly treated, serve to sinew the state in time of danger; that as their faces are like ours, their hearts are so too; that few minds are so base as that

perseverance cannot amend; that a man may see his last crime without dying for it; and that very little blood will serve to cement our security.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Happiness and Misery rather the result of Prudence than of Virtue in this life; temporal evils or felicities being regarded by Heaven as things merely in themselves trifling, and unworthy its care in the distribution.

I HAD now been confined more than a fortnight, but had not since my arrival been visited by my dear Olivia, and I greatly longed to see her. Having communicated my wishes to my wife, the next morning the poor girl entered my apartment, 10 leaning on her sister's arm. The change which I saw in her countenance struck me. The numberless graces that once resided there were now fled, and the hand of death seemed to have moulded every feature to alarm me. Her temples were sunk, her forehead was tense, and a fatal paleness sat upon her cheek.

"I am glad to see thee, my dear," cried I; "but why this dejection, Livy? I hope, my love, you have too great a regard for me to permit disappointment thus to undermine a life which I prize as my own. Be cheerful, child, and we may yet see 20 happier days."

"You have ever, sir," replied she, "been kind to me, and it adds to my pain that I shall never have an opportunity of sharing that happiness you promise. Happiness, I fear, is no longer reserved for me here; and I long to be rid of a place where I have only found distress. Indeed, sir, I wish you would make a proper submission to Mr. Thornhill; it may in some measure induce him to pity you, and it will give me relief in dying."

"Never, child," replied I; "never will I be brought to give 30 up my daughter's cause; for though the world may look upon your offence with scorn, let it be mine to regard it as a mark of credulity, not of guilt. My dear, I am no way miserable in this place, however dismal it may seem; and be assured, that while you continue to bless me by living, he shall never have my consent to make you more wretched by marrying another."

After the departure of my daughter, my fellow-prisoner, who was by at this interview, sensibly enough expostulated on my obstinacy in refusing a submission which promised to give me freedom. He observed, that the rest of my family was not to 40 be sacrificed to the peace of one child alone, and she the only one

who had offended me. "Besides," added he, "I don't know if it be just thus to obstruct the union of man and wife, which you do at present, by refusing to consent to a match you cannot hinder, but may render unhappy."

"Sir," replied I, "you are unacquainted with the man that oppresses us. I am very sensible that no submission I can make could procure me liberty even for an hour. I am told that even in this very room a debtor of his, no later than last year, died for want. But though my submission and approbation could transfer me from hence to the most beautiful apartment he is possessed of, yet I would grant neither, as something whispers me that it would be giving a sanction to adultery. While my daughter lives, no other marriage of his shall ever be legal in my eye. Were she removed, indeed, I should be the basest of men, from any resentment of my own, to attempt putting asunder those who wish for a union. No, villain as he is, I should then wish him married, to prevent the consequences of his future debaucheries. But now, should I not be the most cruel of all fathers to sign an instrument which must send my child to the grave, merely to avoid a prison myself; and thus, to escape one pang, break my child's heart with a thousand?"

He acquiesced in the justice of this answer, but could not avoid observing, that he feared my daughter's life was already too much wasted to keep me long a prisoner. "However," continued he, "though you refuse to submit to the nephew, I hope you have no objections to laying your case before the uncle, who has the first character in the kingdom for everything that is just and good. I would advise you to send him a letter by the post, intimating all his nephew's ill usage; and my life for it that in three days you shall have an answer." I thanked him for the hint, and instantly set about complying; but I wanted paper, and unluckily all our money had been laid out that morning in provisions: however, he supplied me.

For the three ensuing days I was in a state of anxiety to know what reception my letter might meet with; but in the meantime was frequently solicited by my wife to submit to any conditions rather than remain here, and every hour received repeated accounts of the decline of my daughter's health. The third day and the fourth arrived, but I received no answer to my letter: the complaints of a stranger against a favourite nephew were no way likely to succeed; so that these hopes soon vanished like all my former. My mind, however, still supported itself, though confinement and bad air began to make a visible alteration in my health, and my arm that had suffered in the fire grew worse. My children, however, sat by me, and while I was

stretched on my straw, read to me by turns, or listened and wept at my instructions. But my daughter's health declined faster than mine: every message from her contributed to increase my apprehensions and pain. The fifth morning after I had written the letter which was sent to Sir William Thornhill, I was alarmed with an account that she was speechless. Now it was that confinement was truly painful to me; my soul was bursting from its prison to be near the pillow of my child, to comfort, to strengthen her, to receive her last wishes, and teach her soul the way to Heaven! Another account came: she was 10 expiring, and yet I was debarred the small comfort of weeping by her. My fellow-prisoner, some time after, came with the last account. He bade me be patient: she was dead!——The next morning he returned, and found me with my two little ones, now my only companions, who were using all their innocent efforts to comfort me. They entreated to read to me, and bade me not to cry, for I was now too old to weep. "And is not my sister an angel, now, papa?" cried the eldest; "and why, then, are you sorry for her? I wish I were an angel out of this frightful place, if my papa were with me."—"Yes," added 20 my youngest darling, "Heaven, where my sister is, is a finer place than this, and there are none but good people there, and the people here are very bad."

Mr. Jenkinson interrupted their harmless prattle by observing, that, now my daughter was no more, I should seriously think of the rest of my family, and attempt to save my own life, which was every day declining for want of necessaries and wholesome air. He added, that it was now incumbent on me to sacrifice any pride or resentment of my own to the welfare of those who depended on me for support; and that I was now, 30 both by reason and justice, obliged to try to reconcile my landlord.

"Heaven be praised," replied I, "there is no pride left me now: I should detest my own heart if I saw either pride or resentment lurking there. On the contrary, as my oppressor has been once my parishioner, I hope one day to present him up an unpolluted soul at the eternal tribunal. No, sir, I have no resentment now; and though he has taken from me what I held dearer than all his treasures, though he has wrung my heart,— for I am sick almost to fainting, very sick, my fellow-prisoner,— 40 yet that shall never inspire me with vengeance. I am now willing to approve his marriage; and, if this submission can do him any pleasure, let him know that if I have done him any injury I am sorry for it."

Mr. Jenkinson took pen and ink, and wrote down my sub-

mission nearly as I have expressed it, to which I signed my name. My son was employed to carry the letter to Mr. Thornhill, who was then at his seat in the country. He went, and, in about six hours, returned with a verbal answer. He had some difficulty, he said, to get a sight of his landlord, as the servants were insolent and suspicious: but he accidentally saw him as he was going out upon business, preparing for his marriage, which was to be in three days. He continued to inform us, that he stept up in the humblest manner, and delivered the letter, which when Mr. Thornhill had read, he said that all submission was now too late and unnecessary; that he had heard of our application to his uncle, which met with the contempt it deserved; and, as for the rest, that all future applications should be directed to his attorney, not to him. He observed, however, that as he had a very good opinion of the discretion of the two young ladies, they might have been the most agreeable intercessors.

"Well, sir," said I to my fellow-prisoner, "you now discover the temper of the man that oppresses me. He can at once be facetious and cruel: but, let him use me as he will, I shall soon be free, in spite of all his bolts to restrain me. I am now drawing towards an abode that looks brighter as I approach it: this expectation cheers my afflictions, and though I leave an helpless family of orphans behind me, yet they will not be utterly forsaken: some friend, perhaps, will be found to assist them for the sake of their poor father, and some may charitably relieve them for the sake of their heavenly Father."

Just as I spoke, my wife, whom I had not seen that day before, appeared with looks of terror, and making efforts, but unable, to speak. "Why, my love," cried I, "why will you thus increase my afflictions by your own? What though no submissions can turn our severe master, though he has doomed me to die in this place of wretchedness, and though we have lost a darling child, yet still you will find comfort in your other children when I shall be no more."—"We have indeed lost," returned she, "a darling child. My Sophia, my dearest is gone; snatched from us, carried off by ruffians!"—"How, madam," cried my fellow-prisoner, "Miss Sophia carried off by villains! sure it cannot be?"

She could only answer by a fixed look, and a flood of tears. But one of the prisoners' wives who was present, and came in with her, gave us a more distinct account: she informed us, that as my wife, my daughter, and herself were taking a walk together on the great road, a little way out of the village, a post-chaise and pair drove up to them, and instantly stopped; upon which a well-dressed man, but not Mr. Thornhill, stepping

out, clasped my daughter round the waist, and forcing her in, bade the postilion drive on, so that they were out of sight in a moment.

"Now," cried I, "the sum of my miseries is made up, nor is it in the power of anything on earth to give me another pang. What! not one left!—not to leave me one!—The monster!—The child that was next my heart!—she had the beauty of an angel, and almost the wisdom of an angel.—But support that woman, nor let her fall.—Not to leave me one!"

"Alas! my husband," said my wife, "you seem to want comfort even more than I. Our distresses are great, but I could bear this and more, if I saw you but easy. They may take away my children, and all the world, if they leave me but you."

My son, who was present, endeavoured to moderate our grief; he bade us take comfort, for he hoped that we might still have reason to be thankful. "My child," cried I, "look round the world, and see if there be any happiness left me now. Is not every ray of comfort shut out, while all our bright prospects only lie beyond the grave?"—"My dear father," returned he, "I hope there is still something that will give you an interval of satisfaction; for I have a letter from my brother George."—"What of him, child?" interrupted I; "does he know our misery? I hope my boy is exempt from any part of what his wretched family suffers?"—"Yes, sir," returned he, "he is perfectly gay, cheerful, and happy. His letter brings nothing but good news; he is the favourite of his colonel, who promises to procure him the very next lieutenancy that becomes vacant."

"And are you sure of all this?" cried my wife; "are you sure that nothing ill has befallen my boy?"—"Nothing, indeed, madam," returned my son; "you shall see the letter, which will give you the highest pleasure; and if anything can procure you comfort, I am sure that will."—"But are you sure," still repeated she, "that the letter is from himself, and that he is really so happy?"—"Yes, madam," replied he, "it is certainly his, and he will one day be the credit and support of our family."—"Then, I thank Providence," cried she, "that my last letter to him has miscarried. Yes, my dear," continued she, turning to me, "I will now confess, that though the hand of Heaven is sore upon us in other instances, it has been favourable here. By the last letter I wrote my son, which was in the bitterness of anger, I desired him, upon his mother's blessing, and if he had the heart of a man, to see justice done his father and sister, and avenge our cause. But, thanks be to Him that directs all things, it has miscarried, and I am at rest."—"Woman!" cried I, "thou hast done very ill, and, at another time, my reproaches might have

been more severe. Oh! what a tremendous gulf hast thou escaped, that would have buried both thee and him in endless ruin! Providence, indeed, has here been kinder to us than we to ourselves. It has reserved that son to be the father and protector of my children when I shall be away. How unjustly did I complain of being stripped of every comfort, when still I hear that he is happy, and insensible of our afflictions; still kept in reserve to support his widowed mother, and to protect his brothers and sisters! But what sisters has he left? He has no sisters now: they are all gone, robbed from me, and I am undone."—"Father," interrupted my son, "I beg you will give me leave to read this letter—I know it will please you." Upon which, with my permission, he read as follows:

Honoured Sir,—I have called off my imagination a few moments from the pleasures that surround me, to fix it upon objects that are still more pleasing,—the dear little fireside at home. My fancy draws that harmless group, as listening to every line of this with great composure. I view those faces with delight, which never felt the deforming hand of ambition or distress! But, whatever your happiness may be at home, I am sure it will be some addition to it to hear, that I am perfectly pleased with my situation, and every way happy here.

Our regiment is countermanded, and is not to leave the kingdom. The colonel, who professes himself my friend, takes me with him to all companies where he is acquainted, and, after my first visit, I generally find myself received with increased respect upon repeating it. I danced last night with Lady G——, and, could I forget you know whom, I might be perhaps successful. But it is my fate still to remember others, while I am myself forgotten by most of my absent friends; and in this number, I fear, sir, that I must consider you; for I have long expected the pleasure of a letter from home, to no purpose. Olivia and Sophia too promised to write, but seem to have forgotten me. Tell them they are two arrant little baggages, and that I am, at this moment, in a most violent passion with them; yet still, I know not how, though I want to bluster a little, my heart is respondent only to softer emotions. Then, tell them, sir, that, after all, I love them affectionately; and be assured of my ever remaining,

Your dutiful Son.

"In all our miseries," cried I, "what thanks have we not to return, that one at least of our family is exempted from what we suffer? Heaven be his guard, and keep my boy thus happy, to be the support of his widowed mother, and the father of these two babes, which is all the patrimony I can now

bequeath him! May he keep their innocence from the temptations of want, and be their conductor in the paths of honour!" I had scarce said these words, when a noise like that of a tumult seemed to proceed from the prison below: it died away soon after, and a clanking of fetters was heard along the passage that led to my apartment. The keeper of the prison entered, holding a man all bloody, wounded, and fettered with the heaviest irons. I looked with compassion on the wretch as he approached me, but with horror, when I found it was my own son. "My George! my George! and do I behold thee thus? Wounded—fettered! Is this thy happiness? is this the manner you return to me? Oh that this sight could break my heart at once, and let me die!"

"Where, sir, is your fortitude?" returned my son, with an intrepid voice. "I must suffer; my life is forfeited, and let them take it."

I tried to restrain my passions for a few minutes in silence, but I thought I should have died with the effort.—"Oh, my boy, my heart weeps to behold thee thus, and I cannot, cannot help it. In the moment that I thought thee blest, and prayed for thy safety, to behold thee thus again! Chained—wounded; and yet the death of the youthful is happy. But I am old, a very old man, and have lived to see this day! To see my children all untimely falling about me, while I continue a wretched survivor in the midst of ruin! May all the curses that ever sunk a soul fall heavy upon the murderer of my children! May he live, like me, to see——"

"Hold, sir!" replied my son, "or I shall blush for thee. How, sir! forgetful of your age, your holy calling, thus to arrogate the justice of Heaven, and fling those curses upward that must soon descend to crush thy own grey head with destruction! No, sir, let it be your care now to fit me for that vile death I must shortly suffer; to arm me with hope and resolution; to give me courage to drink of that bitterness which must shortly be my portion."

"My child, you must not die: I am sure no offence of thine can deserve so vile a punishment. My George could never be guilty of any crime to make his ancestors ashamed of him."

"Mine, sir," returned my son, "is, I fear, an unpardonable one. When I received my mother's letter from home, I immediately came down, determined to punish the betrayer of our honour, and sent him an order to meet me, which he answered, not in person, but by despatching four of his domestics to seize me. I wounded one who first assaulted me, and I fear desperately; but the rest made me their prisoner. The coward is

determined to put the law in execution against me; the proofs are undeniable: I have sent a challenge, and as I am the first transgressor upon the statute, I see no hopes of pardon. But you have often charmed me with your lessons of fortitude; let me now, sir, find them in your example."

"And, my son, you shall find them. I am now raised above this world, and all the pleasures it can produce. From this moment I break from my heart all the ties that held it down to earth, and will prepare to fit us both for eternity. Yes, my son, I will point out the way, and my soul shall guide yours in the ascent, for we will take our flight together. I now see, and am convinced, you can expect no pardon here; and I can only exhort you to seek it at that greatest tribunal where we both shall shortly answer. But, let us not be niggardly in our exhortation, but let all our fellow-prisoners have a share:—Good gaoler, let them be permitted to stand here while I attempt to improve them." Thus saying, I made an effort to rise from my straw, but wanted strength, and was able only to recline against the wall. The prisoners assembled themselves according to my directions, for they loved to hear my counsel: my son and his mother supported me on either side; I looked and saw that none were wanting, and then addressed them with the following exhortation.

CHAPTER XXIX.

The equal dealings of Providence demonstrated with regard to the Happy and the Miserable here below. That, from the nature of Pleasure and Pain, the wretched must be repaid the balance of their sufferings in the life hereafter.

"My friends, my children, and fellow-sufferers, when I reflect on the distribution of good and evil here below, I find that much has been given man to enjoy, yet still more to suffer. Though we should examine the whole world, we shall not find one man so happy as to have nothing left to wish for; but we daily see thousands who by suicide show us they have nothing left to hope. In this life, then, it appears that we cannot be entirely blest, but yet we may be completely miserable.

"Why man should thus feel pain; why our wretchedness should be requisite in the formation of universal felicity; why, when all other systems are made perfect by the perfection of their subordinate parts, the great system should require for its perfection parts that are not only subordinate to others, but imperfect in themselves—these are questions that never can

be explained, and might be useless if known. On this subject, Providence has thought fit to elude our curiosity, satisfied with granting us motives to consolation.

"In this situation man has called in the friendly assistance of philosophy; and Heaven, seeing the incapacity of that to console him, has given him the aid of religion. The consolations of philosophy are very amusing, but often fallacious: it tells us, that life is filled with comforts, if we will but enjoy them; and, on the other hand, that though we unavoidably have miseries here, life is short and they will soon be over. Thus do these consolations destroy each other; for, if life is a place of comfort, its shortness must be misery, and if it be long, our griefs are protracted. Thus philosophy is weak; but religion comforts in a higher strain. Man is here, it tells us, fitting up his mind, and preparing it for another abode. When the good man leaves the body, and is all a glorious mind, he will find he has been making himself a heaven of happiness here; while the wretch that has been maimed and contaminated by his vices, shrinks from his body with terror, and finds that he has anticipated the vengeance of Heaven. To religion, then, we must hold, in every circumstance of life, for our truest comfort: for if already we are happy, it is a pleasure to think that we can make that happiness unending; and if we are miserable, it is very consoling to think that there is a place of rest. Thus, to the fortunate, religion holds out a continuance of bliss; to the wretched, a change from pain.

"But though religion is very kind to all men, it has promised peculiar rewards to the unhappy: the sick, the naked, the houseless, the heavy laden, and the prisoner, have ever most frequent promises in our sacred law. The Author of our religion everywhere professes himself the wretch's friend, and, unlike the false ones of this world, bestows all his caresses upon the forlorn. The unthinking have censured this as partiality, as a preference without merit to deserve it. But they never reflect, that it is not in the power even of Heaven itself to make the offer of unceasing felicity as great a gift to the happy as to the miserable.* To the first, eternity is but a single blessing, since at most it but increases what they already possess. To the latter, it is a double advantage; for it diminishes their pain here, and rewards them with heavenly bliss hereafter.

"But Providence is in another respect kinder to the poor than to the rich; for as it thus makes the life after death more desirable, so it smoothes the passage there. The wretched have had a long familiarity with every face of terror. The man of sorrows lays himself quietly down, without possessions to regret,

and but few ties to stop his departure: he feels only nature's pang in the final separation, and this is no way greater than he has often fainted under before; for, after a certain degree of pain, every new breach that death opens in the constitution nature kindly covers with insensibility.

"Thus Providence has given the wretched two advantages over the happy in this life,—greater felicity in dying, and in heaven all that superiority of pleasure which arises from contrasted enjoyment. And this superiority, my friends, is no small advantage, and seems to be one of the pleasures of the poor man in the parable; for though he was already in heaven, and felt all the raptures it could give, yet it was mentioned as an addition to his happiness, that he had once been wretched, and now was comforted; that he had known what it was to be miserable, and now felt what it was to be happy.

"Thus, my friends, you see religion does what philosophy could never do: it shows the equal dealings of Heaven to the happy and the unhappy, and levels all human enjoyments to nearly the same standard. It gives to both rich and poor the same happiness hereafter, and equal hopes to aspire after it; but, if the rich have the advantage of enjoying pleasure here, the poor have the endless satisfaction of knowing what it was once to be miserable, when crowned with endless felicity hereafter; and even though this should be called a small advantage, yet, being an eternal one, it must make up by duration what the temporal happiness of the great may have exceeded by intenseness.

"These are, therefore, the consolations which the wretched have peculiar to themselves, and in which they are above the rest of mankind: in other respects, they are below them. They who would know the miseries of the poor, must see life and endure it. To declaim on the temporal advantages they enjoy, is only repeating what none either believe or practise. The men who have the necessaries of living, are not poor; and they who want them, must be miserable. Yes, my friends, we must be miserable. No vain efforts of a refined imagination can soothe the wants of nature, can give elastic sweetness to the dank vapour of a dungeon, or ease to the throbbings of a broken heart. Let the philosopher from his couch of softness tell us that we can resist all these: alas! the effort by which we resist them is still the greatest pain. Death is slight, and any man may sustain it; but torments are dreadful, and these no man can endure.

"To us then, my friends, the promises of happiness in heaven should be peculiarly very dear; for if our reward be in this life

alone, we are then, indeed, of all men the most miserable. When I look round these gloomy walls, made to terrify as well as to confine us; this light, that only serves to show the horrors of the place; those shackles, that tyranny has imposed, or crime made necessary; when I survey these emaciated looks, and hear those groans—oh, my friends, what a glorious exchange would heaven be for these! To fly through regions unconfined as air—to bask in the sunshine of eternal bliss—to carol over endless hymns of praise—to have no master to threaten or insult us, but the form of Goodness himself for ever in our eyes!—when I think of these things, death becomes the messenger of very glad tidings; when I think of these things, his sharpest arrow becomes the staff of my support; when I think of these things, what is there in life worth having; when I think of these things, what is there that should not be spurned away: kings in their palaces should groan for such advantages; but we, humbled as we are, should yearn for them.

"And shall these things be ours? Ours they will certainly be, if we but try for them; and, what is a comfort, we are shut out from many temptations that would retard our pursuit. Only let us try for them, and they will certainly be ours; and, what is still a comfort, shortly too: for if we look back on a past life, it appears but a very short span, and whatever we may think of the rest of life, it will yet be found of less duration; as we grow older, the days seem to grow shorter, and our intimacy with Time ever lessens the perception of his stay. Then let us take comfort now, for we shall soon be at our journey's end; we shall soon lay down the heavy burden laid by Heaven upon us; and though death, the only friend of the wretched, for a little while mocks the weary traveller with the view, and like his horizon still flies before him; yet the time will certainly and shortly come, when we shall cease from our toil; when the luxuriant great ones of the world shall no more tread us to the earth; when we shall think with pleasure of our sufferings below; when we shall be surrounded with all our friends, or such as deserved our friendship: when our bliss shall be unutterable, and still, to crown all, unending."

CHAPTER XXX.

Happier Prospects begin to appear. Let us be inflexible, and Fortune will at last change in our favour.

When I had thus finished, and my audience was retired, the gaoler, who was one of the most humane of his profession, hoped

I would not be displeased, as what he did was but his duty, observing, that he must be obliged to remove my son into a stronger cell, but that he should be permitted to revisit me every morning. I thanked him for his clemency, and grasping my boy's hand, bade him farewell, and be mindful of the great duty that was before him.

I again therefore laid me down, and one of my little ones sat by my bedside reading, when Mr. Jenkinson entering, informed me that there was news of my daughter; for that she was seen 10 by a person about two hours before in a strange gentleman's company, and that they had stopped at a neighbouring village for refreshment, and seemed as if returning to town. He had scarcely delivered this news when the gaoler came, with looks of haste and pleasure, to inform me that my daughter was found. Moses came running in a moment after, crying out that his sister Sophia was below, and coming up with our old friend Mr. Burchell.

Just as he delivered this news, my dearest girl entered, and, with looks almost wild with pleasure, ran to kiss me, in a trans- 20 port of affection. Her mother's tears and silence also showed her pleasure. "Here, papa," cried the charming girl, "here is the brave man to whom I owe my delivery; to this gentleman's intrepidity I am indebted for my happiness and safety——" A kiss from Mr. Burchell, whose pleasure seemed even greater than hers, interrupted what she was going to add.

"Ah! Mr. Burchell," cried I, "this is but a wretched habitation you now find us in; and we are now very different from what you last saw us. You were ever our friend: we have long discovered our errors with regard to you, and repented of our 30 ingratitude. After the vile usage you then received at my hands, I am almost ashamed to behold your face; yet I hope you'll forgive me, as I was deceived by a base ungenerous wretch, who, under the mask of friendship, has undone me."

"It is impossible," cried Mr. Burchell, "that I should forgive you, as you never deserved my resentment. I partly saw your delusion then, and as it was out of my power to restrain, I could only pity it."

"It was ever my conjecture," cried I, "that your mind was noble; but now I find it so.—But tell me, my dear child, how 40 thou hast been relieved, or who the ruffians were who carried thee away."

"Indeed, sir," replied she, "as to the villain who carried me off, I am yet ignorant. For, as my mamma and I were walking out, he came behind us, and, almost before I could call for help, forced me into the post-chaise, and in an instant the horses

drove away. I met several on the road, to whom I cried out for assistance, but they disregarded my entreaties. In the meantime, the ruffian himself used every art to hinder me from crying out: he flattered and threatened by turns, and swore that, if I continued but silent, he intended no harm. In the meantime I had broken the canvas that he had drawn up, and whom should I perceive at some distance but your old friend Mr. Burchell, walking along with his usual swiftness, with the great stick for which we used so much to ridicule him. As soon as we came within hearing, I called out to him by name, and entreated his help. I repeated my exclamations several times, upon which, with a very loud voice, he bid the postilion stop; but the boy took no notice, but drove on with still greater speed. I now thought he could never overtake us, when, in less than a minute, I saw Mr. Burchell come running up by the side of the horses, and, with one blow, knock the postilion to the ground. The horses, when he was fallen, soon stopped of themselves, and the ruffian, stepping out, with oaths and menaces, drew his sword, and ordered him, at his peril, to retire; but Mr. Burchell, running up, shivered his sword to pieces, and then pursued him for near a quarter of a mile; but he made his escape. I was at this time come out myself, willing to assist my deliverer; but he soon returned to me in triumph. The postilion, who was recovered, was going to make his escape too; but Mr. Burchell ordered him at his peril to mount again and drive back to town. Finding it impossible to resist, he reluctantly complied, though the wound he had received seemed, to me at least, to be dangerous. He continued to complain of the pain as we drove along, so that he at last excited Mr. Burchell's compassion, who, at my request, exchanged him for another, at an inn where we called on our return."

"Welcome, then," cried I, "my child! and thou, her gallant deliverer, a thousand welcomes! Though our cheer is but wretched, yet our hearts are ready to receive you. And now, Mr. Burchell, as you have delivered my girl, if you think her a recompense, she is yours: if you can stoop to an alliance with a family so poor as mine, take her; obtain her consent,—as I know you have her heart,—and you have mine. And let me tell you, sir, that I give you no small treasure: she has been celebrated for beauty, it is true, but that is not my meaning,—I give you up a treasure in her mind."

"But I suppose, sir," cried Mr. Burchell, "that you are apprised of my circumstances, and of my incapacity to support her as she deserves?"

"If your present objection," replied I, "be meant as an

evasion of my offer, I desist: but I know no man so worthy to deserve her as you; and if I could give her thousands, and thousands sought her from me, yet my honest brave Burchell should be my dearest choice."

To all this his silence alone seemed to give a mortifying refusal: and, without the least reply to my offer, he demanded if he could not be furnished with refreshments from the next inn; to which being answered in the affirmative, he ordered them to send in the best dinner that could be provided upon such short notice. He bespoke also a dozen of their best wine, and some cordials for me; adding, with a smile, that he would stretch a little for once, and, though in a prison, asserted he was never better disposed to be merry. The waiter soon made his appearance with preparations for dinner; a table was lent us by the gaoler, who seemed remarkably assiduous; the wine was disposed in order, and two very well dressed dishes were brought in.

My daughter had not yet heard of her poor brother's melancholy situation, and we all seemed unwilling to damp her cheerfulness by the relation. But it was in vain that I attempted to appear cheerful: the circumstances of my unfortunate son broke through all efforts to dissemble; so that I was at last obliged to damp our mirth by relating his misfortunes, and wishing that he might be permitted to share with us in this little interval of satisfaction. After my guests were recovered from the consternation my account had produced, I requested also that Mr. Jenkinson, a fellow-prisoner, might be admitted, and the gaoler granted my request with an air of unusual submission. The clanking of my son's irons was no sooner heard along the passage, than his sister ran impatiently to meet him, while Mr. Burchell, in the meantime, asked me if my son's name was George; to which replying in the affirmative, he still continued silent. As soon as my boy entered the room, I could perceive he regarded Mr. Burchell with a look of astonishment and reverence. "Come on," cried I, "my son; though we are fallen very low, yet Providence has been pleased to grant us some small relaxation from pain. Thy sister is restored to us, and there is her deliverer: to that brave man it is that I am indebted for yet having a daughter: give him, my boy, the hand of friendship; he deserves our warmest gratitude."

My son seemed all this while regardless of what I said, and still continued fixed at a respectful distance. "My dear brother," cried his sister, "why don't you thank my good deliverer? the brave should ever love each other."

He still continued his silence and astonishment, till our guest at last perceived himself to be known, and, assuming all his

native dignity, desired my son to come forward. Never before had I seen anything so truly majestic as the air he assumed on this occasion. The greatest object in the universe, says a certain philosopher, is a good man struggling with adversity; yet there is still a greater, which is the good man that comes to relieve it. After he had regarded my son for some time with a superior air, "I again find," said he, "unthinking boy, that the same crime——" But here he was interrupted by one of the gaoler's servants, who came to inform us that a person of distinction, who had driven into town with a chariot and several attendants, sent his respects to the gentleman that was with us, and begged to know when he should think proper to be waited upon. "Bid the fellow wait," cried our guest, "till I shall have leisure to receive him:" and then turning to my son, "I again find, sir," proceeded he, "that you are guilty of the same offence for which you once had my reproof, and for which the law is now preparing its justest punishments. You imagine, perhaps, that a contempt for your own life gives you a right to take that of another: but where, sir, is the difference between a duellist, who hazards a life of no value, and the murderer who acts with greater security? Is it any diminution of the gamester's fraud, when he alleges that he has staked a counter?"

"Alas, sir," cried I, "whoever you are, pity the poor misguided creature; for what he has done was in obedience to a deluded mother, who, in the bitterness of her resentment, required him, upon her blessing, to avenge her quarrel. Here, sir, is the letter, which will serve to convince you of her imprudence, and diminish his guilt."

He took the letter, and hastily read it over. "This," says he, "though not a perfect excuse, is such a palliation of his fault as induces me to forgive him. And now, sir," continued he, kindly taking my son by the hand, "I see you are surprised at finding me here; but I have often visited prisons upon occasions less interesting. I am now come to see justice done a worthy man, for whom I have the most sincere esteem. I have long been a disguised spectator of thy father's benevolence. I have, at his little dwelling, enjoyed respect uncontaminated by flattery; and have received that happiness that courts could not give, from the amusing simplicity around his fire-side. My nephew has been apprised of my intentions of coming here, and, I find, is arrived. It would be wronging him and you to condemn him without examination: if there be injury, there shall be redress; and this I may say, without boasting, that none have ever taxed the injustice of Sir William Thornhill."

We now found the personage whom we had so long enter-

tained as an harmless amusing companion, was no other than the celebrated Sir William Thornhill, to whose virtues and singularities scarce any were strangers. The poor Mr. Burchell was in reality a man of large fortune and great interest, to whom senates listened with applause, and whom party heard with conviction; who was the friend of his country, but loyal to his king. My poor wife, recollecting her former familiarity, seemed to shrink with apprehension; but Sophia, who a few moments before thought him her own, now perceiving the immense distance to which he was removed by fortune, was unable to conceal her tears.

"Ah! sir," cried my wife, with a piteous aspect, "how is it possible that I can ever have your forgiveness? The slights you received from me the last time I had the honour of seeing you at our house, and the jokes which I audaciously threw out—these, sir, I fear, can never be forgiven."

"My dear good lady," returned he with a smile, "if you had your joke, I had my answer: I'll leave it to all the company if mine were not as good as yours. To say the truth, I know nobody whom I am disposed to be angry with at present, but the fellow who so frighted my little girl here. I had not even time to examine the rascal's person so as to describe him in an advertisement. Can you tell me, Sophia, my dear, whether you should know him again?"

"Indeed, sir," replied she, "I can't be positive; yet now I recollect, he had a large mark over one of his eyebrows."—"I ask pardon, madam," interrupted Jenkinson, who was by, "but be so good as to inform me if the fellow wore his own red hair?"—"Yes, I think so," cried Sophia. "And did your honour," continued he, turning to Sir William, "observe the length of his legs?"—"I can't be sure of their length," cried the Baronet, "but I am convinced of their swiftness; for he outran me, which is what I thought few men in the kingdom could have done."—"Please your honour," cried Jenkinson, "I know the man: it is certainly the same; the best runner in England; he has beaten Pinwire of Newcastle: Timothy Baxter is his name; I know him perfectly, and the very place of his retreat this moment. If your honour will bid Mr. Gaoler let two of his men go with me, I'll engage to produce him to you in an hour at farthest." Upon this the gaoler was called, who instantly appearing, Sir William demanded if he knew him. "Yes, please your honour," replied the gaoler, "I know Sir William Thornhill well, and everybody that knows anything of him will desire to know more of him."—"Well, then," said the Baronet, "my request is, that you will permit this man and two

of your servants to go upon a message by my authority; and as I am in the commission of the peace, I undertake to secure you."—"Your promise is sufficient," replied the other, "and you may, at a minute's warning, send them over England whenever your honour thinks fit."

In pursuance of the gaoler's compliance, Jenkinson was despatched in search of Timothy Baxter, while we were amused with the assiduity of our youngest boy Bill, who had just come in and climbed up Sir William's neck, in order to kiss him. His mother was immediately going to chastise his familiarity, but the worthy man prevented her; and taking the child, all ragged as he was, upon his knee, "What, Bill, you chubby rogue," cried he, "do you remember your old friend Burchell? and Dick, too, my honest veteran, are you here? you shall find I have not forgot you." So saying, he gave each a large piece of gingerbread, which the poor fellows ate very heartily, as they had got that morning a very scanty breakfast.

We now sat down to dinner, which was almost cold; but previously, my arm still continuing painful, Sir William wrote a prescription, for he had made the study of physic his amusement, and was more than moderately skilled in the profession: this being sent to an apothecary who lived in the place, my arm was dressed, and I found almost instantaneous relief. We were waited upon at dinner by the gaoler himself, who was willing to do our guest all the honour in his power. But before we had well dined, another message was brought from his nephew, desiring permission to appear in order to vindicate his innocence and honour; with which request the Baronet complied, and desired Mr. Thornhill to be introduced.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Former Benevolence now repaid with unexpected Interest.

Mr. Thornhill made his appearance with a smile, which he seldom wanted, and was going to embrace his uncle, which the other repulsed with an air of disdain. "No fawning, sir, at present," cried the Baronet, with a look of severity; "the only way to my heart is by the road of honour; but here I only see complicated instances of falsehood, cowardice, and oppression. How is it, sir, that this poor man, for whom I know you professed a friendship, is used thus hardly? His daughter vilely seduced as a recompense for his hospitality, and he himself thrown into prison, perhaps for resenting the insult? His son, too, whom you feared to face as a man——"

"Is it possible, sir," interrupted his nephew, "that my uncle should object that as a crime, which his repeated instructions alone have persuaded me to avoid?"

"Your rebuke," cried Sir William, "is just; you have acted, in this instance, prudently and well, though not quite as your father would have done: my brother, indeed, was the soul of honour; but thou—— Yes, you have acted, in this instance, perfectly right, and it has my warmest approbation."

"And I hope," said his nephew, "that the rest of my conduct will not be found to deserve censure. I appeared, sir, with this gentleman's daughter at some places of public amusement: thus, what was levity, scandal called by a harsher name, and it was reported I had debauched her. I waited on her father in person, willing to clear the thing to his satisfaction, and he received me only with insult and abuse. As for the rest, with regard to his being here, my attorney and steward can best inform you, as I commit the management of business entirely to them. If he has contracted debts, and is unwilling, or even unable to pay them, it is their business to proceed in this manner: and I see no hardship or injustice in pursuing the most legal means of redress."

"If this," cried Sir William, "be as you have stated it, there is nothing unpardonable in your offence; and though your conduct might have been more generous in not suffering this gentleman to be oppressed by subordinate tyranny, yet it has been at least equitable."

"He cannot contradict a single particular," replied the Squire; "I defy him to do so; and several of my servants are ready to attest what I say. Thus, sir," continued he, finding that I was silent, for in fact I could not contradict him—"thus, sir, my own innocence is vindicated: but though at your entreaty I am ready to forgive this gentleman every other offence, yet his attempts to lessen me in your esteem excite a resentment that I cannot govern; and this, too, at a time when his son was actually preparing to take away my life,—this, I say, was such guilt, that I am determined to let the law take its course. I have here the challenge that was sent me, and two witnesses to prove it: one of my servants has been wounded dangerously; and even though my uncle himself should dissuade me, which I know he will not, yet I will see public justice done, and he shall suffer for it."

"Thou monster!" cried my wife, "hast thou not had vengeance enough already, but must my poor boy feel thy cruelty? I hope that good Sir William will protect us; for my son is as innocent as a child: I am sure he is, and never did harm to man."

"Madam," replied the good man, "your wishes for his safety are not greater than mine; but I am sorry to find his guilt too plain; and if my nephew persists——" But the appearance of Jenkinson and the gaoler's two servants now called off our attention, who entered, hauling in a tall man, very genteelly dressed, and answering the description already given of the ruffian who had carried off my daughter. "Here," cried Jenkinson, pulling him in, "here we have him; and if ever there was a candidate for Tyburn, this is one."

The moment Mr. Thornhill perceived the prisoner, and Jenkinson who had him in custody, he seemed to shrink back with terror. His face became pale with conscious guilt, and he would have withdrawn, but Jenkinson, who perceived his design, stopped him. "What, Squire," cried he, "are you ashamed of your two old acquaintances, Jenkinson and Baxter? But this is the way that all great men forget their friends, though I am resolved we will not forget you. Our prisoner, please your honour," continued he, turning to Sir William, "has already confessed all. This is the gentleman reported to be so dangerously wounded. He declares that it was Mr. Thornhill who first put him upon this affair; that he gave him the clothes he now wears, to appear like a gentleman, and furnished him with the post-chaise. The plan was laid between them, that he should carry off the young lady to a place of safety, and that there he should threaten and terrify her; but Mr. Thornhill was to come in, in the meantime, as if by accident, to her rescue; and that they should fight a while, and then he was to run off,—by which Mr. Thornhill would have the better opportunity of gaining her affections himself, under the character of her defender."

Sir William remembered the coat to have been worn by his nephew, and all the rest the prisoner himself confirmed by a more circumstantial account; concluding, that Mr. Thornhill had often declared to him that he was in love with both sisters at the same time.

"Heavens!" cried Sir William, "what a viper have I been fostering in my bosom! And so fond of public justice too, as he seemed to be! But he shall have it: secure him, Mr. Gaoler—Yet, hold! I fear there is not legal evidence to detain him."

Upon this Mr. Thornhill, with the utmost humility, entreated that two such abandoned wretches might not be admitted as evidences against him, but that his servants should be examined. "Your servants!" replied Sir William. "Wretch! call them yours no longer: but come, let us hear what those fellows have to say; let his butler be called."

When the butler was introduced, he soon perceived by his former master's looks that all his power was now over. "Tell me," cried Sir William, sternly, "have you ever seen your master, and that fellow dressed up in his clothes, in company together?"—"Yes, please your honour," cried the butler, "a thousand times: he was the man that always brought him his ladies."—"How!" interrupted young Mr. Thornhill, "this to my face?" "Yes," replied the butler, "or to any man's face. To tell you a truth, Master Thornhill, I never either loved you or liked you, and I don't care if I tell you now a piece of my mind."—"Now, then," cried Jenkinson, "tell his honour whether you know anything of me."—"I can't say," replied the butler, "that I know much good of you. The night that gentleman's daughter was deluded to our house, you were one of them."—"So then," cried Sir William, "I find you have brought a very fine witness to prove your innocence: thou stain to humanity! to associate with such wretches! But," continuing his examination, "you tell me, Mr. Butler, that this was the person who brought him this old gentleman's daughter."—"No, please your honour," replied the butler, "he did not bring her, for the Squire himself undertook that business; but he brought the priest that pretended to marry them."—"It is but too true," cried Jenkinson; "I cannot deny it; that was the employment assigned me, and I confess it to my confusion."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the Baronet, "how every new discovery of his villainy alarms me! All his guilt is now too plain, and I find his prosecution was dictated by tyranny, cowardice, and revenge. At my request, Mr. Gaoler, set this young officer, now your prisoner, free, and trust to me for the consequences. I'll make it my business to set the affair in a proper light to my friend the magistrate, who has committed him. But where is the unfortunate young lady herself? Let her appear to confront this wretch: I long to know by what arts he has seduced her. Entreat her to come in. Where is she?"

"Ah! sir," said I, "that question stings me to the heart: I was once indeed happy in a daughter, but her miseries——" Another interruption here prevented me; for who should make her appearance but Miss Arabella Wilmot, who was next day to have been married to Mr. Thornhill. Nothing could equal her surprise at seeing Sir William and his nephew here before her; for her arrival was quite accidental. It happened that she and the old gentleman, her father, were passing through the town, on the way to her aunt's, who had insisted that her nuptials with Mr. Thornhill should be consummated at her house; but stopping for refreshment, they put up at an inn at the other end

of the town. It was there, from the window, that the young lady happened to observe one of my little boys playing in the street, and instantly sending a footman to bring the child to her, she learned from him some account of our misfortunes; but was still kept ignorant of young Mr. Thornhill's being the cause. Though her father made several remonstrances on the impropriety of going to a prison to visit us, yet they were ineffectual; she desired the child to conduct her, which he did, and it was thus she surprised us at a juncture so unexpected.

Nor can I go on without a reflection on those accidental meetings, which, though they happen every day, seldom excite our surprise but upon some extraordinary occasion. To what a fortuitous concurrence do we not owe every pleasure and convenience of our lives! How many seeming accidents must unite before we can be clothed or fed! The peasant must be disposed to labour, the shower must fall, the wind fill the merchant's sail, or numbers must want the usual supply.

We all continued silent for some moments, while my charming pupil, which was the name I generally gave this young lady, united in her looks compassion and astonishment, which gave new finishing to her beauty.—"Indeed, my dear Mr. Thornhill," cried she to the Squire, who she supposed was come here to succour, and not to oppress us, "I take it a little unkindly that you should come here without me, or never inform me of the situation of a family so dear to us both: you know I should take as much pleasure in contributing to the relief of my reverend old master here, whom I shall ever esteem, as you can. But I find that, like your uncle, you take a pleasure in doing good in secret."

"He find pleasure in doing good!" cried Sir William, interrupting her. "No, my dear, his pleasures are as base as he is. You see in him, madam, as complete a villain as ever disgraced humanity. A wretch, who, after having deluded this poor man's daughter, after plotting against the innocence of her sister, has thrown the father into prison, and the eldest son into fetters because he had the courage to face her betrayer. And give me leave, madam, now to congratulate you upon an escape from the embraces of such a monster."

"O goodness!" cried the lovely girl, "how have I been deceived! Mr. Thornhill informed me for certain that this gentleman's eldest son, Captain Primrose, was gone off to America with his new-married lady."

"My sweetest Miss," cried my wife, "he has told you nothing but falsehoods. My son George never left the kingdom, nor ever was married. Though you have forsaken him, he has

always loved you too well to think of anybody else; and I have heard him say, he would die a bachelor for your sake." She then proceeded to expatiate upon the sincerity of her son's passion: she set his duel with Mr. Thornhill in a proper light; from thence she made a rapid digression to the Squire's debaucheries, his pretended marriages, and ended with a most insulting picture of his cowardice.

"Good heavens!" cried Miss Wilmot, "how very near have I been to the brink of ruin! Ten thousand falsehoods has this gentleman told me! He had at last art enough to persuade me, that my promise to the only man I esteemed was no longer binding, since he had been unfaithful. By his falsehoods I was taught to detest one equally brave and generous."

But by this time my son was freed from the encumbrances of justice, as the person supposed to be wounded was detected to be an impostor. Mr. Jenkinson, also, who had acted as his valet-de-chambre, had dressed up his hair, and furnished him with whatever was necessary to make a genteel appearance. He now therefore entered handsomely dressed in his regimentals; and, without vanity (for I am above it), he appeared as handsome a fellow as ever wore a military dress. As he entered, he made Miss Wilmot a modest and distant bow, for he was not as yet acquainted with the change which the eloquence of his mother had wrought in his favour. But no decorums could restrain the impatience of his blushing mistress to be forgiven. Her tears, her looks, all contributed to discover the real sensations of her heart, for having forgotten her former promise, and having suffered herself to be deluded by an impostor. My son appeared amazed at her condescension, and could scarce believe it real.—"Sure, madam," cried he, "this is but delusion! I can never have merited this! To be blessed thus is to be too happy."—"No, sir," replied she; "I have been deceived, basely deceived, else nothing could have ever made me unjust to my promise. You know my friendship—you have long known it—but forget what I have done, and as you once had my warmest vows of constancy, you shall now have them repeated; and be assured, that if your Arabella cannot be yours, she shall never be another's."—"And no other's you shall be," cried Sir William, "if I have any influence with your father."

This hint was sufficient for my son Moses, who immediately flew to the inn where the old gentleman was, to inform him of every circumstance that had happened. But, in the meantime, the Squire, perceiving that he was on every side undone, now finding that no hopes were left from flattery or dissimulation, concluded that his wisest way would be to turn and face his

pursuers. Thus, laying aside all shame, he appeared the open, hardy villain. "I find, then," cried he, "that I am to expect no justice here; but I am resolved it shall be done me. You shall know, sir," turning to Sir William, "I am no longer a poor dependent upon your favours. I scorn them. Nothing can keep Miss Wilmot's fortune from me, which, I thank her father's assiduity, is pretty large. The articles and a bond for her fortune are signed, and safe in my possession. It was her fortune, not her person, that induced me to wish for this match; and, possessed of the one, let who will take the other." 10

This was an alarming blow. Sir William was sensible of the justice of his claims, for he had been instrumental in drawing up the marriage articles himself. Miss Wilmot, therefore, perceiving that her fortune was irretrievably lost, turning to my son, asked if the loss of fortune could lessen her value to him? "Though fortune," said she, "is out of my power, at least I have my hand to give."

"And that, madam," cried her real lover, "was indeed all that you ever had to give; at least all that I ever thought worth the acceptance. And I now protest, my Arabella, by all that's 20 happy, your want of fortune this moment increases my pleasure, as it serves to convince my sweet girl of my sincerity."

Mr. Wilmot now entering, he seemed not a little pleased at the danger his daughter had just escaped, and readily consented to a dissolution of the match. But finding that her fortune, which was secured to Mr. Thornhill by bond, would not be given up, nothing could exceed his disappointment. He now saw that his money must all go to enrich one who had no fortune of his own. He could bear his being a rascal, but to want an equivalent to his daughter's fortune was wormwood. He sat, therefore, for 30 some minutes employed in the most mortifying speculations, till Sir William attempted to lessen his anxiety. "I must confess, sir," cried he, "that your present disappointment does not entirely displease me. Your immoderate passion for wealth is now justly punished. But though the young lady cannot be rich, she has still a competence sufficient to give content. Here you see an honest young soldier, who is willing to take her without fortune: they have long loved each other; and, for the friendship I bear his father, my interest shall not be wanting in his promotion. Leave, then, that ambition which disappoints you, 40 and for once admit that happiness which courts your acceptance."

"Sir William," replied the old gentleman, "be assured I never yet forced her inclinations, nor will I now. If she still continues to love this young gentleman, let her have him, with all my heart. There is still, thank Heaven, some fortune left, and your

promise will make it something more. Only let my old friend here" (meaning me) "give me a promise of settling six thousand pounds upon my girl if ever he should come to his fortune, and I am ready, this night, to be the first to join them together."

As it now remained with me to make the young couple happy, I readily gave a promise of making the settlement he required; which, to one who had such little expectations as I, was no great favour. We had now, therefore, the satisfaction of seeing them fly into each other's arms in a transport. "After all my misfortunes," cried my son George, "to be thus rewarded! Sure this is more than I could ever have presumed to hope for. To be possessed of all that's good, and after such an interval of pain! My warmest wishes could never rise so high!"

"Yes, my George," returned his lovely bride, "now let the wretch take my fortune; since you are happy without it, so am I. Oh, what an exchange have I made,—from the basest of men to the dearest, best! Let him enjoy our fortune, I can now be happy even in indigence."—"And I promise you," cried the Squire, with a malicious grin, "that I shall be very happy with what you despise."—"Hold, hold, sir," cried Jenkinson, "there are two words to that bargain. As for that lady's fortune, sir, you shall never touch a single stiver of it. Pray, your honour," continued he to Sir William, "can the Squire have this lady's fortune if he be married to another?"—"How can you make such a simple demand?" replied the Baronet: "undoubtedly he cannot."—"I am sorry for that," cried Jenkinson; "for as this gentleman and I have been old fellow-sporters, I have a friendship for him. But I must declare, well as I love him, that this contract is not worth a tobacco-stopper, for he is married already."—"You lie, like a rascal!" returned the Squire, who seemed roused by this insult; "I never was legally married to any woman."

"Indeed, begging your honour's pardon," replied the other, "you were: and I hope you will show a proper return of friendship to your own honest Jenkinson, who brings you a wife; and if the company restrain their curiosity a few minutes, they shall see her." So saying, he went off, with his usual celerity, and left us all unable to form any probable conjecture as to his design. "Ay, let him go," cried the Squire; "whatever else I may have done, I defy him there. I am too old now to be frightened with squibs."

"I am surprised," said the Baronet, "what the fellow can intend by this. Some low piece of humour, I suppose."—"Perhaps, sir," replied I, "he may have a more serious meaning. For when we reflect on the various schemes this gentleman has

laid to seduce innocence, perhaps some one more artful than the rest has been found able to deceive him. When we consider what numbers he has ruined, how many parents now feel, with anguish, the infamy and the contamination which he has brought into their families, it would not surprise me if some one of them ——Amazement! Do I see my lost daughter? Do I hold her? It is, it is my life, my happiness! I thought thee lost, my Olivia, yet still I hold thee—and still thou shalt live to bless me." The warmest transports of the fondest lover were not greater than mine, when I saw him introduce my child, and held my daughter in my arms, whose silence only spoke her raptures.

"And art thou returned to me, my darling," cried I, "to be my comfort in age!"—"That she is," cried Jenkinson; "and make much of her, for she is your own honourable child, and as honest a woman as any in the whole room, let the other be who she will. And as for you, Squire, as sure as you stand there, this young lady is your lawful wedded wife; and to convince you that I speak nothing but the truth, here is the licence by which you were married together." So saying, he put the licence into the Baronet's hands, who read it, and found it perfect in every respect. "And now, gentlemen," continued he, "I find you are surprised at all this; but a few words will explain the difficulty. That there Squire of renown, for whom I have a great friendship (but that's between ourselves), has often employed me in doing odd little things for him. Among the rest, he commissioned me to procure him a false licence and a false priest, in order to deceive this young lady. But as I was very much his friend, what did I do, but went and got a true licence and a true priest, and married them both as fast as the cloth could make them. Perhaps you'll think it was generosity that made me do all this; but no: to my shame I confess it, my only design was to keep the licence, and let the Squire know that I could prove it upon him whenever I thought proper, and so make him come down whenever I wanted money." A burst of pleasure now seemed to fill the whole apartment; our joy reached even to the common room, where the prisoners themselves sympathised.

> ——And shook their chains
> In transport and rude harmony.

Happiness was expanded upon every face, and even Olivia's cheek seemed flushed with pleasure. To be thus restored to reputation, to friends, and fortune at once, was a rapture sufficient to stop the progress of decay, and restore former health and vivacity. But, perhaps, among all, there was not one who felt sincerer pleasure than I. Still holding the dear loved child

in my arms, I asked my heart if these transports were not delusion. "How could you," cried I, turning to Mr. Jenkinson, "how could you add to my miseries by the story of her death? But it matters not; my pleasure at finding her again is more than a recompense for the pain."

"As to your question," replied Jenkinson, "that is easily answered. I thought the only probable means of freeing you from prison was by submitting to the Squire, and consenting to his marriage with the other young lady. But these you had vowed never to grant while your daughter was living; there was therefore no other method to bring things to bear, but by persuading you that she was dead. I prevailed on your wife to join in the deceit, and we have not had a fit opportunity of undeceiving you till now.

In the whole assembly now there appeared only two faces that did not glow with transport. Mr. Thornhill's assurance had entirely forsaken him: he now saw the gulf of infamy and want before him, and trembled to take the plunge. He therefore fell on his knees before his uncle, and in a voice of piercing misery implored compassion. Sir William was going to spurn him away, but at my request he raised him, and, after pausing a few moments, "Thy vices, crimes, and ingratitude," cried he, "deserve no tenderness; yet thou shalt not be entirely forsaken,—a bare competence shall be supplied to support the wants of life, but not its follies. This young lady, thy wife, shall be put in possession of a third part of that fortune which once was thine, and from her tenderness alone thou art to expect any extraordinary supplies for the future." He was going to express his gratitude for such kindness in a set speech; but the Baronet prevented him, by bidding him not aggravate his meanness, which was already but too apparent. He ordered him at the same time to be gone, and from all his former domestics to choose one, such as he should think proper, which was all that should be granted to attend him.

As soon as he left us, Sir William very politely stepped up to his new niece with a smile, and wished her joy. His example was followed by Miss Wilmot and her father. My wife, too, kissed her daughter with much affection; as, to use her own expression, she was now made an honest woman of. Sophia and Moses followed in turn; and even our benefactor Jenkinson desired to be admitted to that honour. Our satisfaction seemed scarcely capable of increase. Sir William, whose greatest pleasure was in doing good, now looked round with a countenance open as the sun, and saw nothing but joy in the looks of all except that of my daughter Sophia, who, for some reasons we could not com-

prehend, did not seem perfectly satisfied. "I think now," cried he, with a smile, "that all the company except one or two seem perfectly happy. There only remains an act of justice for me to do. You are sensible, sir," continued he, turning to me, "of the obligations we both owe to Mr. Jenkinson; and it is but just we should both reward him for it. Miss Sophia will, I am sure, make him very happy, and he shall have from me five hundred pounds as her fortune; and upon this I am sure they can live very comfortably together. Come, Miss Sophia, what say you to this match of my making? Will you have him?" My poor 10 girl seemed almost sinking into her mother's arms at the hideous proposal. "Have him, sir," cried she faintly: "No, sir, never!" —"What!" cried he again, "not have Mr. Jenkinson, your benefactor, a handsome young fellow, with five hundred pounds, and good expectations?"—"I beg, sir," returned she, scarce able to speak, "that you'll desist, and not make me so very wretched." —"Was ever such obstinacy known?" cried he again, "to refuse a man whom the family have such infinite obligations to, who has preserved your sister, and who has five hundred pounds! What! not have him!"—"No, sir, never!" replied she, angrily; 20 "I'd sooner die first."—"If that be the case, then," cried he, "if you will not have him—I think I must have you myself." And, so saying, he caught her to his breast with ardour. "My loveliest, my most sensible of girls," cried he, "how could you ever think your own Burchell could deceive you, or that Sir William Thornhill could ever cease to admire a mistress that loved him for himself alone? I have for some years sought for a woman, who, a stranger to my fortune, could think that I had merit as a man. After having tried in vain, even amongst the pert and the ugly, how great at last must be my rapture to have made a con- 30 quest over such sense and such heavenly beauty." Then turning to Jenkinson: "As I cannot, sir, part with this young lady myself, for she has taken a fancy to the cut of my face, all the recompense I can make is to give you her fortune; and you may call upon my steward to-morrow for five hundred pounds." Thus we had all our compliments to repeat, and Lady Thornhill underwent the same round of ceremony that her sister had done before. In the meantime Sir William's gentleman appeared to tell us that the equipages were ready to carry us to the inn, where everything was prepared for our reception. My wife and 40 I led the van, and left those gloomy mansions of sorrow. The generous Baronet ordered forty pounds to be distributed among the prisoners, and Mr. Wilmot, induced by his example, gave half that sum. We were received below by the shouts of the villagers, and I saw and shook by the hand two or three of my

honest parishioners, who were among the number. They attended us to our inn, where a sumptuous entertainment was provided, and coarser provisions were distributed in great quantities among the populace.

After supper, as my spirits were exhausted by the alternation of pleasure and pain which they had sustained during the day, I asked permission to withdraw; and, leaving the company in the midst of their mirth, as soon as I found myself alone, I poured out my heart in gratitude to the Giver of joy as well as of sorrow, and then slept undisturbed till morning.

CHAPTER XXXII.

The Conclusion.

THE next morning, as soon as I awaked, I found my eldest son sitting by my bedside, who came to increase my joy with another turn of fortune in my favour. First having released me from the settlement that I had made the day before in his favour, he let me know that my merchant, who had failed in town, was arrested at Antwerp, and there had given up effects to a much greater amount than what was due to his creditors. My boy's generosity pleased me almost as much as this unlooked-for good fortune; but I had some doubts whether I ought, in justice, to accept his offer. While I was pondering upon this, Sir William entered the room, to whom I communicated my doubts. His opinion was that, as my son was already possessed of a very affluent fortune by his marriage, I might accept his offer without any hesitation. His business, however, was to inform me, that as he had the night before sent for the licences, and expected them every hour, he hoped that I would not refuse my assistance in making all the company happy that morning. A footman entered while we were speaking, to tell us that the messenger was returned; and as I was by this time ready, I went down, where I found the whole company as merry as affluence and innocence could make them. However, as they were now preparing for a very solemn ceremony, their laughter entirely displeased me. I told them of the grave, becoming, and sublime deportment they should assume upon this mystical occasion, and read them two homilies, and a thesis of my own composing, in order to prepare them. Yet they still seemed perfectly refractory and ungovernable. Even as we were going along to church, to which I led the way, all gravity had quite forsaken them, and I was often tempted to turn back in indignation. In church a new dilemma arose, which promised no easy solution.

This was, which couple should be married first: my son's bride warmly insisted that Lady Thornhill (that was to be) should take the lead; but this the other refused with equal ardour, protesting she would not be guilty of such rudeness for the world. The argument was supported for some time between both, with equal obstinacy and good breeding. But, as I stood all this time with my book ready, I was at last quite tired of the contest; and, shutting it, "I perceive," cried I, "that none of you have a mind to be married, and I think we had as good go back again; for I suppose there will be no business done here to-day." This at once reduced them to reason. The Baronet and his lady were first married, and then my son and his lovely partner.

I had previously, that morning, given orders that a coach should be sent for my honest neighbour Flamborough and his family; by which means, upon our return to the inn, we had the pleasure of finding the two Miss Flamboroughs alighted before us. Mr. Jenkinson gave his hand to the eldest, and my son Moses led up the other (and I have since found, that he has taken a real liking to the girl, and my consent and bounty he shall have, whenever he thinks proper to demand them). We were no sooner returned to the inn, but numbers of my parishioners, hearing of my success, came to congratulate me; but, among the rest, were those who rose to rescue me, and whom I formerly rebuked with such sharpness. I told the story to Sir William, my son-in-law, who went out and reproved them with great severity; but finding them quite disheartened by his harsh reproof, he gave them half a guinea apiece to drink his health, and raise their dejected spirits.

Soon after this we were called to a very genteel entertainment, which was dressed by Mr. Thornhill's cook.—And it may not be improper to observe with respect to that gentleman, that he now resides, in quality of companion, at a relation's house, being very well liked, and seldom sitting at the side-table, except when there is no room at the other; for they make no stranger of him. His time is pretty much taken up in keeping his relation, who is a little melancholy, in spirits, and in learning to blow the French horn. My eldest daughter, however, still remembers him with regret; and she has even told me, though I make a great secret of it, that when he reforms, she may be brought to relent.—But to return, for I am not apt to digress thus: when we were to sit down to dinner our ceremonies were going to be renewed. The question was, whether my eldest daughter, as being a matron, should not sit above the two young brides; but the debate was cut short by my son

George, who proposed that the company should sit indiscriminately, every gentleman by his lady. This was received with great approbation by all, excepting my wife, who, I could perceive, was not perfectly satisfied, as she expected to have had the pleasure of sitting at the head of the table, and carving all the meat for all the company. But, notwithstanding this, it is impossible to describe our good humour. I can't say whether we had more wit among us now than usual; but I am certain we had more laughing, which answered the end as well. One jest I particularly remember: old Mr. Wilmot drinking to Moses, whose head was turned another way, my son replied, "Madam, I thank you." Upon which the old gentleman, winking upon the rest of the company, observed that he was thinking of his mistress. At which jest I thought the two Miss Flamboroughs would have died with laughing. As soon as dinner was over, according to my old custom, I requested that the table might be taken away to have the pleasure of seeing all my family assembled once more by a cheerful fireside. My two little ones sat upon each knee, the rest of the company by their partners. I had nothing now on this side of the grave to wish for: all my cares were over; my pleasure was unspeakable. It now only remained, that my gratitude in good fortune should exceed my former submission in adversity.

NOTES.

WAKEFIELD is a town in Yorkshire. Mr. Ford, in the *National Review* (May 1883), shows that Goldsmith strictly adheres to the topography of the district round Wakefield, although changing the names of the other places except Wakefield. The same writer brings forward good circumstantial evidence to prove that between 1760 and 1762 Goldsmith travelled on foot through this part of England for the benefit of his health, and also that some of the incidents in the novel were suggested by what actually occurred on his pedestrian tour. He is also wonderfully successful in identifying the places mentioned in *The Vicar of Wakefield* with real places in the neighbourhood of Wakefield, and shows thereby that Goldsmith knew well the topography of that part of Yorkshire. The initial difficulty is to discover the nameless parish to which the Vicar went after leaving Wakefield. His new parish was "a journey of seventy miles" from Wakefield, and at this distance is Kirkby Moorside on the banks of the river Dove. Assuming that the Vicar's new home was Kirkby Moorside, Mr. Ford finds no difficulty in identifying the other places mentioned in the story. Thornhill Castle, "a few miles off," is Helmsley, the mansion of the estate within which Kirkby Moorside lay. Welbridge Fair, where Moses and the Vicar were cheated by Ephraim Jenkinson, is evidently the same as the small market town of Welburn, at a distance of a mile from Kirkby Moorside. In his pursuit of Olivia the Vicar went first a journey of thirty miles to the Wells, and then "thirty miles further" on "to the Races." These distances point to the conclusion that Goldsmith by the Wells meant the fashionable watering-place of Harrogate, which is about half-way between Kirkby Moorside and Doncaster, famous as a racing centre. Lastly, the town eleven miles off, to the gaol of which the Vicar was taken, may be identified with Pickering, eleven miles from Kirkby Moorside, and the description of the prison that "had formerly been built for purposes of war" must have been drawn from the strong castle of Pickering, in which Richard II. was imprisoned after his deposition. The whole article shows quite clearly that Goldsmith in the topography of the Vicar of Wakefield, as in all his works of fiction, preferred to be guided by the facts registered in his memory instead of trusting much to his invention.

All through his story he is thinking of real places, which, to put the reader off the scent, he calls by imaginary names. But the fact that in the one case of Wakefield he uses the real name gives Mr. Ford the clue to the identification of all the other places also.

P. 1, l. 18. **service**, *sc.* to the State. In the time of Goldsmith it was generally taken for granted that the best way to promote the prosperity of a country was to increase the population. This idea is quite contrary to the views of Mill and other recent writers on Political Economy, who show that increase of population often causes starvation and misery.

20. **taken orders**, 'entered holy orders,' 'become a clergyman.' The three orders or ranks of clergymen in the English Church are deacons, priests, and bishops. The ceremony by which a man enters holy orders is called ordination.

21. **did**, 'chose.' 'Do' in this use is a substitute to save the repetition of a verb. Mrs. Primrose's choice of her wedding gown is the subject of a famous picture by Mulready, which may be seen in the South Kensington Museum.

22. **not for a fine glossy surface**, 'not for superficial qualities, but for more solid qualities that would last longer.' Notice how simile and metaphor are combined in this sentence. 'As she did her wedding gown' is a simile. 'Glossy surface' and 'wear well' are used metaphorically to express the same comparison.

23. **wear well**, 'last for a long time without becoming worn out.'

To do her justice (a parenthetic or absolute infinitive expressing the purpose of the following remark), 'If I am to describe her justly, I must say that she was, etc.'

24. **notable**, an old-fashioned colloquial term for 'excellent.' 'Famous' is used in the same sense in p. 17, l. 34.

breeding, manners regarded as the result of early education.

25. **few** is a negative word meaning not many. 'There were few who could show more' denies that many excelled her in breeding. 'There were a few who could show more' would assert that there were a certain number who excelled her. There is a similar difference between 'little' and 'a little.' See p. 71, l. 26.

25. **country ladies**, as opposed to town ladies, in whose manners greater refinement is expected.

26. **without much spelling**. This indicates the backward state of education in Goldsmith's time. A lady described as fairly educated had to spell a certain number of words when she was reading.

pickling, preserving, 'making pickles and jams.' The former are sour, the latter are sweet preserves. In the days of Goldsmith, the aim of every country lady was to excel her neighbours in cooking and other branches of housekeeping. Reading and writing were quite secondary considerations.

P. 2, l. 1. **excellent contriver in housekeeping**, 'a very economical manager of a household.' The Vicar, like many husbands, did not believe that Mrs. Primrose's careful study of domestic economy produced any substantial saving.

7. **a moral or rural amusement**, in such occupations as relieving the poor, which manifested the moral virtue of benevolence, or in such entertainments in the country as visiting, dances, picnics, etc. We are not, of course, to suppose that the rural amusements were immoral. They were merely non-moral, because they did not consist in the exercise of any moral virtue. The reading of the first edition is "in moral or rural amusements."

Possibly Goldsmith means by "moral amusement," moralizing, that is, reflecting on facts and drawing moral lessons from them, as the Vicar often did. For 'amusement used in the sense of 'reflection,' Murray quotes from Fleetwood (1715): "I fell into a strong and deep amusement, revolving in my mind the amazing change of our fortunes."

9. **no revolutions to fear.** In their peaceful country retreat they were not troubled by anxiety about great political changes, which could hardly affect their humble village.

11. **the blue bed to the brown.** We may suppose that in one of the bedrooms there was a bed with blue curtains, in another a bed with brown curtains, and that the Vicar and his wife sometimes changed from one to the other, going perhaps to the cooler room in summer and to the warmer one in winter.

13. **visit.** Notice 'had' followed by the infinitive without 'to.'

14. **with the veracity of an historian.** This phrase is used with a humorous affectation of gravity.

15. **cousins even to the fortieth remove.** First cousins are descended from the same grandfather, second cousins from the same great-grandfather, and cousins to the fortieth remove would have a common ancestor forty-one generations back, which, counting from the date of the publication of *The Vicar* (1766), would take us back to about the year 500. The expression must not of course be taken literally. "Cousins to the fortieth remove" is merely a hyperbole or extravagant expression for 'distant cousin.'

17. **the heralds' office**, the chief function of which is to trace long pedigrees.

18. **did us no great honour**, litotes for 'brought us some discredit' in the estimation of our neighbours.

19. **claims of kindred.** Compare the last line quoted from the *Deserted Village*, on p. 4, l. 20.

21. **the same flesh and blood**, 'blood relations as being descended from common ancestors.' For 'blood' as symbolical of relationship compare the proverb, "Blood is thicker than water."

P. 2, l. 22. **if** is here nearly equivalent to 'although' and 'while.' It does not introduce a condition, but merely couples two propositions which are not to be regarded as incompatible with each other. 'If' is used in the same way by a novelist of to-day (Mrs. Alexander), who describes "a handsomely-furnished sitting-room in Renshaw's excellent, if costly, private hotel."

23. **will hold good**, 'will be found to be true.'

24. **the poorer.** 'The' with comparatives is not the definite article, but an adverb which was originally the ablative of the demonstrative. "The poorer the guest, the better pleased, etc."= 'by that a guest is poorer, by that (*i.e.* to the same extent) he is better pleased'='his pleasure is in proportion to his poverty.'

25. **treated**, 'entertained.'

26. **a tulip.** In the end of the seventeenth century the mania for cultivating tulips was introduced into England from Holland. Great prices were given for rare and beautiful species.

30. **I ever took care to lend him.** This was a humorous device of the Vicar's. But was Dr. Primrose justified in thus tempting his poor friends and relations to commit acts of dishonesty?

31. **riding-coat**, a coat for riding in. 'Riding' in this combination is not a participle but a verbal noun used adjectivally to qualify 'coat.' Compare 'sleeping draught,' 'walking stick.'

an horse. As the 'h' of 'horse is aspirated, we should now say 'a horse.'

35. **the**, generic use of the definite article, as when we say, 'The lion is a noble animal.' "The traveller"='travellers.'

the poor dependant, 'poor men who depended on us for assistance.'

out of doors, 'out of the house.'

36. **not but that we had**, elliptical for 'I would not deny but we had,' *i.e.* 'I would not say that we had not. Thus, 'not but that' qualifies the preceding statement, and is equivalent to 'although.'

37. **rubs.** A rub in the game of bowls is any rough uneven surface that prevents the bowl from running smoothly. Hence it means any hindrance or impediment.

38. **enhance the value of its favours**, 'make us appreciate our benefits more by contrast.' If we are always prosperous, we look upon prosperity as a matter of course and take no pleasure in it.

39. **custards**, now compounded of milk, eggs, sugar, and spices; but formerly solid cakes, so called from being crusted. O.E. *custade* or *crustade*; Lat. *crustatus*.

40. **would** here expresses customary action. This remark betrays one of the Vicar's weaknesses. He was rather vain of his powers as a preacher, and was correspondingly hurt when the most important person in his congregation missed the most touching passages in his sermons.

P. 2, l. 42. **mutilated curtsey.** A curtsey (the same word by derivation as 'courtesy') in a woman corresponds to a bow in a man. It is performed by bending the knees and so lowering the body. At the present day a curtsey is a rare mark of honour seldom given except to royal princes or by humble country girls to ladies and gentlemen. The squire's wife was proud and her curtsey was not always as low as politeness required. Notice the old-fashioned use of 'lady' in the sense of 'wife.'

43. **got over,** recovered from.

45. **the offspring of temperance.** Those who live luxuriously seldom have large families.

P. 3, l. 1. **softness,** 'effeminacy.'

so they were. 'They' is here a redundant pronominal subject in apposition to 'my children.'

5. **Count Abensberg** is recorded to have had thirty sons and seven, or, according to another account, eight daughters, so that Goldsmith under-estimates the number of his family. A similar story is told of Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi, who, when other ladies were showing off their fine jewels, brought in her children and said that they were her jewels.

6. **progress,** 'royal journey in state.'

Henry the Second, Emperor of Germany from 1002 to 1024.

14. **after** in this sense governs the person whose name is given to some thing or to some other person.

Grissel, short for Griselda, a favourite old-fashioned name, which has now fallen out of use.

18. **stand godmother.** Godfathers and godmothers are friends who undertake to become responsible for a child's religious education. The verb 'stand' is used, because the godparents have to stand before the baptismal font when the child is christened. They promise in the child's name to renounce the devil and all his works. Rich persons are preferred as godparents because they are likely to show their interest in their godchildren by giving them handsome presents and remembering them in their wills. We hear no more of this rich relation, who might have been expected to help the Primrose family, and especially her godchild, in their time of trouble.

19. **godmother** is here in predicative apposition to 'relation.'

23. **fruitless,** because it would be a falsehood that would deceive nobody.

24. **ones.** Notice the use of 'one' in the plural number.

27. **would answer,** 'used to answer.' Compare "would say" (l. 25), and "would sometimes fall" (p. 2, l. 40).

28. **they are as Heaven made them.** Notice the contrast between Mrs. Primrose's pride in her children and the affected moderation of her language.

P. 3, l. 29. **handsome is that handsome does** is a proverb meaning that good conduct is preferable to beauty.

30. **hold up their heads**, so that the visitors might get a good view of their pretty faces.

31. **to conceal nothing**, a parenthetic infinitive like "to do her justice" in p. 1, l. 23.

Mere outside, 'external appearance.'

33. **had it not been.** Here the position of the subject shows that the clause is conditional.

35. **that luxuriancy.** The demonstrative adjective is seldom now used before a noun qualified by a relative clause.

36. **Hebe**, the goddess of youth and cup-bearer of the gods.

open, sprightly, and commanding are adjectives agreeing with 'Olivia,' or perhaps with 'luxuriancy.' The semicolon indicates that they are far away from the noun with which they agree.

37. **did more certain execution**, 'were more sure to be fatal to the peace of mind of those who saw her.' 'Execution' here means the effect produced by beauty on susceptible hearts.

41. **formed from**, 'influenced by.' We oftener read of the effect of the character upon the countenance, but no doubt it is also true that our features to some extent affect the character, especially the character of women.

turn, 'shape' or 'cast.' The following sentences are good instances of antithesis.

44. **affected**, 'not natural in her manner.' Compare p. 4, l. 6, the "*more than natural* vivacity" that Sophia displayed when she resembled Olivia, and the beginning of Chapter XVII., where we are told that "Olivia *acted* the coquette to perfection."

45. **repressed excellence**, 'refrained from revealing her good qualities,' because she feared that, if she did so, she might incur rebuke for her forwardness (presumption).

P. 4, l. 3. **exchange characters.** The vivacious one (Olivia) became serious, and the serious one (Sophia) became gay and vivacious.

5. **coquette**, 'a woman who tries to attract admiration.' Olivia, when sobered by a black mourning dress, would for a time be as sober and sedate in her manner as Sophia.

prude, 'one who affects extreme modesty.' It is now a term of blame, but, as used here, only expresses a reserved and serious demeanour.

9. **business**, 'a mercantile career.'

12. **a family likeness.** Compare "kindred likeness" in the heading of the chapter.

13. **properly speaking**, 'if one were to give a correct description of them.' 'Speaking' agrees with some such pronoun as 'one' or 'we' understood and used absolutely.

CHAPTER II.

P. 4, l. 17. **temporal concerns**, 'the management of the house, servants, etc.'

18. **spiritual concerns**, 'religious matters.'

19. **The profits of my living.** A living is a clergyman's office, and is so called because it is regarded as a means of livelihood. The 'profits of a living' consist of the tithes or their equivalent in money. A rector was entitled to receive all the tithes; but Mr. Primrose, being a vicar, would only receive a portion of the tithes, the rest going to some layman or college. Vicars (Lat. *vicarius*, a substitute) were so called because they were regarded as the deputies of the laymen or colleges by whom they were appointed and performed the duties of the livings, receiving a portion of the tithes as their salaries.

20. **thirty-five pounds a year.** Compare the famous clergyman in Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*, "passing rich with forty pounds a year," who also resembled the Vicar of Wakefield in his hospitality to the poor:

> "The long remember'd beggar was his guest,
> Whose beard descending swept his aged breast,
> The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
> Claimed kindred there and had his claims allowed.

made over, 'transferred,' or 'assigned.'

21. **diocese**, 'an ecclesiastical district under the authority of a bishop.' "Our diocese" means the diocese in which the Vicar's parish lay.

22. **temporalities**, 'the profits of the living.'

23. **set a resolution**, 'made a firm resolution.'

24. **curate**, 'assistant clergyman.' It was a common abuse at the time for a clergyman with a rich living to pay a small salary to a curate who would do all his work for him.

27. **three strange wants**, 'three things conspicuous by their absence.' Whereas in other towns the parson was proud, the young men were unmarried, and the alehouses were full of customers, the opposite was the case at Wakefield.

This is the meaning intended, but it is expressed in rather a confused way. 'Wanting' means here not 'desiring,' but 'without,' 'not having,' and the noun 'want' means the absence of something. In the first and third case what is absent is expressed by the object of 'wanting' (pride in the parson, customers in the alehouse), in the second case by the whole phrase 'young men wanting wives,' that is, 'young men without wives,' 'young men unmarried.' The three things not to be found in Wakefield were then (1) pride in the parson, (2) young men without wives, (3) customers for the ale-houses.

Another way to take the passage is to understand the second 'wanting' in the ordinary sense of the word, and suppose the common saying about Wakefield to have been 'The parson wants (is without) pride, the young men want (wish to have) wives, the alehouses want (are without) customers.'

P. 4, l. 32. **tenet**, 'doctrine' (Lat. *tenet*, he holds).

33. **Whiston**, an English divine and mathematician (1667-1752).

35. **in one word**, shortly.

36. **strict monogamist**. Ordinary monogamy allows more than one wife or husband at different times, that is, allows a widow or widower to marry again. The dispute on which so many volumes were written turned on the interpretation of 1 *Timothy*, iii. 12, "Let the deacons be the husbands of one wife." The question is whether the text means that a deacon is only to have one wife at a time or only one wife in his whole life.

39. **sold**, here equivalent to 'were sold.' Compare the use of 'read' in "while this ballad was reading" (p. 27, l. 25).

40. **the happy few**, 'those few fortunate people who did read the tracts.' The Vicar, in Milton's words, hoped that his tracts were such as would "fit audience find though few" (*Paradise Lost*, vii. 32).

41. **my weak side**, 'the weak part of my character.'

P. 5, l. 11. **constantly put her in mind of her end**. It was a permanent *memento mori*.

16. **dignitary**, 'a person of high rank.'

18. **(except my two daughters.)** This parenthesis is a sarcasm on female jealousy.

19. **completely pretty**. We should now say 'very pretty' or 'perfectly beautiful.'

21. **an happy**. For 'an' before an aspirated 'h,' see note on 2. 31.

sensibility of look, 'a countenance expressing quickness of emotion and sympathy.'

age, abstract for concrete, 'aged persons.' Compare Scott's *Marmion*, II. xxxiii. 7:

"Such speed as age and fear can make."

22. **with indifference**, 'without being attracted.'

23. **settlement**. To settle money on a person is to assign the money to trustees with directions to pay the income arising from the money to the person for whose benefit the settlement is made. This is generally done by rich parents at the time of a child's marriage, and the pecuniary arrangement then made is called the marriage settlement.

averse (Lat. *a*, from, *versus*, turned) by derivation requires to be followed by 'from,' but is usually followed, as here, by 'to.'

P. 5, l. 30. **We were generally awaked.** Dr. and Mrs. Primrose were awakened by the music performed by their children and Miss Wilmot, who met to sing and play together at an early hour before the old people were up.

31. **a-hunting** is equal to 'on hunting.' 'A' represents the preposition 'an' or 'on,' and 'hunting' is a gerund.

32. **dress** and **study** are nouns.

35. **greatest.** We should expect the comparative, as only two objects are compared. The reflection of their faces in the mirror was more beautiful than the page of the author whom they happened to be reading. The beauty of the page consisted in the language and the thoughts expressed. We are not intended to think of a book of pictures.

36. **it being her mother's way.** This indicates that the practice of ladies carving was going out of fashion when *The Vicar* was written.

38. **to prevent the ladies leaving us.** Usually after dinner the ladies withdraw into the drawing room (withdrawing room), and leave the gentlemen sitting round the table to drink wine and talk. The Vicar did not like this practice, so he sent away the table to make room for round games and music.

39. **leaving** may be parsed here as a participle agreeing with 'ladies,' or as a gerund governed by 'from' understood.

42. **country dance** is a corruption of the French *contré dance*, that is, a dance in which the dancers stand opposite each other. The corruption is natural, as such dances are simple and therefore favourites among country people. Compare the corruption of *shola tope* into *solar tope*, as if it were so called because it protects the head against the solar rays.

forfeits, 'games in which those who fail have to give up some of their possessions,' *e.g.* a handkerchief, and redeem them by various ingeniously selected penalties. They may be required to walk about the room on all fours, or do anything else likely to amuse the spectators.

45. **hit.** An ordinary victory at backgammon is called a 'hit,' a more decisive victory a 'gammon.' In the Vicar's games the stakes were twopence, so that whoever won the hit, won twopence.

an ominous circumstance. This shows that the Vicar was not free from superstition.

P. 6, l. 2. **quatre**, French for 'four.' You throw a *quatre* when the spots on the upper sides of the dice amount to four, and *deuce ace* (two, one, which is the worst possible throw), when one die shows two, and the other shows one spot on the topside.

deuce ace. 'Deuce' comes from the French *deux*, two. 'Ace' means one spot on a die or card, and comes through the French from the Latin *as*, a unit.

P. 6, l. 3. **running,** 'in succession,' 'without any interval.'

4. **were elapsed.** As 'elapse' is a verb of motion, the auxiliary 'be' can be used to form its compound tenses.

9. **the completing a tract.** We should expect either 'the completing of a tract' or 'completing a tract.' Here 'completing,' as it governs an object, is a gerund and does not require the definite article.

11. **a masterpiece.** Notice the Vicar's self-complacency.

14. **not till too late.** It seems improbable that the Vicar should never before have spoken to his old friend about this favourite doctrine of his. He must also have surely known that Mr. Wilmot had married more than once and could therefore scarcely be expected to approve of the principle of strict monogamy.

22. **heterodox,** derived from two Greek words meaning 'other opinion,' means 'contrary to sound doctrine.' The opposite term is 'orthodox.'

25. **concern,** 'anxiety.'

26. **relinquish** and **let** might be parsed as infinitives expressing surprise. It seems, however, that they are really roots of verbs used absolutely as exclamations and therefore uninflected.

27. **let him be a husband.** The end of the paragraph shows that this does not mean 'allow him to become a husband by carrying out his intention of marrying again,' but 'allow the term husband to be applicable to him.' Of course the Vicar would allow that he was the husband of his first wife, but he would not grant that he could properly be called the husband of his subsequent wives. He will not make such an admission, especially now that by his arguments his opponent has been "driven to the very verge of absurdity," that is, almost compelled to allow that his position is utterly unreasonable.

32. **avoid a statute of bankruptcy,** 'escape being proceeded against as a bankrupt.' Goldsmith ought to have said that the merchant went off to avoid not a *statute* but a *commission* of bankruptcy, that is a commission issued by the Lord Chancellor appointing commissioners to administer a bankrupt's estate on behalf of his creditors. At this time the laws against bankrupts were very severe. John Perrot, a bankrupt, was hanged in 1761 for attempting to defraud his creditors.

33. **a shilling in the pound,** 'a shilling of assets for every pound of debt.'

34. **till after,** elliptical for 'till the time after.' Such combinations of prepositions with adverbial phrases, composed of nouns and prepositions, are common in Indian vernaculars, *e.g. mez-par-se,* from on the table. In like manner a preposition can govern an adverb used as a noun, *e.g.* 'till now,' 'till then.'

P. 6, l. 43. **a husband in any sense.** This implies that the Vicar had in a moment of weakness granted that Mr. Wilmot might be called a husband in a loose sense of the term, but not according to the strict Biblical sense of the word. Perhaps he had admitted that Mr. Wilmot was a husband in the legal sense of the word.

P. 7, l. 2. **to,** 'compared with,' as in Shakespeare, "Hyperion to a Satyr."

4. **one virtue.** This is ironical. Prudence has very doubtful claims to be regarded as a virtue, and when, as in the present case, it degenerates into meanness, it is a vice.

5. **too often.** Goldsmith says 'too often' rather than 'very often,' because he wishes to regret the frequency with which all the virtues except prudence disappear at the age of seventy-two.

CHAPTER III.

It has been conjectured by Mr. Ford (*National Review*, May 1883) that there is a chapter missing between Chapters II. and III. According to Mrs. Thrale's account of the interview that led to the sale of *The Vicar of Wakefield*, Johnson found Goldsmith "fretting over a novel which when finished was to be his fortune, but he could not get it done for distraction." There are certainly signs of incompleteness in the novel, which might have been remedied by an additional chapter telling us why the Vicar left Wakefield, where he had an elegant house and a living worth £35, and took instead a small cure worth only £15 a year. The fact that he went to a distant neighbourhood, "where he could still enjoy his principles without molestation," seems to indicate that Goldsmith originally intended to insert a chapter relating how the Vicar was persecuted for his views on the subject of monogamy by his ecclesiastical superiors, including Mr. Wilmot, who was a church dignitary, and how, on account of the persecution to which he was subjected, he left Wakefield. Such a chapter would also render more intelligible the allusions in Chapter XIV. to "my last pamphlet, the Archdeacon's reply and the hard measure that was dealt me." It would almost seem that the Archdeacon's (possibly Mr. Wilmot's) reply to his last pamphlet (the pamphlet mentioned as nearly ready for publication in Chapter II.) was the expulsion of the Vicar from his parish. This, however, is conjecture. Taking the work as we find it, we must suppose that the Vicar left Wakefield because he did not like to live as a poor man in a place where he had been known as a rich man and where he would have been under the painful necessity of diminishing his charities and living upon the £35 that he had formerly bestowed on the widows and orphans of the diocese. In support of this explanation we may quote the remark of Honeywood in the *Good-natured Man* that "inferiority among strangers is easy, but among those that once were equals, insupportable."

P. 7, l. 10. **premature.** A report is premature when it is spread before there are any grounds to support it. Of course a report might both be premature and malicious, *i.e.* inspired by malice.

14. **who were to be,** whose lot it was to suffer the humiliations of poverty, although they had not been brought up in such a way as to render them indifferent to the scorn of the rich.

15. **callous,** opposed to 'sensitive.' 'Callous' literally expresses hardness of the skin. Just as skin by frequent exposure becomes devoid of feeling, so those, who are brought up as poor people, soon learn to regard with indifference the contemptuous attitude of the rich towards them.

20. **cure** (Lat. *cura,* care), 'a spiritual charge,' the office of a parson who takes care of the souls of his parishioners. We are not to suppose that the Vicar became a curate, in the sense in which that word is used in p. 4, l. 24.

21. **my principles,** 'my theory of monogamy.'

23. **salary,** derived from Lat. *sal,* salt, because salt was part of the pay of the Roman soldier. Compare the Indian adjective *nimak-halal,* faithful to one's salt, applied to those who are faithful to their employers.

25. **all debts collected and paid,** all debts owed to me being collected, and all debts owed by me being paid. To collect debts is to get money owed to you paid.

29. **wretchedness itself,** 'absolute, unmitigated misery.'

32. **Fondling,** diminutive of 'fond,' which is sometimes equivalent to 'dear.' Thus, 'fondling'='darling.'

35. **peace** of mind, 'tranquillity.'

37. **without theirs,** 'without their help,' that is, without having poor people as servants to assist us. The Vicar did, however, keep one servant in his new house. See p. 12, l. 40.

39. **gentility,** 'living in the style of ladies and gentlemen.'

40. **draw upon,** in the language of business, means to take money for our use from some one else's account, as, 'you may draw upon me for £500.' So the Vicar's meaning is that the happiness derived from contentment is to prevent them from feeling any pain on account of their losses.

P. 8, l. 2. **town,** without the definite article, means London.

8. **and which.** As relatives are connective words, the addition of the conjunction 'and' to them, except in the case of co-ordinate relative clauses, is condemned by grammarians. The antecedent of 'which' is 'this.'

9. **guineas,** so called from the African country called Guinea which abounds in gold.

P. 8, l. 10. **in the manner Hooker,** 'in the manner in which Hooker. See note on p. 113, l. 12. Hooker, the author of the *Ecclesiastical Polity* (b. 1554—d. 1600), and Jewel (b. 1522—d. 1571), were eminent English divines.

12. **the same horse,** the same kind of horse, namely, the staff given by the Vicar to his son, who, like Hooker, was to go to London with a staff, instead of a horse, to help him on his way. Possibly the Vicar had as an heirloom in his possession the very staff that Hooker had used, and now gave it to his son. If this is the case, 'same' expresses not similarity but identity.

13. **this book,** 'a Bible.' The text quoted will be found in the thirty-seventh Psalm.

14. **a million,** *sc.* pounds.

18. **keep a good heart,** 'do not despond.'

20. **naked,** 'unprovided.' By this metaphor the Vicar compares his son to a man sent unarmed into the Roman amphitheatre to contend with wild beasts. The place for such combats is called an amphitheatre from Gr. *amphi*, on both sides, because it is provided with seats all round.

21. **of life,** definitive genitive. Life was the amphitheatre in which the Vicar's son had to contend.

24. **arrived,** 'happened,' in the sense of the Fr. *arriver*. Compare

"That, whate'er arrive,
My friends and fellow soldiers may be safe."—Addison.

The leaving a neighbourhood. See note on p. 6, l. 9, "the completing a tract."

26. **fortitude itself,** abstract for concrete, 'the most resolute.' For this use of 'itself,' compare "wretchedness itself," in p. 7, l. 29.

31. **put up,** 'lodge.'

33. **landlord,** 'innkeeper.' In the next sentence 'landlord' has the different meaning of 'landowner,' which is more in accordance with its derivation.

35. **He knew, however.** 'However' is used to express the fact that his knowledge of the neighbourhood compensated for the addition that his company would make to the amount of the bill. The vicar would have to pay for what the landlord drank in his company.

42. **scarce a farmer's daughter,** etc. He had seduced and deserted nearly every farmer's daughter in the neighbourhood.

43. **but what,** a colloquial substitute for 'but,' may here be parsed as a compound subordinate conjunction. There is an ellipse of 'she,' the subject of the clause. See note on "but" (p. 48, l. 9).

P. 9, l. 1. **an approaching triumph,** the triumph of winning his heart by their "allurements," and resisting his "arts and assiduity" by their virtue.

P. 9, l. 3. **hostess**, 'wife of the landlord or host.'

6. **his reckoning**, 'his bill.' For this use of 'reckoning,' compare the proverb "to reckon without one's host."

Want money. See note on "relinquish" in p. 6, l. 26.

7. **no later than yesterday**, does not make sense. The sense requires 'not longer ago than yesterday' or 'as late as yesterday.' As the gentleman had plenty of money as recently as yesterday, he could not now be in want.

8. **beadle**, a petty parish officer.

broken, 'broken down,' in a state of destitution. Compare *The Deserted Village*:

"The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay."

10. **The hostess still persisting** is nominative absolute.

12. **be satisfied**, 'get paid.'

one way or another. If he could not get paid in the ordinary way, the landlord would seize his debtor's baggage and clothes as security or put him in prison till he paid his bill. For the case, see note on p. 113, l. 12.

16. **laced.** At this time gentlemen wore laced clothes, that is, coats ornamented with lace. The fact that the stranger's clothes had once been laced indicated that he had seen better days.

17. **dry**, 'somewhat sharp and sarcastic,' the opposite of 'effusive.'

18. **address**, 'manners.'

34. **stay supper**, elliptical for 'stay for supper.'

37. **against**, 'in preparation for.'

40. **a smile**, either because there was little chance of his being able to outstrip them on foot, even if he wished to do so, or more probably because he was amused at the idea that he could go as fast on foot as they could go on horseback.

41. **too generous to attempt**, 'so generous that he would not attempt.'

42. **were**, instead of 'had,' as 'subside' expresses change of condition. Compare p. 6, l. 4, "were elapsed."

43. **Mr. Burchell and I**, nominative absolute.

P. 10, l. 1. **though.** Borrowers are generally obsequious to their creditors.

4. **seats**, 'mansions.'

5. **travelled the road.** Here 'travel' is used as a transitive verb, as it is often used in poetry.

13. **singularities**, 'eccentricities.' Mr. Ford identifies Sir W. Thornhill with Sir George Savile, five times elected M.P. for York, and described by Burke as a man endowed "with a most unbounded, peculiar, and original cast of imagination," whose large

fortune "sank under the benevolence of its dispenser." This identification is rendered almost certain by the fact that the estate of Thornhill, six miles from Wakefield, belonged to Sir George Savile.

P. 10, l. 16. **Something**, used adverbially in the sense of 'somewhat,' 'to acertain extent.'

18. **they were all upon the side of virtue.** Compare

"And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side."

Deserted Village, 164.

20. **the soldier and the scholar.** See note on "the traveller," p. 2, l. 12.

23. **such alone.** 'Alone' is redundant as the superlative by itself excludes all others. Compare however in Virgil's *Aeneid*, II. 427:

"Rhipeus justissimus unus
Qui fuit in Teucris et servantissimus aequi."

24. **only one side**, 'the agreeable side.'

25. **lose a regard for private interest**, 'began to neglect his own personal interests for the sake of universal benevolence.' This is what young Honeywood does in the *Good-natured Man*.

29. **sensible**, used in the sense in which we use 'sensitive,' just as below 'sensibility' is used for 'sensitiveness.' This state of the body is called hyperaesthesia and is a common symptom of hysteria. Here Goldsmith gives us a scrap of his medical knowledge. We must always remember that he was a Doctor of Medicine, although he made little or nothing out of that profession. See note on p. 77, l. 44.

31. **touched him to the quick**, 'affected him acutely.' 'Quick' here means the living sensitive flesh as opposed to nails or callous (p. 7, l. 15) flesh.

32. **his soul laboured under a sickly sensibility of the miseries of others**, 'he was mentally in an unhealthy state which made him sympathize too acutely with the sorrows of his fellow-men.'

P. 11, l. 4. **applause of his heart**, 'approval of conscience.'

10. **own heart**, as opposed to 'his money.' A man cannot expect affection unless he gives affection. Goldsmith himself was universally beloved because he really loved others.

11. **I.** Here the speaker for the moment forgets that he is pretending to be speaking of somebody else, and, conscious of his slip, corrects himself with some confusion and hesitation indicated by the dashes.

13. **respect himself**, 'have some regard for himself,' 'study his own interest.' This is the opposite of "lose a regard for private interest," in p. 10, l. 25.

15. **he travelled through Europe on foot.** Goldsmith himself had done this, and gave the result of his observations in *The Traveller*.

P. 11, l, 16. **the age of thirty.** Sir William Thornhill, being the real owner of the estate, would seem to have been the elder brother of Mr. Thornhill's father. But if this were so, how could Mr. Thornhill be a grown-up man when Sir William Thornhill had scarce attained the age of thirty? The only way out of the difficulty is to suppose that Sir William Thornhill did not succeed to the estate and title as eldest son, but obtained them in some other way. Of this, however, Goldsmith give us no hint.

19. **an humorist.** See note on "horse" (p. 2, l. 31). Here 'humorist' is used in its older sense, in which it means an eccentric, whimsical person. In this sense Sterne's Uncle Toby and Addison's Sir Roger de Coverley were typical humorists.

22. **when,** 'and then,' that is, on hearing the cries. Here 'when' introduces an action subsequent to the action of the principal verb, and is equivalent to a co-ordinate conjunction.

25. **disengage myself,** 'get off my horse or put off my overcoat.'

30. **By taking the current a little farther up,** etc., 'the rest of us went a little farther up the stream and so managed to get across in safety.'

36. **hoped one day to have,** 'said that she hoped that she might one day have.' Here 'hope' expresses not only the feeling in the mind, but also the expression of that feeling in words.

42. **match into,** 'marry into,' 'become connected with a family by marriage.' Mrs. Primrose speaks as if the Primrose family were still rich and prosperous.

43. **I could not but smile,** 'I could not help smiling.'

45. **delusions.** Compare what Bacon says in his essay on Truth: "Doth any man doubt, that if there were taken out of men's minds vain opinions, flattering hopes, false valuations, imaginations as one would, and the like, but it would leave the minds of a number of men poor shrunken things, full of melancholy and indisposition, and unpleasing to themselves."

CHAPTER IV.

In the heading of the chapter 'constitution' means mental constitution, temperament. The fact that happiness is independent of external circumstances is elsewhere expressed by Goldsmith as follows:

> "Still to ourselves in every place consign'd
> Our own felicity we make or find."—*Traveller*, 431.

Compare also the essay in *The Bee*, entitled "Happiness in a great measure dependent on Constitution."

P. 12, l. 3. **The place of our retreat.** The place is given no name by Goldsmith. Mr. Ford shows in his article that Goldsmith must almost certainly have been thinking of Kirkby Moorside, which is about seventy miles distant from Wakefield.

5. **all the conveniences of life,** 'everything required to make life comfortable.'

9. **scarce knew that temperance was a virtue,** owing to their frugal habits temperance was so common among them, that they hardly thought of it as a virtue, that is, a quality deserving of praise.

11. **kept up the Christmas carol,** retained the old custom of singing hymns on Christmas Day.

12. **true love knots,** ribbons tied in a particular way to signify true love.

Valentine morning, the 14th of February. St. Valentine's Day is the festival of lovers. It is supposed that birds choose their mates on this day.

13. **pancakes,** cakes something like Indian chapatties but sweeter.

Shrovetide. The three or four days before Ash Wednesday is so called because at this season, and especially on Shrove Tuesday, the people were shrived, that is, confessed their sins to the priest and received absolution. After the confession they ate pancakes and enjoyed themselves. Ash Wednesday is the first day in Lent, a period of forty days' fasting ordained by the Church in commemoration of Christ's fast of forty days in the wilderness.

the first of April is called All Fools' Day, because on this day practical jokers show their wit by imposing on the credulity of others.

14. **religiously,** solemnly.

cracked nuts. The practice referred to really belongs not to Michaelmas Eve, September 28th, but to the last day of October, the eve of All Saints' Day. The night of this day is called nut-crack night, because on this night lovers burn nuts before the fire. If the nuts, representing two lovers, burn away quietly, it is considered a good omen; but, if they crack violently and fly away from each other, the course of love will not be smooth. Compare p. 34, l. 7.

Michaelmas eve. 'Eve' means the day before a feast day. As Michaelmas, the feast of the Archangel Michael, falls on September 29th, Michaelmas eve is September 28th.

15. **the whole neighbourhood,** metonymy for 'all the neighbours.' Compare "parish" (p. 32, l. 12). 'Neighbourhood,' originally an abstract term, came to be used concretely in the sense of 'an adjoining district,' and then by a second operation of metonymy the word meaning the place came to mean the people in the place.

17. **tabor** (a shorter form of 'tambour'), a small drum.

18. **what the conversation,** etc., there was plenty of laughter to make amends for the want of wit in our conversation.

P. 12, l. 21. **underwood**, a wood consisting of small trees and bushes.

a prattling river. If Mr. Ford is right in identifying the Vicar's new home with Kirkby Moorside, this river must be the Dove celebrated in Wordsworth's poems.

23. **having given**, 'I having given,' 'as I had given.' The syntax is irregular, and the nominative absolute 'I' is suggested by the possessive 'my.'

24. **my predecessor's goodwill**, 'the right of renting the farm which my predecessor parted with for £100.' The goodwill of a business generally means the advantage derived from the inclination of old customers to go to the particular place of business that they have been in the habit of going to; but this can hardly be the meaning here, as farmers do not depend much on the custom of particular individuals.

25. **enclosures**, enclosed pieces of land. This is an originally abstract term which has become concrete.

30. **of their own designing**, sketched by themselves.

31. **the warmer**, because the fire used for cooking warmed the room. For 'the,' see note on p. 2, l. 24.

33. **coppers**, a noun of material used in the plural to express objects made of the material. Compare 'irons,' 'marbles.'

36. **within our own**, 'inside our own room.'

38. **The little republic**, etc. Compare

"Like Cato, give his little senate laws."—Pope.

40. **the servant.** This is the first and only mention of a servant in the Vicar's establishment. The definite article shows that only one servant was kept.

42. **mechanical forms**, external forms as opposed to feelings.

P. 13, l. 1. **without which.** Goldsmith thought that the observance of the outward forms of politeness prevented quarrels.

17. **receipt**, directions for making it properly.

19. **Johnny Armstrong**, a famous Scotch freebooter hanged by James V. of Scotland. His *Last Goodnight* is a ballad in which he is represented as bidding farewell to his brother, his son, and his castle.

20. **cruelty of Barbara Allen.** According to the ballad Barbara Allen caused the death of her lover by her unkindness and then died herself.

Goldsmith's reference to these two ballads is probably a reminiscence of his own childhood, for he tells us in *The Bee*: "The music of Mattei is dissonance to what I felt when our old dairymaid sang me into tears with *Johnny Armstrong's Last Goodnight*, or the *Cruelty of Barbara Allen*." In one of his letters he mentions this dairymaid by name as Peggy Golden.

P. 13, l. 22. **the lessons of the day**, the portions of the Bible appointed by the church to be read on the day.

24. **the poor's box** (box of the poor) is a box in the church, in which the congregation put money for the poor. The end of this sentence is an instance of the figure of speech, called pleasantry by surprise. We think the boy is going to get a handsome reward for himself, and find that he only has the privilege of giving a halfpenny to the poor. See note on p. 57, l. 41.

25. **finery**, 'exhibition of fine clothes.' It is customary in England to go to church on Sunday in one's best clothes.

26. **sumptuary edicts** or laws are laws to restrict extravagance in dress, food, and other forms of luxury. Several such laws were enacted by English kings, as for instance those in the reign of Edward IV. forbidding all but persons of rank to wear silk or purple cloth, or to have pikes in their boots exceeding two inches in length.

29. **bugles**, black tube-shaped glass beads used to ornament dresses and bonnets.

catgut, a coarse cloth used for stiffening bonnets and parts of dresses.

30. **paduasoy** (by derivation, 'silk of Padua'), a heavy kind of silk. This preference illustrates the combination of childish vanity and wifely affection in Mrs. Primrose's character.

31. **became her**, 'suited her,' made her look well.

37. **down came**. Notice the inversion for the sake of emphasis.

39. **pomatum**, a fragrant unguent for the hair, so called from L. *pomum*, an apple, because originally made of apples.

patched, 'adorned with patches,' that is, little pieces of black silk stuck on the face to enhance the beauty of the complexion by contrast.

to taste, 'according to their several tastes.'

train, the part of the gown which trails behind.

43. **with an important air**, 'with the manner of a person of great consequence.'

P. 14, l. 1. **walk it**, 'traverse on foot the distance to church.' Cf. "travel the road" (p. 10, l. 5). Or perhaps 'it' is a cognate object like 'foot it.' Compare "Let him trudge it who has lost his budget."

3. **child**. The Vicar, forgetful of the lapse of years, addresses his wife as he addressed her when she was a girl and newly married. This affectionate form of address is intended to soften the rebuke that it introduces.

6. **my Charles**. The fact that the Vicar's name is Charles indicates that his character was modelled on that of Goldsmith's father, the Rev. Charles Goldsmith, an Irish clergyman, who, like Dr. Primrose, eked out his scanty income by farming.

P. 14, l. 9. **frippery**, 'finery in a bad sense,' 'affected elegance.'

ruffings and pinkings. To ruffle cloth is to contract it in folds, to pink it is to ornament the edges by cutting angles in it.

13. **want the means of decency**, 'have scarcely enough money to enable us to live respectably.'

14. **flouncing and shredding.** To flounce is to ornament a skirt by sewing a strip of cloth round it on the outside. To shred is to cut into small pieces, and will include the pinking mentioned above and any other cutting intended for the purpose of ornament.

16. **the nakedness**, etc., 'the money spent on ornamenting the clothes of the extravagant might purchase sufficient clothes for the poor.' The same reflection is made almost in the same words in the opening scene of *She Stoops to Conquer*.

18. **with great composure**, 'without any excitement.'

20. **at their own request**, they themselves asked their mother's permission to do so.

22. **what** has for antecedent the following fact, namely, that the gowns were improved.

CHAPTER V.

P. 14, l. 31. **tea** was much dearer then than it is now. In the accounts of Mr. Baker, a clergyman who lived at this time, it is recorded that he paid two shillings for half a pound of "common tea." The price of a pound of tea would therefore be a large item in the Vicar's expenditure, now that he had little to support his family except a salary of £15 a year. So they could not afford to drink such a luxury every day.

32. **occasional**, as opposed to 'regular,' 'daily.'

37. **sang to the guitar**, to the accompaniment of the guitar. The guitar is a stringed instrument introduced into Europe by the Arabs when they conquered Spain.

38. **would stroll**, 'were accustomed to stroll.'

39. **blue-bells**, so called because their flowers are blue and bell-shaped.

centaury, another kind of wild flower, also called corn-flower or blue-bottle.

P. 15, l. 2. **repaid it**, made up for it.

vacant hilarity, merriment due to release from toil. The same meaning is expressed by the generally misunderstood line in *The Traveller*:

"And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind."

4. **I kept such**, 'I observed such days,' that is, holidays.

P. 15, l. 12. **sweeping along.** 'Sweep' expresses the movement of a large mass, as a flood of water, or a collection of many objects all moving together. Compare,

> "She ne'er shall see his gallant train
> Come sweeping back from Crichtoun-Dean."
>
> *Marmion*, IV. xii. 16.

13. **making the very path,** 'advancing along the very path.' Compare the use of 'make' in 'make one's way' and in p. 96, l. 22.

for returning, 'inclined to return.'

14. **some more hidden motive,** 'some motive that I could not easily fathom.' Perhaps vanity was the motive.

18. **genteel** is seldom used now, having been superseded by 'gentlemanly' and 'ladylike.'

21. **with a careless superior air,** with the indifferent attitude of a person superior to us in rank.

22. **introduction** is the ceremony by which a stranger is admitted to acquaintance. This is generally done by a common friend, who brings him forward and mentions his name.

23. **salute my daughters,** by kissing them on the cheek, the old mode of salutation in England between gentlemen and ladies on intimate terms. The practice is now confined to near relations.

24. **looking presumption out of countenance,** 'abashing the self-confident by their looks,' and so destroying their self-confidence. Here the intransitive verb 'look' governs an object expressing something the condition of which is changed by the action of the verb. So we talk of laughing a person into good humour or arguing him into a better frame of mind. Compare, "persuaded her into the passion" (p. 32, l. 13).

30. **though confident, was easy.** The 'though' does not here imply that confident manners are usually not easy, *i.e.* free and natural. The opposition intended is between confidence, an unpleasant, and easiness, an attractive characteristic. His unembarrassed manners did away with the bad impression that his self-confidence might have produced. Compare the opposition implied in 'clever, but wicked,' 'poor, but honest.'

33. **disproportioned,** 'unequal,' because Mr. Thornhill was superior to them in rank and wealth.

36. **of Dryden's,** *sc.* songs. Or we may regard the 'of Dryden's' as a doubly marked genitive.

37. **and choice,** and the song they had chosen.

39. **very indifferently,** in very poor style.

40. **with interest,** 'with additions.' She praised him even more than he had praised her.

P. 15, l. 41. **louder.** As mere loudness is not an excellence in music, it was a very doubtful compliment to tell him he surpassed the music master in loudness.

44. **fond** formerly meant foolish and now means affectionate. It here combines the two meanings, and means foolishly affectionate.

P. 16, l. 3. **topics they thought most modern.** They chose such subjects of conversation, in order that their guest might think them fashionable. Compare Goldsmith's epigrammatic charade on his publisher, John Newbery:

"What we say of a thing which is just come in fashion,
And that which we do with the dead;
Is the name of the honestest man in creation;
What more of a man can be said?"

4. **ancients,** 'classical writers of Greece and Rome.' Notice the contrast between Moses and his sisters marked by the opposed words 'modern' and 'ancients.'

5. **satisfaction** would seem to be here used ironically, as it is the reverse of satisfactory to have one's serious questions laughed at. In the first edition, however, the reading was "for which he had the satisfaction of being laughed at; for he always ascribed to his wit that laughter which was lavished at his simplicity." The additional clause explains how Moses derived real satisfaction from being laughed at. This far from obvious explanation having been expunged, the reader naturally understands 'satisfaction' to be used ironically, and this is probably the meaning intended by the author in the later editions.

14. **fortunate hit,** 'a lucky stroke of success.'

16. **brought to bear,** 'caused to take effect,' 'brought to pass,' 'brought about.' 'That' is the marriage which was in her mind.

17. **hold up our heads,** 'have as high a position in society as the best of our neighbours.'

19. **marry great fortunes,** 'obtain large fortunes by marriage.'

20. **I could see no reason for it neither,** 'neither could I see any reason for it.' 'Neither' = 'also not.' When it is thus colloquially added at the end of a sentence, it does not cancel the preceding negative, but makes the negation stronger. Compare in Shakespeare, "I care not for his thrust." "No, nor I neither."

22. **the lottery.** State lotteries were used as a means of adding to the national revenue until 1823. They are still used for this purpose by many foreign states.

23. **a blank,** a ticket that does not win a prize.

24. **damp,** 'depress.' A person who has a depressing effect is often called a wet blanket.

28. **the more trifling the subject, the more he has to say.** Is this really intended for a compliment or is Sophia sarcastic? Being a sensible girl she probably sees that he is a shallow talkative man.

P. 16, l. 30. **for a man**, 'as men go.' She means that much good cannot be expected in anyone belonging to the male sex.

32. **he is shocking**, 'he plays horribly,' that is, very badly.

33. **I interpreted by contraries**, 'I understood to express exactly the opposite of what the words expressed.' The Vicar supposed that his daughters were using language to conceal thought, which, according to Rochefoucauld, is the chief purpose of language.

39. **the distance between us**, 'his superiority to us in rank.'

41. **a fortune-hunter**, a man who tries to become rich by marrying a lady with a large fortune.

44. **if they be otherwise.** The Vicar was going to add some such principal clause, as 'it might lead to our ruin,' but, by the figure of speech, called *aposiopesis*, he leaves the sentence unfinished.

P. 17, l. 3. **side of venison**, 'haunch and ribs.'

9. **worth the sentinel**, 'worth watching.' 'Worth' is one of the few English adjectives that govern an object.

CHAPTER VI.

12. **accommodate matters**, 'end the dispute.'

Bless me (may God bless me), an expression of surprise.

18. **Run down**, literally 'overtake by running,' here used metaphorically for 'get the better of,' or 'confute.' 'Run,' properly the past participle, is here used as the past tense. Mrs. Primrose is not intended to be a correct speaker.

19. **Confute.** See note on p. 6, l. 20.

21. **goose-pie** (a pie made of the flesh of geese) was a favourite dish at Christmas, and must not be confused with the fruit pie called gooseberry pie mentioned at the end of the next chapter.

22. **leave argument to me.** Compare the words of Telemachus to his mother in the first book of the *Odyssey*, which are translated by Butcher and Lang as follows: "Howbeit go to thy chamber and mind thy own housewiferies, the loom and distaff, and bid thy handmaids ply their tasks. But speech shall be for men, for all, but for me in chief."

24. **officiously**, 'courteously,' 'politely.' The word is now used in a bad sense, and is applied to one who interferes in matters with which he has no concern.

30. **though** expresses surprise that a man not yet thirty should be regarded as no longer a young man.

33. **famous.** See note on 'notable' (p. 1, l. 24).

37. **generally . . . once a year.** Goldsmith here writes as if the Primroses had already spent several years in their new home. Compare note on p. 69, l. 19.

P. 17, l. 39. **The tale went round,** tales were told in turn by those seated round the table.

40. **the Buck of Beverland**, the name of an old ballad.

41. **Patient Grissel**, or Griselda, was a wife who was exposed to severe trials by her husband and bore them all patiently. Her story is told by Chaucer and in an old ballad.

P. 18, l. 1. **Catskin** is the heroine of another old English ballad. Her story is very like that of Cinderella. She served as a kitchen maid in a dress of catskins and won the heart of her master's son at a ball, where she appeared attired in rich robes.

Fair Rosamond's Bower, the bower in which Henry II. hid Rosamond from his jealous queen. It was in the middle of a maze like the labyrinth of Crete. Queen Eleanor, however, found the way in and made Rosamond drink a cup of poison.

which always crew at eleven. As cocks usually crow at an early hour in the morning, therefore called cockcrow, this would appear to have been an eccentric cock. Mr. Arundel, however, remarks that "in the eastern countries the cocks crow in the night." At Smyrna he heard them crow night after night, once between eleven and twelve o'clock and a second time between one and two, with such regularity, that he could calculate thereby the time of the night with great precision. Domestic poultry are of eastern origin, being descended from the Indian or Javanese jungle fowl, and perhaps the peculiar conduct of the Vicar's cock may be regarded as a case of atavism.

5. **dilemma**, a difficult choice between two alternatives, neither of which can well be chosen.

6. **let him** (Dick) **lie with him** (Moses). Notice the ambiguity of the pronouns which could easily have been avoided by putting Dick's remark in direct speech.

13. **He never had a house**. Christ said of Himself, "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head" (*Matthew*, viii. 20).

16. **largest**. See note on p. 5, l. 35.

18. **aftergrowth**, 'second crop.'

20. **swath**, the grass cut and thrown together on the ground by one blow of the scythe.

27. **under any uneasiness**, etc., apprehensive about the possibility of her falling in love with a man who had lost his money.

28. **were finished**. Here the auxiliary 'be' is used although 'finish' can hardly be called an intransitive verb expressing change of condition.

29. **lie**, 'pass the night.'

31. **gone** agrees with 'guest' at the end of the sentence.

P. 18, l. 32. **What a strong instance**, etc. Notice how fond the Vicar is of inculcating a moral lesson. By an oversight Goldsmith makes the Vicar speak as if he knew that Mr. Burchell was telling his own story (p. 10, l. 16). It is not until a later period in the story that Mr. Burchell's identity with Sir William Thornhill is revealed.

34. **wants sense**, 'is destitute of good sense.' The fact that he was not destitute of sense made his folly worse, because it shows that he did what was wrong, although he was sensible enough to know what was right.

37. **Their former raptures.** Instead of loudly applauding his jokes, they now make satirical reflections upon his want of sense.

40. **secret reasons**, the fear that Sophia might fall in love with him.

45. **my papa himself.** Sophia convicts her father of error out of his own mouth.

P. 19, l. 6. **another**, Apollo, who, challenged by Marsyas to a musical contest, had first defeated him in music and then flayed him for his presumption.

if, 'whether,' not a conditional particle here.

8. **We are not to judge.** Different people have different feelings under the same circumstances. This fact is expressed by the proverb, "What is one man's food is another-man's poison." Moses' remarks are quite true, but come strangely from the mouth of a young boy, who ought to be silent and respectful in the presence of his elders. Moses is in fact something of a pedant, *i.e.* too fond of displaying his learning.

10. **sufficiently lightsome**, 'light enough.'

14. **without the least design.** He had no intention of rallying his sister. Indeed he was too solemn and sententious to be likely to make an arch remark.

15. **affected**, 'forced,' 'unnatural.'

she scarce took any notice. Following the Vicar's principle of interpreting young ladies' remarks on young men by contraries (see p. 16, l. 33), we may infer from this that Sophia had been paying the deepest attention to all that he said.

17. **The readiness**, etc. The Vicar suspected her on the principle of the French proverb, '*Qui s'excuse, s'accuse* (He who excuses himself, accuses himself).

23. **equally busy with the rest**, 'as busy as the others.'

29. **sly degrees.** Notice the Vicar's sly humour, and how fond he is of accomplishing his purpose by indirect methods. Compare p. 13, l. 43.

CHAPTER VII.

P. 19, l. 37. **to make an appearance**, 'to make a show,' 'for the purpose of ostentatious display.'

38. **expanded.** This metaphor compares them to peacocks, who spread out their tails to attract admiration.

40. **chaplain**, 'private clergyman.'

feeder, 'steward,' so called because he arranges the meals. Mr. Dobson understands the feeder to be the cock-feeder, that is, the gentleman who attended to the feeding of Mr Thornhill's game-cocks.

P. 20, l. 2. **by the by.** In this phrase the second 'by' is a noun, meaning a side-way, as opposed to the main road. Thus 'by the by' is used to introduce a casual remark.

was pinched, 'had less to eat.'

5. **mistress**, 'sweetheart.'

8. **with an oath.** This shows his bad manners.

9. **fright**, colloquial for a 'frightfully ugly person.'

10. **strike me ugly**, elliptical for 'May God strike me ugly.' Ugly' expresses the result of the action of the verb.

12. **the clock of St. Dunstan's** was famous for two life-size wooden figures of savages which struck the quarters of the hours. Cowper refers to them in the following lines:

> "Where labour and where dulness hand in hand,
> Like the two figures of St. Dunstan's, stand."

16. **toast**, that in honour of which one drinks wine. Pieces of toast used to be put into wine and ale. Hence the transitive verb 'toast' came to be used as equivalent to 'drink,' or 'drink in honour of' some person and institution, therefore called the toast. A story, told in the *Tatler*, No. 24, to account for this peculiar use of 'toast,' does not seem very probable. It is quoted in Ogilvie's large dictionary.

19. **Squire** (short for 'esquire'), a title given to landowners. An esquire was originally a man of gentle birth who attended upon a knight, and himself aspired to the honour of knighthood. After the age of chivalry the title was adopted by landowners and then by professional men and merchants. Compare note on p. 127, l. 41.

archness, 'sly humour,' a not very appropriate term, used ironically to express Mr. Thornhill's coarse jocularity.

20. **lawn**, fine linen of which bishops' sleeves are made, and therefore an appropriate cloth for the personified church to wear.

23. **may this glass suffocate me.** Compare "May this be my poison, if my bear ever dances but to the very genteelest of tunes" (*She Stoops to Conquer*, Act I., Sc. ii.).

P. 20, l. 24. **priestcraft**, fraud practised by priests.

25. **tricks**, 'priestcraft.'

29. **smoke**, slang for 'make sport of.'

32. **analogically**, 'by similes.' **Dialogically**, 'in a dialogue.' Of course there is no real opposition between the two words. Thornhill is talking unintelligible nonsense with the intention of puzzling Moses.

35. **firstly, of the first**, 'first of all.' The phrase is an affectation of logical precision, as if the whole argument were to be divided and subdivided. The first edition and that of 1773 both have a full stop after first, which seems to be an error due to the following capital letter.

41. **the two angles**. This is of course a false proposition.

43. **t'other**, short for 'the other.'

usual importance. Notice the Vicar's opinion that his son had a high opinion of himself.

P. 21, l. 1. **concatenation of self-existences**. This sentence is a collection of philosophical words strung together without any meaning.

The **reciprocal duplicate ratio** of two quantities is the ratio of the inverse of their squares. For instance, the reciprocal duplicate ratio of a to b is $\frac{1}{a^2}$ to $\frac{1}{b^2}$.

4. **second predicable**, species which is, according to the Aristotelian logicians, the second kind of term that can be predicated of any subject.

6. **heterodox**. See note on p. 6, l. 22. Moses, not understanding the nonsensical sentence he has heard, imagines that his opponent is uttering unsound doctrines.

9. **relatives are related**. This is what logicians call a verbal proposition. The predicate merely states a fact implied in the meaning of the subject.

12. **enthymeme**, an argument with only one premiss expressed, as 'Socrates is mortal, for he is a man.'

12. **secundum quoad, or quoad minus**. These Latin words are part of the phraseology of the scholastic logicians, but as combined by Mr. Thornhill they do not make sense.

17. **I am your most humble servant**, an ironical expression of mock humility introducing here a difference of opinion.

19. **there**, in that demand, as opposed to an argument. Mr. Thornhill would not have found it hard, he means, to conquer him in argument, but to supply Moses with brains is too hard a task to impose on him.

21. **figure**, after the intransitive verb 'sat,' is in apposition to the subject 'who.'

P. 21, l. 25. **act of the memory**. He had merely managed to remember a few logical terms that he had learnt at college.

26. **powerful ingredients**, 'important elements.'

27. **that character**, 'the character of a fine gentleman.'

32. **value an appearance in herself**, to attach importance in her own case to outward show, *e.g.* good looks and fine clothes.

38. **raillery** (from the same root as the verbs 'rail' and 'rally'), 'joking,' 'banter.'

42. **fairly**, 'plainly,' 'frankly.'

43. **addresses**, 'wooing.'

44. **for who knows how this may end?** How can this question prove that Mrs. Primrose was right in being ambitious? Because this question is Mrs. Primrose's indirect way of expressing her opinion that the end of the matter will probably be a fine marriage, which will satisfy her most ambitious hopes.

P. 22, l. 4. **infidelity**, 'disbelief in religion.'

free thinker, which originally meant one who speculates freely instead of accepting his opinions from authority, came to mean an infidel.

6. **Sure**, for 'surely,' is now an Irishism, and may be due to Goldsmith's having been born and bred in Ireland. This use is not, however, uncommon in English writers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

10. **allowing**, 'if we grant for the sake of argument.' See note on p. 4, l. 13.

19. **offer**, *sc.* themselves. "The proofs that offer" are the proofs supporting religion. "The proofs they see" are the proofs against religion.

21. **in forming them**. The Vicar means that, though free thinkers cannot help holding their false opinions, they ought never to have been foolish enough to form them in the first instance. He condemns them for their past folly in forming such opinions, rather than for their ignorance, which is the necessary result of that past folly.

Notice that in this argument both the Vicar and the son admit that involuntary acts are not blameworthy. The Vicar, however, attributes infidelity to voluntarily shutting one's eyes to the proofs of religion and only noticing the arguments on the other side of the question.

31. **Why** expresses surprise.

35. **Thwackum and Square** are characters in Fielding's *Tom Jones*.

36. **Friday**, Robinson Crusoe's savage attendant, so called, because he was saved from death on a Friday.

38. **Religious Courtship** was a work published by Defoe, the author of *Robinson Crusoe*, in 1722, to show the evils of marriage between two persons differing in their religious opinions.

P. 22, l. 38. **that's a good girl**, you are a good girl. In this expression of praise, 'that' may be regarded as equivalent to 'that which you are.'

40. **so go help.** This shows that the preceding remark was ironical.

CHAPTER VIII.

P. 23, l. 6. **It is true**, introduces an admission.

10. **out of the way**, 'unlike ordinary men,' 'eccentric.'

12. **discovered**, 'revealed,' 'manifested.' 'Discover' now means 'find out.'

16. **assume the superior airs of wisdom**, look like a quality higher than wit, namely, wisdom.

21. **blackbirds.** Distinguish between a blackbird and a black bird. A crow is a black bird, but not a blackbird.

22. **redbreast** or robin redbreast, a favourite English bird which derives its name from the colour of its breast.

24. **but I think**, 'without thinking.' 'But' is here a subordinate conjunction.

25. **Gay** (b. 1688—d. 1732), the friend of Swift and Pope, and author of the *Beggars' Opera*. The incident alluded to happened in 1718 when he was visiting Lord Harcourt, and is elaborately described by him not in a poem but in a letter quoted by Thackeray in his *English Humorists*.

27. **new rapture**, 'fresh delight.' The description never palled upon her.

29. **Acis and Galatea.** Acis loved the nymph Galatea, and was crushed under a rock thrown by his rival the Cyclops, Polyphemus. The story is told in the thirteenth book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*.

34. **loading all their lines with epithet.** As there are a large number of epithets in the following poem, we must understand Goldsmith to condemn not the use but the abuse of this kind of ornament. He especially condemns epithets that "improve the sound without carrying on the sense," that is, without adding to the sense. For instance 'verdant' is a useless epithet as applied to 'lawn,' because lawns in ordinary circumstances are verdant.

36. **that in the latter empire of Rome**, called the silver age on account of the inferiority of its literature to that of the golden age of Augustus.

40. **madam.** He addresses his remarks to Mrs. Primrose.

P. 24, l. 4. **Turn**, etc. Goldsmith calls this poem 'a ballad,' and the abrupt commencement is in imitation of the ballad style. In the first line some one is speaking, but we are not directly told who the speaker and the person spoken to are nor where they are.

The poem was written in 1765, and privately printed in that year "for the amusement of the Countess of Northumberland," under the title of *Edwin and Angelina*. The two concluding stanzas of the poem were omitted, and other alterations were made when it was inserted in the *Vicar of Wakefield*.

P. 24, l. 6. **yon** or 'yonder' is a demonstrative adjective pointing to something in the distance.

8. **forlorn** by derivation merely means 'lost,' but expresses in addition depression of spirits. 'For' is an intensive prefix.

11. **Seem length'ning as I go**, 'appear to become longer and longer, the more I advance.'

13. **To tempt**, 'to risk your life by plunging into the darkness.' Such conduct would be condemned in religious language as a tempting of Providence.

14. **yonder faithless phantom.** What the wanderer supposed to be a taper or candle in some cottage window, was really Jack o' Lantern, or Will o' the Wisp, a wandering light supposed to be a spirit that led travellers into bogs, but really due to phosphorescent vapours in the air.

24. **No flocks**, etc. The hermit was a vegetarian.

26. **Taught by that Power.** Compare *Matthew*, xviii. 33.

30. **scrip**, a small bag, not connected with 'scrip' in the sense of a written certificate. 'Scrip' and 'water' are in apposition to 'feast.'

33. **are wrong**, because we ought to trust in God. Compare *Matthew*, vi. 25-34.

34. **here below**, 'on this earth' as opposed to Heaven above.

41. **mansion**, 'dwelling.' Mansion (Lat. *maneo*, remain) usually now means a large residence.

P. 25, l. 1. **thatch**, straw with which the roof was covered.

3. **opening with a latch.** There was no need to lock it. A 'wicket' is a small gate, generally a smaller gate or grated opening in a large gate.

5. **busy crowds.** The mention of the busy crowds is introduced to heighten by contrast the peaceful tranquillity of the hermit's retreat.

10. **press'd**, urged his guest to eat and drink.

16. **flies**, it noisily burns away, flies up in sparks and disappears.

22. **answering**, 'sympathetic.'

33. **what is friendship but a name**, 'friendship is an empty name, not a reality.'

35. **A shade**, etc. Compare Mr. Burchell's remarks in Chapter III. upon the altered attitude of his friends when he lost his wealth.

P. 25, l. 40. **turtle** (Lat. *turtur*), so-called from the sound of its voice, a species of pigeon regarded as the type of constancy in love. Thus Byron speaks of the "love of the turtle" in the opening lines of the *Bride of Abydos*.

44. **love-lorn**, 'love forsaken.' See note on p. 24, l. 8.

46. **mantling**, 'rising to the surface.'

P. 26, l. 2. **spread alarms**, 'divulged,' or 'revealed her fears.'

13. **the Tyne**, a river in the north of England flowing into the German Ocean.

16. **but only.** As 'but' is equivalent to 'only,' 'but only' is pleonastic.

19. **imputed** expresses her modesty. She does not say that she was beautiful, but that others ascribed beauty to her.

20. **flame**, a word used in the poetical diction of the eighteenth century to express the passion of love.

25. **habit**, in the sense of the Latin *habitus*, dress.

35. **Could nought of purity**, etc., were not as pure as his mind.

40. **Their constancy was mine**, 'I resembled them in inconstancy.' 'We had the same amount of constancy, that is no constancy.' Mr. Craik (*English Literature*, II. 283) regards this as a bull.

P. 27, l. 2. **pay**, *sc.* the penalty.

6. **me**, reflexive.

23. **The sigh**, etc., that is to say, we shall die together. The simultaneous death of two lovers is a common ballad ending.

25. **reading** here seems to be an active form used in a passive sense. Cf. p. 4, l. 39. Perhaps, however, 'reading' may be short for 'a-reading' (= 'in the reading'), and is a gerund.

27. **report**, 'sound.'

39. **with some reluctance**, because she was angry with him for killing the blackbird that had sung so sweetly.

40. **discovered**, revealed, as in p. 23, l. 12.

41. **had made a conquest of the chaplain**, 'had won the chaplain's heart.'

P. 28, l. 15. **whose expectations were much greater**, 'who had much better prospects.'

19. **adapted for mutual inspection**, 'well fitted for the purpose of forming estimates of each other.'

CHAPTER IX.

P. 28, l. 25. **under gentlemen**, 'gentlemen of inferior position,' such as often attend upon the rich.

P. 28, l. 31. **a look of disapprobation from my wife.** This incident reveals such a want of decorum on Mrs. Primrose's part that she loses our respect. It must, however, be remembered that the manners of English society in Goldsmith's time were much less refined than they are now.

33. **a set,** the proper number of couples for the dance.

37. **top-knots,** 'knots of ribbons' worn as ornaments on the top of the head.

39. **jig and roundabout,** two rough and simple dances.

P. 29, l. 4. **led up the ball,** they were the first couple.

to here expresses result.

for, etc., explains how there were spectators.

6. **My girl,** Olivia, who was her father's favourite, and had a much larger place in his heart than her more sensible sister. See note on p. 31, l. 37.

8. **chit** (from a Saxon word meaning a small twig) is a term applied, often in contempt, to small persons. Words ordinarily used in a bad sense are often affectionately used of children, as 'little rogue,' etc.

10. **They swam,** 'they spread out their arms as if thev were swimming.'

11. **all would not do,** 'all their efforts were vain.'

13. **Miss Livy's.** Mr. Flamborough out of respect for the Vicar called his daughter Miss Livy, 'Livy' being short for 'Olivia.'

pat, 'in exact time with.' 'Pat' used adjectivally and adverbially in this sense is the same word by derivation as 'pat,' a light blow.

16. **moved,** 'proposed.' To move in a deliberative assembly is to propose a resolution.

I thought. The Vicar does not feel confident of the correctness of his criticism, when he ventures to find fault with such fashionable ladies.

18. **jingo,** a vulgar oath originally sworn by St. Gingoulph. The epithet 'living' is intended to add emphasis as indicating 'jingo' to be something real and living.

muck, a vulgar colloquial word meaning 'dirt.' The redundant use of 'of' after 'all' is also a vulgarism. An uneducated woman will often in the present day describe herself as 'all of a tremble.'

22. **threw my girls into the shade,** 'made them seem inferior.

23. **high-lived** for 'high-living.' Compare 'fair-spoken,' 'well-behaved,' where we should expect active participles.

25. **Shakespeare.** By thus coupling the great name of Shakespeare with the musical glasses, Goldsmith shows that he regards the

Shakespearian revival as a transient caprice of fashion. Compare note on p. 63, l. 40.

P. 29, l. 25. **musical glasses**, glass tumblers on which tunes are played. The notes depend on the shape of the glasses and on the amount of water they contain. This was a very favourite entertainment at the time.

'Tis true, 'it must be admitted.'

26. **sensibly**, 'preceptibly.'

27. **as the surest symptom**, etc., to indicate most clearly that they were distinguished persons.

29. **threw a veil over**, 'concealed,' 'prevented us from noticing.'

31. **what appeared amiss**, *e.g.* their oaths and coarse remarks.

32. **tip-top quality breeding** (colloquial), manners of the very highest society.

36. **her little Sophia** represents in the direct speech 'my little Sophia,' a very familiar mode of address.

39. **a single winter's polishing**, the extra refinement that would be acquired by residence in London for one winter.

P. 30, l. 2. **maxims**, 'principles of conduct.'

curse me (may God curse me), a vulgar imprecation intended to asseverate the remark that follows.

4. **add myself to the benefit**, 'bestow myself upon her at the same time.'

6. **cant** here means unnatural language, words employed in an unusual sense by a special class, here, the class of fashionable people.

10. **nice**, 'delicate,' 'scrupulous.'

20. **coup de main** (lit. blow of the hand), 'sudden assault.'

21. **the rest** of what he had said, namely, the base proposal that excited the Vicar's anger.

28. **edified**. This verb (from Lat. *aedifico*, build) is always used metaphorically in the sense of 'instruct.'

30. **demanded**, 'asked' (see p. 33, l. 36). Here Thornhill adds hypocrisy to his other vices.

40. **we**, the Vicar and his wife, who, although she had supported them, would also suffer from their ill temper. This is one of the few cases in which the Vicar ventures upon a direct prohibition.

CHAPTER X.

P. 31, l. 3. **painful**, 'careful.'

5. **The distinctions**, 'the marks of respect with which we had been honoured by those who were superior to us in social position.'

6. **Our windows**. The washes would be set on the window-sills.

P. 31, l. 14. **new-modelling**, 'altering their old gauze dresses.' For the use of 'gauzes' here compare 'coppers' (vessels made of copper), 'tins' (dishes made of tin), and 'boxes.'

15. **flourishing upon catgut**, 'making ornamental work upon catgut.' For 'catgut,' see p. 13, l. 29.

21. **gipsy**, the name of a wandering tribe, who were so called because they were supposed to come from Egypt. Their language indicates that they are of Indian origin.

tawny. Gipsies are distinguished from the northern races by their yellow skins.

sibyl, 'prophetess.' The name originally belonged to a number of prophetic women famous in Greek and Roman legends.

23. **a-piece**, 'for each.' The phrase was originally used of things, as, 'to charge so many shillings a piece,' that is, 'for one piece.' Afterwards the origin of the phrase was forgotten, and it was applied indifferently to persons or things.

cross her hand with silver, 'draw a piece of silver across her hand for luck.' Gipsies pretend that this is necessary to enable them to prophesy, and of course they pocket the money.

24. **I was tired of being always wise.** How natural is the motive given in explanation of his conduct! He had been continually rebuking their follies, and this had made him appear to be unsympathetic and opposed to the pleasures of the young. He did not like to be regarded by his children in this light, and therefore on this occasion did not prevent them from acting foolishly in what seemed an unimportant matter.

33. **sped**, 'succeeded.'

thee. Notice the affectionate use of the singular second person pronoun, which is now only heard in the mouths of rustics.

34. **protest** has as object the noun clause, 'I believe.'

35. **somebody that's not right.** This is a euphemism for the Devil.

37. **Well, now, Sophy.** We may infer that Olivia is the Vicar's favourite daughter, as he addresses her first. Also, in addressing Sophia, he uses the less affectionate 'you.' Compare p. 59, l. 35, and p. 29, l. 6.

38. **Sir**, seldom now used by children addressing their parents. Olivia addresses her father more affectionately as 'papa.'

41. **Nabob**, a corruption of *nawab*, governor of a province. The word probably has here its usual English sense and means a man who has made an immense fortune in India. Such men were prominent figures in the political and social life of the time. They are held up to ridicule in Foote's play called *The Nabob*, that appeared in 1772.

P. 32, l. 2. **we.** The Vicar identifies himself with the rest of his family, although he does not share their views.

by the stars, 'by destiny.' Such expressions give evidence of the prevalence of the belief in astrology in England long ago. Their use does not imply that those who use them believe in astrology. Compare 'ill-starred,' 'disastrous.'

8. **cook the dish to our own appetite,** 'imagine the future exactly in accordance with our own wishes, but the pleasures we actually enjoy are determined not by our wishes, but by circumstances.'

9. **train of agreeable reveries.** They were building castles in the air.

17. **cross-bones,** two leg bones of a skeleton placed crosswise. Dreams are generally supposed by the superstitious to be prophetic by contraries. Thus the symbols of death in a dream foretell marriage, and copper coins are a sign of the future possession of gold.

21. **rings in the candle.** The grease or smoke of the candle took the shape of rings which suggested wedding rings and foretold approaching marriages.

purses bounced from the fire. Pieces of coal, jumping from the fire, looked like purses, and so foretold the possession of wealth.

22. **true love-knots** (p. 12, l. 12) in the bottom of a tea cup are composed of the tea leaves, which often take fantastic shapes.

24. **two ladies.** The first edition reads "town ladies."

31. **preparing,** 'in course of preparation,' 'being prepared.' See note on p. 27, l. 25.

33. **conduct the siege.** By this metaphor Mrs. Primrose is compared to the general in command of an army besieging a town.

34. **in spirits,** 'happy,' 'cheerful,' and therefore likely to be compliant.

40. **as decently as possible** is litotes for 'as well dressed as possible,' but the Vicar chooses to understand 'decently' merely to express propriety of dress and behaviour.

44. **cried** indicates a certain amount of excitement. Mrs. Primrose is angry that her husband will not understand her meaning.

45. **proper.** Mrs. Primrose uses 'proper' in the sense of 'genteel,' 'in accordance with fashion,' and the Vicar again purposely gives a different meaning to the word.

scrubs, a coarse word of contempt applied to ill-dressed people.

P. 33, l. 5. **what I would be at,** 'what I am aiming at.'

8. **blowzed,** 'red-faced.'

9. **for all the world,** 'exactly.' This phrase was originally 'fore all the world,' that is, 'before all the world,' the idea being that the assertion is one that might be made without hesitation in the hearing of anybody.

P. 33, l. 9. **smock race**, a race run by women to win a smock or under garment.

11. **colt**, a young horse. A horse that had been in the family nine years could no longer be a colt.

17. **objected** has for object the noun clause that follows.

19. **wall-eyed**, with a white or greyish eye. This is a common eye disease in horses.

20. **broke to the rein**, 'trained to obey the rein.

21. **pillion**, a cushion behind the saddle for an extra rider to sit on. The roads in these days were so bad that riding was more common than driving, and it was customary for two persons to ride on one horse, one on the saddle and the other on the pillion.

27. **reading desk**, 'desk for reading,' a desk which supports the book that one is reading.

31. **and no appearance**, 'and there was no appearance.' There is an ellipse of the substantive verb.

33. **but two**, 'only two' miles.

got, past participle of 'get' used intransitively in the sense of 'arrive.'

36. **demanded**, (in the sense of the Fr. *demander*), 'asked.' The verb now always expresses a peremptory question or claim.

43. **took it into his head to stand still**, 'capriciously stood still, 'suddenly determined to stand still.'

P. 34, l. 3. **future triumph**. In future discussions he would get the better of his family by quoting this instance of the bad results of their folly.

CHAPTER XI.

P. 34, l. 7. **burn nuts**. See p. 12, l. 14.

10. **suffered ourselves to be happy**, 'condescended to enjoy ourselves.' The form of expression suggests the folly of affected gentility as being often self-imposed misery or voluntary rejection of happiness. Compare Horace, *Epistles*, I. ii. 10.

10. **honest** is here a patronizing term of approval applied to a person who is respectable and worthy, but inferior in education and social position.

11. **goose**. Just as plum puddings are eaten at Christmas, and pancakes on Shrove Tuesday (see p. 12, l. 13), so a roast goose is the dish that is considered especially appropriate at Michaelmas, because at that season geese are in the best condition for eating.

dumpling, a mass of paste usually enclosing an apple.

lamb's-wool, ale poured on roasted apples and sauce.

P. 34, l. 12. **connoisseur**, a French word meaning a person of cultivated taste.

19. **blind man's buff**, a game in which one of the players is blindfolded, and tries to catch the others and guess who they are. 'Buff' in this combination means a blow (cf. buffet), the blindfolded person being often struck by the other players.

23. **Hot cockles**, a game in which the players warm themselves by striking each other's hands, probably so called because it warms the cockles of one's heart, that is, one's very heart. In this game "one covers his eyes and guesses who strikes him" (Johnson's *Dictionary*).

questions and commands, a game in which questions have to be answered and commands have to be obeyed by the players. The player who asks the questions and gives the commands is chosen by lot.

30. **a weaver's shuttle**, an instrument with which the weaver shoots the cross threads.

37. **a ballad-singer** sings ballads out of doors, and has to sing very loud so as to be heard.

when, confusion on confusion, etc., when we were utterly disconcerted by the unexpected entrance, etc. Compare

> "With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
> Confusion worse confounded."—*Par. Lost*, II. 995.

39. **Miss Carolina**, etc. The ladies are given their full names and titles, so as to emphasize the contrast between their grandeur and the vulgarity of the spectacle presented to their eyes.

40. **Description would but beggar.** In the common phrase 'beggar' governs 'description,' as when Shakespeare says that Cleopatra "beggared all description," that is, exhausted the resources of description, was too splendid to be adequately described. Here, however, Goldsmith makes 'description' the subject of 'beggar,' so that the verb means 'give a poor and inadequate idea of,' and governs 'mortification.'

P. 35, l. 1. **Death! To be seen**, etc., 'How could we ever survive the disgrace of being seen?' etc.

3. **Nothing better could ensue.** This sentence does not express a fact, but the thoughts in the minds of the Vicar's wife and daughters.

4. **We.** Here again, as in p. 31, l. 20, the Vicar identifies himself with his family, though he did not share their feelings.

4. **We seemed**, etc., 'we appeared for some time to be incapable of motion, as if our confusion had actually turned us into stone.'

9. **prolocutor**, 'spokeswoman.'

10. **in a summary way**, briefly, without mentioning the humiliating details. Olivia's account, which was false as well as brief, represented them as having been thrown from their horses, an

honourable kind of accident which might happen to ladies of the greatest distinction.

P. 35, l. 14. **vastly**, a genteel hyperbole for 'very,' like the 'awfully' so continually heard now in polite society.

we had a very good night, 'we had slept well.'

23. **But as every reader**, etc. This is a satirical reflection on the prevalence of what is now called snobbishness.

24. **high-lived dialogues**, conversations of high-lived persons, that is, of persons living in polite society. For the passive form 'high-lived,' compare p. 29, l. 23.

25. **the Garter** is the highest order of English knighthood. It is said to have originated in the reign of Edward III. According to the story, that king picked up the garter of the Countess of Salisbury, and when the courtiers smiled, made the famous remark, "Honi soit qui mal y pense" (Evil be to him who thinks evil of it). This saying became the motto of the Order of the Garter, which was soon after founded in memory of the incident.

29. **rout**, fashionable assembly.

30. **all manner of colours**, 'every kind of colours,' that is, colours of every kind. 'All' when agreeing with 'manner' or 'kind' is equivalent to 'every,' and therefore the noun with which it agrees is singular, as in Shakespeare: "All kind of arguments." The composite term so formed is however treated as a plural. Thus we read in the *Song of Solomon*, "At our gates are all manner of pleasant fruits." For the origin of such phrases see Kellner's *Historical Outlines of English Syntax*, § 167.

turned is here used intransitively for 'became.' As a man cannot become a colour, the predicate is an instance of abstract used for concrete. His lordship became red, white, etc., in quick succession. Compare p. 5, l. 21.

sound, a fashionable mispronunciation of 'swoon,' which is spelt 'swound' in Shakespeare and Spenser. 'Swoon' is the reading of the first edition.

31. **he was hers**, etc., he would shed the last drop of his blood for her.

34. **her Grace**, the Duchess. This title is given to no peer under the rank of Duke.

36. **my lord**. 'My' is commonly prefixed before 'lord,' and does not imply any special connection between the speaker and the noble spoken of. 'My' is so frequently prefixed to 'lord' that the two are inseparably connected in the French derivative, 'milord' (a rich English gentleman), and in Shakespeare we have "Good my Lord" instead of "My good Lord." In the beginning of the paragraph, however, 'our' does express special connection, namely, that Lady Blarney was the peeress whom the Primroses regarded as their special friend.

P. 35, l. 37. **valet-de-chambre** (literally, servant of the room), a French term for a personal attendant, now usually shortened to 'valet.' 'Valet' is another form for varlet, both being derived from 'vassal-et' (a small vassal).

42. **would cry out "Fudge!"** It is a wonder that they did not rebuke Mr. Burchell and even turn him out for his excessive rudeness.

42. **Fudge**, nonsense. An expression of contempt said to be derived from the name of a merchant captain who was a notorious liar. 'Fudge' is not a common English surname, but it may be found in the *London Directory*. Skeat however derives the word from a Low German interjection *futsch*, begone. In the *Citizen of the World* (Letter 5) Goldsmith gives the name of Father Fudgi to a priestly impostor.

P. 36, l. 12. **our dear Countess.** Here again the possessive is intended to express intimacy, as in "her little Sophia" (p. 29, l. 36), and "our peeress" above.

13. **the most lowest.** This double superlative, common in Shakespeare, had by this time become a vulgarism.

The word 'low,' in the sense of 'vulgar,' was a favourite term of conversation in the fashionable society of Goldsmith's time. "By the power of one single monosyllable," Goldsmith remarks in his *Present State of Polite Learning*, "our critics have almost got the victory over humour amongst us. Does the poet paint the absurdities of the vulgar; then he is low: does he exaggerate the features of folly or render it more thoroughly ridiculous, he is then very *low*."

16. **the Lady's Magazine** was edited by Goldsmith in 1760.

18. **from that quarter**, 'from the direction mentioned,' a periphrasis for 'from you.'

25. **chits.** See note on p. 29, l. 8.

29. **plain work**, ordinary sewing as opposed to fancy work.

34. **all attention to**, 'absorbed in attending to.'

38. **going a begging.** 'A' is here a preposition governing the verbal noun 'begging.' Compare 'a-hunting' p. 5, l. 31. A thing is said to go a begging when it is offered freely, and no one seems inclined to accept it.

43. **qualified for her fortune**, fit for the position in society that she would have as wife of a wealthy landowner.

45. **assurance** expresses self-confidence verging on impudence. It is nearly equivalent to 'presumption.'

45. **to harangue for the family**, to be spokeswoman or prolocutor.

P. 37, l. 1. **"I hope," cried she.** Notice how Mrs. Primrose falls into the trap. The town ladies to forward Thornhill's designs want to get Olivia and Sophia up to London. If they had directly invited them to take the post of companions, suspicion might have been aroused. So after a long conversation on indifferent matters they

begin to lament over the loss of their companions, in the hope that Olivia and Sophia may of their own accord offer to fill the vacant places. To make the bait more attractive they mention, as if without design, the high pay they were ready to give.

P. 37, l. 2. **pretend to**, lay claim to.

5. **and capacity.** We should expect 'and have capacity.' If 'have had' is understood before 'capacity,' it is implied that their capacity is a thing of the past.

7. **accompts**, old spelling of 'accounts.'

broadstitch, cross and change, are various kinds of ornamental sewing. Even Murray's *Dictionary* gives no explanation of broadstitch, and the ladies of the present day seem to have forgotten the meaning of this old-fashioned term. In cross stitch the threads cross each other. Change stitch is probably a corruption of chain stitch, a kind of stitch in which the thread forms a chain.

8. **pink.** See note on p. 14, l. 9.

point, make lace with the needle. Lace so made is called point lace.

9. **frill**, ruffle. See note on p. 14, l. 9.

do up small clothes. The term 'small-clothes' generally means the same as 'knee breeches,' that is, breeches reaching to the knees, and called small clothes, in opposition to the long coats and waistcoats worn at the time. Here however we should probably understand by small clothes the smaller ornamental appendages of female attire, frills, cuffs, etc., which Shakespeare, in *Cymbeline*, neatly describes as "laboursome and dainty trimmings." It required a good deal of skill and trouble to do these up, that is, to make them ready to be worn.

10. **work upon catgut**, make embroidery on a catgut frame. For 'catgut,' see note on p. 13, l. 29.

cut paper, so as to shape it into ornamental forms.

11. **telling fortunes upon the cards.** When cards are used to tell fortunes, hearts indicate love, spades death, diamonds wealth, and clubs travelling.

13. **pretty piece of eloquence.** This is ironical. The folly of Mrs. Primrose's proposal became very evident by the light of what happened afterwards.

25. **suspicions.** This assertion is in humorous contrast with the foolish simplicity she had shown in jumping at this proposal.

26. **referred her**, etc., told her she might inquire of any of the neighbours about their character. In other words, she gave the neighbours as her references.

28. **her cousin Thornhill's.** This is the first mention of the relationship, which is no doubt intended to be imaginary.

CHAPTER XII.

P. 37, l. 36. **The only obstacle**, etc., the only difficulty in the way of our promotion was that we had to be recommended by the Squire; but we could hardly suppose that he would now be unfriendly when we considered the number of friendly acts he had already done.

39. **faith**, 'in good faith.'

40. **between ourselves**, introduces something not to be told to everybody. It is the English of *entre nous* a few lines lower down.

41. **of it**, of the day's work. A similar redundancy will be found in p. 54, l. 23.

P. 38, l. 3. **of taste**, refined, polite.

4. **all manner of husbands**, husbands of every kind. See note on p. 35, l. 30.

5. **stranger things**. Compare p. 16, l. 16.

6. **taken with**, attracted by.

10. **nailed them**, colloquial for 'fixed them to something definite.' This she did by taking the opportunity of proposing that her daughters should take the vacant places.

11. **I did for**, 'I made a good arrangement for.' 'Do for' is however generally equivalent to 'ruin,' and the phrase is intended to suggest this meaning to the reader who sees the folly of Mrs. Primrose's conduct. Thus the remark, being true but not in the sense intended by the speaker, is an instance of what is called dramatic irony. Compare Hastings' words in *Richard III.* III. ii.:

> "I'll have this crown of mine cut from my shoulders
> Before I'll see the crown so foul misplaced."

13. **the better**. For 'the' with comparatives, see p. 12, l. 31; p. 16, l. 28.

13. **this day three months**, on the corresponding day of the third month from this month. If the Vicar's remark was made on the 3rd of June, "this day three months," would be the 3rd of September.

17. **a prophecy** of evil. A wish or prayer implies doubt as we do not pray for what is certain to happen. Thus the Vicar's pious wish might be interpreted as indicating his prophetic fear of an evil result.

20. **hold up our heads**, 'take a higher position in society.'

23. **a single or double**, *sc.* weight, *i.e.* one person or, if circumstances should require it on any occasion, two persons. See note on p. 33, l. 21. The first edition leaves out the indefinite article before 'single.'

33. **stands out**, refuses to conclude a bargain till he can get better terms.

34. **higgles**, argues about the terms of a bargain.

P. 38, l. 37. **mighty**, another obsolete equivalent for 'very.

38. **cocking his hat**, fixing up the rim of his hat at the proper angle.

41. **deal box**, box made of sawed wood. The original meaning of 'deal,' connected with 'dole,' is 'division.'

to bring home groceries in, 'in which to bring home groceries.'

42. **thunder-and-lightning**, a species of cloth so-called because it was a mixture of dark and light colours.

43. **grown too short**, become too short owing to his growth. Of course the coat could not really grow short.

44. **gosling green**, green of the same colour as a gosling's plumage.

45. **tied his hair** into a queue or cue (L. *cauda*, tail).

P. 39, l. 10. **previous**, to concluding the engagement.

13. **one may go to sleep**, it is unnecessary to exert oneself further.

14. **wit.** It would appear from this passage that Goldsmith makes no distinction between wit and humour. 'Wit' is evidently here used as an equivalent term so as to avoid the repetition of the word 'humour.'

18. **This was to be**, it was evidently fated that this should be.

21. **by letters.** Words were inscribed on pieces of gingerbread, so that each fraction of a piece contained one or more letters. Some editions read 'by littles,' that is, 'by small pieces.'

23. **wafers**, thin leaves of paste that were used instead of gum for fastening letters.

patches. See p. 13, l. 39.

even is inserted because they rarely had money.

25. **but this by the by**, but this is a digression. The mention of purses brings to the Vicar's mind this peculiarity of his wife's, and he cannot forbear to mention it. For 'by the by,' see p. 20, l. 2. The belief in the luck of a weasel's skin was a superstition that Goldsmith brought with him from Ireland, where the weasel is supposed to be lucky on account of its cleverness in avoiding danger.

30. **shook his head**, to express doubt or disapproval of the proposal.

39. **I should in conscience give it**, 'I seem morally bound to give it.' The idea is, that if something valuable is given you and you don't want it yourself, you should hand it on to others.

41. **repartee** (Fr. *repartie*), a smart pointed reply.

making up by abuse, etc., more abusive than witty.

45. **sell his hen of a rainy day.** To do so is a foolish proceeding, as hens look their worst on a rainy day, when their feathers are bedraggled with wet. 'Of' is here used in a temporal sense.

P. 40, l. 4. **the box at his back.** Here 'box' is nominative absolute, the participle being understood. Compare "A whip in her hand" (p. 53, l. 14).

7. **pedlar** (Fr. *pied*, foot), a trader who goes about on foot with his wares.

10. **dresser**, a table on which things are dressed or prepared for use.

12. **twopence.** This odd sum would seem to be the result of Moses' higgling.

13. **touch them off**, or 'polish them off,' is colloquial for 'get the better of them,' viz. the people at the fair.

16. **laid it out**, invested it.

18. **a gross**, twelve dozen.

19. **shagreen**, a rough kind of leather, derived through the Fr. *chagrin*, from Turkish *saghri*, the back of a horse from which such rough leather was made. 'Chagrin' in the sense of mortification comes from the same origin.

23. **a dead bargain**, 'a perfect bargain.' So a 'dead shot' is a 'perfect shot.'

25. **A fig for**, an expression of contempt originally meaning that what is spoken of is worth no more than a fig. The use of a fig as a symbol of worthlessness comes from Italy where figs are common. In England figs are expensive. The Italian origin of the phrase is indicated by the fact that Shakespeare uses the Italian *fico*, as, "Steal! foh! a fico for the phrase."

27. **five shillings an ounce.** Now-a-days, owing to the depreciation of silver, an ounce of silver is only worth a little more than half a crown.

31. **no more silver than**, they are not silver to a greater degree than. 'More' is here an adverb.

34. **murrain** (through the Spanish from *morior*, die) means a cattle plague.

34. **trumpery** (Fr. *tromper*, deceive), 'worthless things.'

37. **Marry**, originally an oath, 'by the Virgin Mary.'

45. **figure**, 'simple appearance.' See p. 38, l. 42, where we have a description of how he was dressed.

P. 41, l. 2. **walked the fair.** 'Walked' is here used transitively, as in the phrase 'walk the hospitals,' 'walk the plank.'

6. **upon these**, giving the spectacles as security for payment.

8. **whispered me**, 'advised me in a whisper.' 'Whisper' is usually intransitive.

10. **talked him up**, brought him up to the purchase by talking to him. For this transitive use of 'talk,' compare p. 15, l. 24, "looking presumption out of countenance."

CHAPTER XIII.

P. 41, l. 16. **I endeavoured**, etc., 'I tried to utilize every disappointment as an opportunity of teaching them to be more sensible, the more they were disappointed of their ambitious hopes.' Notice the Vicar's fondness for inculcating moral lessons, a very natural trait in a clergyman, one of whose chief duties is to preach.

34. **fairly**, 'outright,' 'entirely.'

Satyrs, goat-footed silvan deities of classical mythology.

41. **for all that**, 'in spite of all that,' 'nevertheless.'

P. 42, l. 8. **had like to have been killed**, 'was in danger of being killed.' 'Like' in this phrase is used in the sense of 'likely' or 'probable.' 'Had like to have been killed' = 'had death as probable.'

9. **declared for.** To 'declare for' is to 'openly take the side of.' As this metaphor personifies victory, we should expect the definite article to be omitted.

15. **I declare off**, 'cry off,' 'declare my withdrawal from the partnership.'

23. **neuter**, supporting either side. 'Neutral' is generally used in this sense, while 'neuter' is used to express gender.

25. **grew high**, 'became violent.'

26. **poor Deborah.** Here 'poor' expresses pity for his wife in her discomfiture.

41. **When gone**, elliptical for 'when he was gone.'

44. **woman.** This mode of address indicates the Vicar's anger. He usually calls his wife 'My dear.'

P. 43, l. 12. **instances**, 'signs,' 'indications.'

17. **cant**, affected or meaningless language belonging to a particular class or religious sect.

19. **and that it would be even madness**, 'and that you could not reasonably expect that a man who has thrown away his own chances of happiness could ever make his wife happy.'

28. **went to my conscience a little**, 'caused me some qualms of conscience.'

29. **monitor** (Lat. *moneo*, warn). Conscience is called a monitor because it warns us of the wickedness of any evil act that we think of committing.

30. **The pain.** This pain is called remorse, and is usually described by moralists as the most severe of punishments. In *Marmion*, III. xiii., Scott describes the "pangs" of remorse and calls this feeling "the tŏrturer of the brave." The effect of remorse upon Marmion is powerfully described in the death scene at the end of the poem.

CHAPTER XIV.

P. 44, l. 12. **as mine was most in the family way,** 'as I generally was in the company of my own family.'

16. **have all my eyes about me,** 'exercise all my powers of observation so as not to be deceived.'

17. **in the usual forms,** 'according to the procedure usually followed in selling horses.'

put my horse through all his paces, 'make him walk and trot before the eyes of those present.' The four chief paces of a horse are walking, trotting, cantering, and galloping, but Blackberry, being a plough horse, would hardly be required to gallop or canter.

19. **a chapman,** 'a man engaged in buying and selling.' The word is now obsolete, but survives as a surname.

21. **nothing to say to him,** 'nothing to do with him.' He would not think of purchasing him.

22. **spavin,** a swelling in the joints.

for the driving home. He would not take the trouble of driving him home if he could get the horse for nothing. The trouble of driving him home was the price he would not pay for the horse.

23. **windgall,** a tumour on the fetlock.

25. **botts,** a disease of horses caused by the eggs of the botfly being deposited in their stomachs.

what a plague. Here 'a plague' is simply an oath introduced by the speaker to give emphasis to his words. Compare "murrain" (p. 40, l. 34).

27. **for a dog kennel,** 'for dogs' meat.'

30. **all the fellows told me,** 'everything that the fellows told me.'

32. **St. Gregory** (b. 544—d. 604). He was the Pope who in 596 sent Augustine to England. It is amusing to find the Vicar following the guidance of theological writers in the sale of a horse.

36. **adjourning to a public-house,** 'giving up business for a time and going to an inn.'

41. **prepossessed me more favourably,** 'attracted me more from the first.'

43. **green,** 'vigorous.'

P. 45, l. 1. **Whistonian.** See p. 4, l. 33.

2. **archdeacon,** a dignitary of the church next in rank to a bishop.

the hard measure that was dealt me would naturally express some injustice to which the Vicar had been subjected, and therefore supports Mr. Ford's conjecture. See note at the beginning of Chapter III. If that conjecture cannot be accepted, then the hard

measure dealt to the Vicar must mean the loss of his fortune, regarded as hard treatment that he had been subjected to by Fortune or Providence. There is the same room for doubt about the reference in "unfortunate divine" below, which would naturally express something worse than the loss of worldly goods, especially as the Vicar did not regard that as a real misfortune (see p. 60, l. 43).

P. 45, l. 10. **I could have hugged**, 'I was so delighted with the old man's kindness that I was inclined to embrace him.'

26. **it would ill become me**, because self praise is unbecoming.

27. **deuterogamy**, double marriage as opposed to monogamy, single marriage. Deuterogamy must be distinguished from bigamy, which implies the possession of two wives at one time.

34. **pillar**, 'support.'

38. **instantaneous friendship**. In romances two persons are often represented as swearing eternal friendship on their first meeting.

41. **human doctrines**, 'secular knowledge.' Here 'doctrine' is used in its wider sense, including human as well as divine learning. Below, 'doctrinal' is the adjective of 'doctrine' in its narrower sense, in which it means a religious truth, so that there 'doctrinal matters' are opposed to 'human speculations.'

41. **dross**, 'worthless.' Dross is literally the refuse matter thrown off by melting metals.

P. 46, l. 3. **cosmogony**, from Gr. *kosmos*, world, and *gonos*, birth.

5. **Sanchoniathon**, said to have been a Phoenician writer.

6. **Manetho**, an Egyptian priest who wrote an account of Egypt about 300 B.C.

Berosus, a Babylonian priest who wrote a history of Babylon in Greek in the middle of the third century B.C.

Ocellus Lucanus, a Greek Pythagorean philosopher who wrote an account of kings and kingdoms.

have all attempted it in vain, 'have vainly attempted to explain the creation of the world.'

7. **The latter**. As more than two writers have been mentioned, we should expect the superlative, 'the last.'

Anarchon, etc. These words are intended to mean, 'The universe then is without beginning and without end'; but there is no such word in the Greek dictionary as *ateleutaion*, and, if there were, it would mean 'not last.'

9. **about the time of Nebuchadon-Asser**. This great king of Babylon, whose name is generally spelled Nebuchadnezzar, reigned from 604 B.C. to 561 B.C., long before the date assigned to Manetho.

10. **Asser** stands for Asshur, the name of the great Assyrian God, which frequently appears as an element in the names of Assyrian and Babylonian kings, *e.g.* in Nabonasser and Asshurbanipal. It is

not, however, an element in the names of Nebuchadnezzar or Tiglath-pileser (which Mr. Jenkinson chooses to spell Teglat Phael-Asser so as to fit the word to his theory), the correct orthography of these two names being respectively Nabu-Kuduri-uzur (Nebo defend the crown) and Tigulti-pal-tsira.

P. 46, l. 13. **ek to biblion kubernetes** is Greek for 'out the book a guide,' a meaningless combination of words.

14. **to investigate——** The sentence is broken off in the middle and left unfinished.

15. **That he actually was**, he was in fact doing so, straying from the question. Here the pronoun 'that' stands for a participle.

20. **the touchstone** originally meant a stone which tests the purity of gold by the streak left on it when rubbed with the metal. The word has undergone the process of generalization, and now means any test.

28. **his tenants.** This implied that he was a landowner and presumably a rich man.

29. **struck a bargain**, 'concluded a bargain.' 'Strike' is used in this sense, because it was usual for those who concluded a bargain to strike their hands together.

37. **improve**, 'outdo.' The Vicar gave a more pathetic account of the want of gold than Mr. Jenkinson had given of the want of silver.

39. **hard to be come at**, 'difficult to obtain.'

44. **one Solomon Flamborough**, a person called Solomon Flamborough. 'One' is used in this sense before the name of a person mentioned for the first time and perhaps unknown to the person addressed.

45. **Upon replying**, 'when I replied.'

P. 47, l. 2. **deal**, 'do business.'

payable at sight, to be paid as soon as he sees it.

3. **warm**, colloquial for 'substantial,' 'wealthy.'

4. **Honest Solomon.** He calls Mr. Flamborough by his Christian name and gives minute, but no doubt fictitious, details of their boyish sports to make it appear that they were on most intimate terms.

6. **three jumps**, a contest in which each competitor tries how much ground he can cover in three jumps. In the first jump the competitor alights on one foot, in the second on the other, and in the third on both feet.

19. **informing him**, 'when I informed him.' 'Informing' agrees with the nominative absolute 'I' understood.

23. **canopy** (derived from a Greek word meaning a mosquito curtain), a covering.

33. **truant**, a schoolboy who stays away from school without leave.

41. **about us**, in our neighbourhood.

CHAPTER XV.

P. 48, l. 7. **was employed.** We should expect 'were employed.'

9. **but incurred,** 'which did not incur.' 'But,' when so used, is parsed by some grammarians as a negative relative, but it is better to treat it as a subordinate conjunction, and suppose the pronominal subject of the clause to be omitted. 'But incurred' = 'but it incurred,' *i.e.* 'except that it incurred.'

10. **best known to ourselves,** that we could not or would not explain to others.

12. **abroad,** out of doors.

13. **green,** a noun meaning a space of green grass.

24. **Ladies,** etc. The real meaning of the letter is obvious. The Vicar's family, however, perversely misinterpret it by applying to Olivia and Sophia the remarks intended for the two town ladies and *vice versa.* Thus they understand the letter to be a warning to the town ladies against the danger of introducing into their innocent households such depraved women as Olivia and Sophia.

26. **I am informed for a truth,** 'it has been told me as a piece of true information.'

40. **its censures,** etc. The letter, as we have seen, really contains no censure of the Vicar's family.

P. 49, l. 1. **the malicious meaning** consisted in the supposed intention of preventing Olivia and Sophia from going to town.

17. **cutting,** extremely painful to his feelings. The word implies especially the pain caused by sarcasm and irony.

27. **the shooting of my corns,** 'the pains darting through my corns.'

28. **The shooting of your horns,** 'the sprouting of your horns.' Perhaps Mrs. Primrose means to suggest that he is a horned devil.

30. **I pardon you,** etc. This is a good instance of a cutting remark.

33. **how many jokes go to an ounce?** This is intended to be a poser. The question cannot be answered, as jokes cannot be weighed against ounces. Compare the question in the Indian proverb, "Which is greater, wisdom or an elephant?"

36. **I had rather,** generally explained as a mistaken filling up of the contraction, 'I'd rather,' which really stands for 'I would rather.'

half an ounce of understanding. He would prefer a small amount of sense to a large amount of jokes.

38. **the laugh was against her,** she had the worst of the contest in wit.

P. 50, l. 5. **unworthy a man of genius.** If this proposition of Pope's is regarded with reference to its context (*Essay on Man*, IV. 248), it will be found merely to express the superiority of honesty over fame. Mr. Burchell discusses it apart from the context, and so takes it to express Pope's deliberate opinion that honesty is the most exalted of human qualities. So treated, it is easily overthrown by pointing out that a man of great virtue or genius, as Howard, or Socrates, or Shakespeare, or Pope himself, is more admirable than a merely honest man, that is, than a man who has merely the negative virtue of freedom from fraud. Mr. Burchell is held up to our admiration as a man of great wisdom, and therefore he must be here regarded as expressing the opinion held by Goldsmith himself at the time when he wrote *The Vicar*. It is therefore strange to find that elsewhere, in his epigram on Newbery quoted in the note on p. 16, l. 3, Goldsmith endorses Pope's sentiment.

a base desertion of his own superiority, because it depreciated genius, the quality in which Pope himself excelled.

6. **the reputation of books,** etc. This remark is applicable to *The Vicar of Wakefield*, which is deservedly famous, although not free from defects.

14. **the Flemish school.** The painters of this school were famous for the fidelity with which they copied the humble subjects of their paintings, while the great painters of Rome (*e.g.* Michael Angelo) paid less attention to minute exactness, and were famous for the grandeur of their conceptions.

15. **sublime animations,** 'grand inspirations.'

pencil, here used in its older sense, means paint brush, as when Shakespeare in *King John* speaks of hands "besmear'd and overstain'd with slaughter's pencil."

20. **monsters,** 'unnatural beings.'

23. **where the mind was capacious,** etc. Goldsmith here, through the mouth of Mr. Burchell, expresses his opinion that wickedness and ability are seldom or never united in the same person. Unfortunately, in history we find many instances to the contrary, as, for instance, in the list of English kings—John, Richard III., Henry VIII., and Charles II. The remarks that follow upon animals are equally opposed to fact. There is no reason to think that a rat or a mosquito is less brave than a lion or a tiger, and it would be difficult to find any cases in which lions, tigers, or bears manifested gentleness or generosity. Goldsmith, among his many works, wrote a *History of the Earth and of Animated Nature*, but his knowledge of natural history was very superficial. Johnson, referring to this work, remarked, "Goldsmith, sir, will give us a very fine book upon the subject; but, if he can distinguish a cow from a horse, that, I believe, may be the extent of his knowledge of natural history."

P. 50. l. 41. **never falter**, 'do not falter at all.' Here 'never' is an emphatic equivalent for 'not.' So 'nevertheless'='not the less.' The Vicar thinks Mr. Burchell is hesitating from fear and shame.

look me full in the face. It is more difficult to tell a lie without changing colour, when you look straight at the person addressed.

P. 51, l. 3. **I could hang you all for this.** At this time the criminal code was terribly severe. Men and women were hanged for petty thefts (see note on p. 105, l. 33), and it might have been quite possible for Mr. Burchell to bring a charge of theft against the Vicar and his family for breaking open his pocket-book. The Vicar himself might have pleaded the Benefit of Clergy on account of his calling, and so escaped the sentence of death.

4. **at the next Justice's**, 'at the house of the nearest Justice of the Peace.'

6. **at his door.** This is of course exaggerated. Criminals were not hanged at the doors of Justices of the Peace, nor could Justices of the Peace condemn any person to death.

9. **thy ... thee.** Here the unusual second person singular expresses contempt and anger. Compare p. 94, l. 22. In p. 31, l. 33, it indicated affection. See Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar*, § 231.

11. **a sufficient tormentor.** This is scarcely consistent with the remark made on p. 43, l. 30.

18. **want shame**, are without shame.

21. **allegory**, a story in which all the characters and actions are intended to represent something else besides the apparent story.

32. **Shame forsakes them.** The meaning is that after a time vicious men no longer feel ashamed of their vicious actions. The allegory is, however, rather confused at the end. Shame cannot properly be said to forsake men when it leaves their vices and attaches itself to their virtues, making them ashamed when they do a virtuous act.

CHAPTER XVI.

P. 52, l. 2. **abroad**, 'out of doors.' They would be working in the fields of the farm.

5. **retailed**, 'repeated at second hand.' By this metaphor the wit is compared to a manufacturer, and those who repeat his sayings are compared to shopkeepers.

6. **good things**, 'witty sayings.'

10. **sharp**, 'clever.' The following 'but' implies that the Vicar disapproved of boxing, which at this time, though a very popular amusement, was usually condemned as a brutal art by persons of refinement.

P. 52, l. 10. **it**, the quality he wished to describe.

15. **eat short and crisp**, proved short and crisp when eaten. For this passive or intransitive use of verbs usually transitive, see p. 4, l. 39. A short and crisp cake is one that crumbles easily in the mouth. 'Eat' is here the past indefinite.

they were made by Olivia; short for, 'she was sure to say that they were made.'

if the gooseberry wine was well knit, 'Well knit' or 'well set' expresses the condition of wine when it is so well made that it is clear and of uniform appearance throughout.

17. **green**, green colour, which is supposed to make the pickles more attractive.

35. **a head**, for each person. 'Head' is used for 'person' by synecdoche.

37. **this stolen march upon us**, 'this advantage they had gained over us before we knew it.'

40. **the limner**, a portrait painter. Romney, the painter, travelled about Yorkshire painting cheap portraits for a year or two before the time at which Goldsmith seems to have visited the Wakefield district. Goldsmith perhaps heard of him or even met him, so that the limner in *The Vicar* may have been modelled on the famous painter. See Mr. Ford's article in the *National Review*.

for what could I do? The Vicar had not a strong enough will to check the follies of his family.

44. **no variety in life**, no variety at all. 'In life' in this sense is an Irishism, and so is the similar use of 'in the world' immediately after.

no composition in the world, 'not the least idea of harmonious arrangement.'

P. 53, l. 6. **to hit us**, 'to suit us.'

9. **stomacher**, an ornamental covering for the breast. Notice the humorous incongruity of the goddess of love being represented in a stomacher of the 18th century receiving a treatise upon a theological question from a modern clergyman. The historical picture was a distinct anachronism.

10. **Cupids.** Ancient mythology generally speaks of one Cupid or God of Love. Sometimes, however, there is mention of several Cupids.

11. **gown**, the academical gown which he wore as a clergyman.

band, the linen band worn by clergymen in front of their necks.

13. **Amazon**, a female warrior of Greek mythology.

bank of flowers, 'slope covered with flowers.'

joseph, a riding habit buttoned down the front.

P. 53, l. 14. **a whip, nominative absolute.** The participle 'being' is understood. Compare p. 40, l. 4.

25. **did not spare his colours,** used his colours freely. No doubt it was a very glaring production, although the bright colours pleased Mrs. Primrose's uncultivated taste.

29. **to fix it,** 'in which we could fix it up.'

36. **Robinson Crusoe's longboat.** When Crusoe thought of leaving his island in the longboat of his wrecked ship, he found that he could not move it.

37. **A reel in a bottle.** A favourite puzzle. The bottle is manufactured with the reel inside it.

P. 54, l. 2. **scandal ever improves by opposition,** 'scandalous rumours gain strength by being contradicted.'

6. **discover the honour,** etc., 'discover whether Mr. Thornhill's intentions were honourable or not,' that is, whether he meant to marry Olivia.

7. **sound him,** 'endeavour to discover his sentiments.' 'Sound' is literally a nautical term meaning to discover the depth of the water by means of a piece of lead attached to a line.

12. **till Olivia,** etc. Until Olivia made this promise, the scheme implied lying. When this objection was removed, the Vicar consented to the scheme, though not without reluctance.

23. **match of it.** 'Of it' is a redundant definitive genitive, 'it' standing for the marriage already expressed by 'match.'

25. **warm.** See p. 47, l. 3.

26. **Heaven help.** This wish is an expression of pity.

27. **What signifies beauty,** 'beauty is of no account.'

32. **novelty,** ironical, as Mrs. Primrose is repeating an old complaint.

42. **parts,** a common word at this time for cleverness, ability.

P. 55, l. 7. **poor girl.** 'Poor' expresses pity, and is here used by Mrs. Primrose in affected depreciation of her daughter, of whom she is in reality very proud.

8. **a manager,** 'some one to manage his house for him.'

10. **give her good bread,** 'support her in comfort.' 'Bread' is also used by synecdoche for food and other necessaries of life in the phrase 'earn one's bread.'

15. **sacrifice.** See note on p. 6, l. 26.

20. **too deep for discovery,** 'so deep that they cannot be revealed.'

21. **rivetted here,** firmly fixed in my heart. He means to imply in an obscure way that his secret reasons are reasons of the heart, that they are due to his love for Olivia.

CHAPTER XVII.

P. 55, l. 33. **assiduity**, 'persistency of his attentions.'

38. **owed his landlord no rent.** Goldsmith was always in debt himself and knew by bitter experience the humiliations to which a debtor is subjected. Compare p. 10, l. 1.

40. **the coquette.** See p. 4, l. 5, and note on "the gentleman" (p. 68, l. 30).

to perfection, 'up to the point of perfection,' 'perfectly.'

P. 56, l. 11. **supporting a fictitious gaiety**, 'with effort pretending to be gay.'

30. **my tenderness as a parent**, etc., 'I shall not allow my love for my children to make me act dishonourably.'

36. **but one method alone.** 'But' or 'alone' is redundant. Compare "but only me" (p. 26, l. 16).

37. **which**, object of the gerund 'considering.'

P. 57, l. 4. **not more open**, showed no more signs of revealing his intentions.

11. **ostentation**, 'show,' 'grandeur.' What she rejected, or seemed to be rejecting, however, was only the possibility of grandeur, as Mr. Thornhill had not offered to marry her.

15. **came uppermost**, 'happened to suggest itself.'

21. **cider-press**, a press for squeezing the juice out of apples so as to make cider.

That we shall, 'we shall have the loan of them for nothing.'

22. **Death and the Lady**, an old ballad, the full title of which is *The Messenger of Mortality; or Life and Death contrasted in a Dialogue between Death and a Lady.* Notice the humour of choosing such a melancholy song to cheer them up.

26. **up with it.** 'Up' is here used as a verb in the sense of 'strike up,' *i.e.* begin playing or singing. When adverbs are so used, they are generally followed by 'with' governing the noun that is the object of the action. Compare *Siege of Corinth*, XXII., "Up to the skies with that wild halloo."

32. **grief is dry**, 'grief makes one thirsty.'

36. **thrum**, or 'strum,' 'play monotonously.' 'In with' here means 'in harmony with.'

37. **Elegy**, a poem lamenting the dead. As the death of a mad dog is not a very lamentable event, this is a mock elegy.

38. **Good people all.** The poem is in imitation of a street ballad, and begins with an address to the people in the street.

41. **It cannot hold you long**, 'it cannot detain you long.' In the last lines of the first three stanzas of the elegy we have the figure of

speech called 'Pleasantry by Surprise.' In each case the last line is something very different from what we should expect after what has gone before. The same form of wit is exemplified in some lines in the *Citizen of the World* (Letter CVI.), and in the *Elegy on Mrs. Blaize*, which ends as follows:

"Let us lament, in sorrow sore,
For Kent-street well may say,
That had she lived a twelvemonth more,—
She had not died to-day."

P. 58, l. 2. **Whene'er he went to pray.** This adverbial clause virtually annuls the praise in the three preceding lines. The same effect is produced by the last line of the next stanza. Compare, in Dryden's *Absalom and Achitophel*, the sketch of Shimei who "never broke the Sabbath but for gain," and was never "known on oath to vent or curse, unless against the government."

10. **of low degree**, of mean rank, ill bred.

12. **a pique began**, 'some cause of offence arose.'

13. **to gain some private ends**, 'for some purposes of his own.'

17. **And swore**, etc., and declared that the dog by biting such a good man showed unmistakably that he was mad.

19. **The wound it seemed.** Notice the redundant pronominal subject which is very common in ballads.

28. **here's Bill's health**, 'I drink Bill's health.' The wish is expressed as much by the act of drinking as by the words.

32. **sing a good song**, 'sing a song well.' The man who sang the best song ever composed would not be idiomatically described as singing a good song, if he sang it badly.

33. **Blenkinsops.** In *She Stoops to Conquer* Mrs. Hardcastle, who appears to have been a Miss Blenkinsop, mentions another characteristic of the Blenkinsop family, remarking that Tony Lumpkin and Miss Neville have "the Blenkinsop mouth to a T." From this it has been imagined by some that Goldsmith wished to establish a relationship between Mrs. Hardcastle and Mrs. Primrose. This is, however, hardly warranted by the facts or rather the fiction. From the present passage Mrs. Primrose would appear to have belonged to the Grogram family.

35. **but.** See note on p. 48, l. 9.

39. **petrify us**, turn us into stone. Such odes, instead of exciting our feelings, are so frigid that they render us devoid of all feeling.

43. **muff**, a covering for the hands usually made of fur. It has not fingers, as a glove has.

P. 59, l. 1. **Ranelagh songs**, songs sung in the Ranelagh Gardens, one of the favourite open-air places of amusement in London.

that come down to us, 'that find their way to us in the country.' We talk of going *up* to town and *down* to the country.

In *She Stoops to Conquer* Mr. Hardcastle speaking in the country remarks that the fopperies of London "come down not only as inside passengers, but in the very basket."

P. 59, l. 1. **are perfectly familiar,** 'are expressed in natural language.' Compare the end of Chapter IX. on *The Present State of Polite Learning.*

2. **cast in the same mould,** 'formed on the same model,' 'exactly like one another.'

3. **fairing,** 'a present,' especially a present bought at a fair. A fairing to put in her hair would be a ribbon.

4. **nosegay,** a bunch of flowers.

6. **nymphs and swains,** the terms used in pastoral poetry for young women and young men.

9. **it,** that place ('there' = 'in that place'), Ranelagh Gardens.

11. **supplied with it when wanting.** At the Ranelagh Gardens there were always many unmarried women ready to become wives. 'Wanting' is here the participle of the intransitive verb 'want' = 'be absent.'

14. **markets.** Ranelagh is called a market for wives because wives could always be procured there. Fontarabia is the capital of one of the Basque provinces in Spain. Madame D'Aulnoy, a French writer who visited Spain in the end of the seventeenth century, tells us that the Basque boat-women went to Fontarabia to be married; but does not say that one particular day of the year was consecrated to match-making. At Fontarabia, as in many other Spanish towns, on St. James's Day a market is still held, at which women offer themselves for hire as servant girls. Probably some foreign observer saw the women assembled in the market for this purpose and thought that they were waiting for offers of marriage. In this way the legend of the yearly marriage market at Fontarabia may have arisen. Moses, who was an ardent student of the ancients, should have remembered the famous wife market of Babylon, in which the pretty girls provided dowries for their ugly sisters. See Herodotus, I. 196.

16. **our English wives are saleable every night,** every night at Ranelagh men may procure wives.

29. **We are descended,** etc. Pride comes before a fall and makes the fall more striking and terrible by contrast. This is why in tragedies, just before the blow falls, the victim is represented as being at the highest pitch of prosperity and self-satisfaction. Compare note on p. 112, l. 20.

35. **cherub,** a species of angel generally imagined as having the face of a child.

Just as I spoke, 'at the very moment when I said this.'

39. **post-chaise,** a carriage drawn by post horses.

40. **was for coming back,** 'was inclined to come back.'

P. 60, l. 1. **sure it will,** 'Heaven's fury will assuredly light upon him and his.'

taking back, that is, 'away from the direction of heaven.'

innocent, used as a noun.

2. **Such sincerity,** a noun used absolutely in exclamation as the infinitive 'to rob' is used above.

6. **fortitude.** Moses meant by fortitude endurance of evil, whereas the Vicar resolves to show his fortitude by a resolute effort to punish Thornhill.

ye, archaic for 'you.'

7. **my pistols.** The security of life and property is much greater in England now than it was in Goldsmith's time. We should hardly now find in an English clergyman's house pistols hanging up on the wall ready for immediate use.

14. **read our anguish into patience.** See note on p. 15, l. 24.

18. **your reverend character,** 'your character as a clergyman.' The honourable title of 'reverend' is regularly prefixed to the names of clergymen.

21. **him.** Here the Vicar revokes the curse and prays that his enemy may be forgiven.

22. **more than human benevolence,** 'when Christ taught us to bless our enemies, He showed that His benevolence rose above the level of human benevolence, was divine.' The reference is to *Matthew*, v. 44, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you."

23. **Blessed be His holy name.** Here the Vicar almost quotes the words of his Biblical prototype, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord" (*Job*, i. 21).

27. **May confusion seize——** The sentence is unfinished. The Vicar stops short before the whole imprecation is uttered.

30. **Had she but died.** Wishes expressed thus are really conditional clauses with the principal clause understood. 'Had she but died' = 'If she had died, it would have been much better.'

32. **in other worlds than here,** 'not in this world, but perhaps in a future life.'

38. **for weeping.** Her tears almost prevented her from speaking. 'For' when it expresses causation generally as here introduces a preventive cause.

41. **bring your gray hairs to the grave,** 'cause you to die of grief in your old age.' This is a Biblical phrase taken from *Genesis*, xlii. 38, where Jacob says, "Then shall ye bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave."

43. **the first of our real misfortunes.** The Vicar bore the loss of his fortune with pious resignation, and did not consider it a real misfortune.

P. 60, l. 44. **ill-supported sallies of enthusiasm**, outbursts of strong feeling not followed by corresponding action.

P. 61, l. 1. **reproach his baseness**, instead of the more usual 'reproach him with or for his baseness.'

5. **that vilest stain of our family**, 'she who has brought such horrible disgrace upon our family.'

6. **harmless**, the exact equivalent of 'innocent' (Lat. *in*, not, and *nocens*, hurting).

11. **be open**, used literally with 'house' and metaphorically with 'heart.' Compare "Miss Bolo returned in a flood of tears and in a sedan chair."

15. **the child of simplicity**, 'owing to simplicity.'

20. **hither**, now archaic. 'Here' and 'there' are used now to express both motion and rest.

21. **I may prevent the continuance of iniquity**, it may be possible to prevent her from continuing to lead a wicked life.

CHAPTER XVIII.

P. 61, l. 24. **the gentleman's person who**, 'the person or personal appearance of the gentleman who.' The reference of a relative pronoun to a noun or pronoun in the possessive case as antecedent is very rare in prose, but common in poetry, as,

> "Say to your sons,—Lo, here his grave,
> Who victor died on Gadite wave."

30. **seat**, 'country-seat,' 'mansion.'

35. **yet early**, still rather an unusually early hour for a visit.

P. 62, l. 3. **the Wells** may be identified with Harrogate, a town in Yorkshire famous for its mineral springs.

6. **debated with myself**, 'asked myself the question.'

7. **placed in my way**. These persons had evidently been instructed by Mr. Thornhill to meet the Vicar and give him false information.

8. **her fancied deluder**, 'Mr. Burchell, whom I supposed to have seduced her.'

13. **the races**. Goldsmith is no doubt here thinking of the races at Doncaster, which is about thirty miles from Harrogate.

14. **depend upon**, be sure of.

for he had. This is all indirect speech, not stating a fact, but what was asserted by the Vicar's informant.

18. **The company**, the people assembled at the races.

26. **an innocent family**, as opposed to his guilty daughter.

32. **the usual retreat of indigence and frugality**, in which poor people took refuge for purposes of economy. 'Indigence and frugality' are abstract terms used for concrete terms.

P. 62, l. 33. **laid me.** The use of 'me' reflexively is archaic and poetical. The Vicar, being a clergyman and a constant reader of the Bible, often uses the archaic phraseology of the sacred book.

38. **a relapse,** 'a return of the fever.'

39. **the philanthropic bookseller.** Here a real person is introduced into the fiction, John Newbery, who published many of Goldsmith's works and a large number of children's books. Goldsmith's regard for him is testified by the allusion to him here and by the epigram quoted on Chapter v. It is probable that this passage was suggested by an actual meeting between Newbery and Goldsmith when the latter was walking through Yorkshire. If they met, it is not unlikely that Goldsmith borrowed some money from him.

40. **St. Paul's Churchyard** was then as favourite a centre for booksellers and publishers as the neighbouring street, called Paternoster Row, is at the present day.

42. **their friend, but.** The 'but' does not imply that Newbery was not the children's friend, but that he was also the friend of mankind generally, that is, a philanthropist.

45. **the history of one Mr. Thomas Trip,** a child's book published by Newbery, and called *Tommy Trip's History of Beasts and Birds.* This paragraph is what now would be called a puff. For 'one,' see note on p. 46, l. 44.

P. 63, l. 7. **refractory to the hand of correction,** 'rebellious against the afflictions inflicted upon me by God for my good.' The Vicar is now able to practise the religious virtue of resignation.

8. **Man little knows.** Similar testimony is given to the extent of the powers of human endurance in the opening lines of the *Orestes* of Euripides, which Socrates was fond of quoting: "There is nothing so terrible, neither suffering nor God-sent misfortune, the burden of which cannot be endured by human nature."

17. **the mental eye.** Here the Vicar is repeating the idea already expressed by his son Moses. See end of Chapter VI.

19. **I now proceeded,** etc. This sentence is rendered clumsy by the accumulation of relative pronouns and relative adverbs.

22. **strolling company's cart,** cart carrying the theatrical properties of a party of wandering actors.

27. **is the shortest cut,** 'is the best way to shorten a journey.' When you have pleasant company, the time spent in travelling passes quickly. A short cut is a path that leads you straighter to your destination than the ordinary way.

29. **I disserted,** 'discoursed.'

32. **the Drydens and Otways,** the leading dramatists. Here we have an instance of proper names used as common terms. Drydens = dramatists like Dryden. Otway (b. 1651—d. 1685) is best known as the author of *The Orphan* and *Venice Preserved,* two very fine tragedies.

P. 63, l. 36. **Rowe** (b. 1673—d. 1718), author of the *Fair Penitent*, the drama acted by the strolling company in the next chapter.

are. The plural is right, if Goldsmith distinguishes between the manner of Rowe and the manner of Dryden, if "Dryden's and Rowe's manner" may be regarded as short for 'Dryden's manner and Rowe's manner.' For the same reason we should say that the thirtieth and the thirty-first chapter of *The Vicar of Wakefield are* (not *is*) full of improbable incidents.

37. **Fletcher, Ben Jonson,** Elizabethan dramatists contemporary with Shakespeare. Fletcher wrote his plays in conjunction with Beaumont. Ben Jonson was famous for his learning. His best known plays are *The Alchemist, Every Man in his Humour, Sejanus,* and *Catiline.*

38. **go down,** colloquial for 'win popular approval.'

40. **antiquated dialect,** etc. These criticisms agree with what Goldsmith writes elsewhere in his own person, and may be regarded as expressing his real sentiments. There was a Shakespearian revival in his time, which Goldsmith disapproved of, as he preferred the writers of the so-called Augustan age of English writers to the great Elizabethan poets. Thus, while nominally conceding to Shakespeare the first place among English dramatists, here and elsewhere he speaks of him without much respect. In one of his Essays he subjects the famous soliloquy of Hamlet to elaborate and unsparing criticism, and in his *Inquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning* he compares Shakespeare to a man blind of one eye, and talks of his "absurdities." Compare note on p. 29, l. 25. The Latin student should compare Horace's attitude to the revival of the old Roman poets in the Augustan age.

overcharged, 'exaggerated.'

45. a **pantomime** is an imitation in dumb show by gestures and attitudes. Goldsmith's meaning is that the people of his time were glad to have an opportunity of enjoying the "starts and attitudes" characteristic of a pantomime, while they could pretend that they were appreciating the humour of the old dramatists. Mr. Austin Dobson quotes from the *Citizen of the World,* "One player shines in an exclamation, another in a groan, a third in a horror, a fourth in a start, a fifth in a smile, a sixth faints, and a seventh fidgets round the stage with peculiar vivacity."

P. 64, l. 8. **shrugged into popularity,** 'made popular by a shrug.' The play owed its popularity to the amusing way in which one of the actors drew up his shoulders. For the use of the verb see p. 15, l. 24. Here, however, the verb is a transitive verb which in this unusual sense takes an unusual kind of object.

saved, 'prevented from being a failure.' The poet made one of the characters have a violent pain in the stomach, and this charmed the audience so much that they forbore to condemn the play.

P. 64, l. 10. **Congreve**, b. 1670—d. 1729. Goldsmith quotes from his *Mourning Bride* in p. 131, l. 37.

Farquhar, b. 1678—d. 1707. His best known comedy is the *Beau's Stratagem.*

11. **more natural**, the language employed in our modern plays is more in the style of ordinary conversation, *i.e.* less witty.

16. **without doors than within**, in the open air than in the theatre.

19. **common room**, 'public room.'

21. **whether it was only**, 'whether my clerical dress was the disguise I was going to wear as an actor in the play.' 'Masquerade' is derived from the Arabic *mashkarah* (jeer), a word in common use in India.

22. **Upon informing him.** As 'he' is the subject of the sentence, we should expect 'upon my informing him.' In like manner, a few lines below we should expect 'upon my asking.'

27. **I set him down**, 'I imagined him to be.'

CHAPTER XIX.

P. 64, l. 41. **with a wink.** The wink indicates the actor's vulgar satisfaction at the prospect of a good supper.

P. 65, l. 2. **in easy dishabille**, 'carelessly dressed,' 'in loose comfortable garments.' 'Dishabille' (pronounced 'dissabeel') is derived from the Fr. *déshabillé.*

5. **expatiated**, 'spoke at length.'

6. **his boast and his terror** (abstracts for concretes), 'the cause of his boasting and of his terror.' Owing to the Vicar's long harangue and the interruption of the supper party the speaker has no opportunity of explaining how liberty is his terror. He probably means that he is in a continual state of alarm lest it should be extinguished.

7. **the Monitor**, the *Auditor*. the *Daily*, etc., are the names of newspapers. Lord Bute's administration was attacked by the *Monitor* and defended by the *Auditor*. Thus the speaker read papers representing opposite political views.

8. **replying** agrees with the nominative absolute 'I' understood. Compare p. 12, l. 23.

13. **the two Reviews**, the *Monthly Review* and the *Critical Review.*

15. **my coal-mines in Cornwall.** As there were no coal-mines in Cornwall, this remark shows that the speaker is a liar.

16. **its guardians**, 'the newspapers which guard liberty.'

18. **what we would have him**, *sc.* do, 'what we wish him to do.'

goes on, continues to act.

22. **advise**, 'consult.'

P. 65, l. 23. **another guess manner**, 'another kind of manner.' 'Guess' in this sense is connected with 'guise.'

26. **pillory**, a wooden frame with holes in which the head and hands were fixed. The pillory stood in a prominent position in each town or village, and the onlookers usually threw eggs and stones at the criminal. This punishment was abolished at the beginning of the present century.

27. **the weaker side of our constitution**, the throne as opposed to the Parliament.

sacred power. The Vicar calls the sovereign's power 'sacred,' because, like most clergymen, he believed in the divine right of kings.

29. **ignorants**, 'men who know nothing.' For the adjective used as a noun see p. 16, l. 4; p. 60, l. 1.

34. **glorious privilege of Britons**. Notice the irony by which such sentiments are put into the mouth of members of the class that enjoys least liberty.

36. **Can it be possible**, etc., a rhetorical question expressing surprise.

45. **a set of honest men**. The Vicar is speaking ironically when he expresses approval of them and agreement with their opinions. He only accepts their views for the sake of argument so as to show that even starting from their ideas we find that monarchy is necessary. The Levellers were a sect of extreme radicals which arose in the time of the Great Rebellion. They were so called because they wished to remove all social distinctions and reduce everybody to the same level.

P. 66, l. 2. **it would never answer**, 'it would not do,' their schemes were impracticable.

6. **the animal that is cunninger**, 'another man who is a cunninger animal than the groom.'

7. **it is entailed upon**, 'it is the lot of.' In law to entail is to settle the inheritance of property inalienably on certain heirs.

20. **the subordinate orders**, 'the rich and great who are immediately below the king in rank and power.'

21. **It is the interest of the great**. Here Goldsmith represents the Whig nobles as actuated by selfish motives in attempting to diminish the royal power. It must be remembered that Goldsmith wrote in the beginning of the reign of George III., when Lord Bute and the court party were supporting the throne against the combined power of the great Whig families. A good account of the politics of this period will be found in Macaulay's *Essay on the Earl of Chatham.*

Some of the chief ideas expressed in the Vicar's harangue, such as his sympathy with the king in his struggle against the predominant power of the Whig nobles, his preference of one king to many petty tyrants, the way in which wealth acquired in foreign commerce is employed "in making dependants by purchasing the liberty of the

needy or the venal," will be found in the following lines from the *Traveller* (381-392):

> "But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
> Contracting regal power to stretch their own,
> When I behold a factious band agree
> To call it freedom when themselves are free,
> Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
> Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law,
> The wealth of climes where savage nations roam
> Pillaged from slaves to purchase slaves at home,
> Fear, pity, justice, indignation start,
> Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart;
> Till half a patriot, half a coward grown,
> I fly from petty tyrants to the throne."

Goldsmith's general opinion on the question of the struggle between monarchs and their powerful subjects, who professed to be the champions of liberty, is in accordance with the teaching of one of our latest political thinkers. Sir J. Seeley, in his *Introduction to Political Science*, shows from the history of England, Holland, and France that there is a natural alliance between the monarch and the people against the rich and powerful. He adds a striking instance from Russian history. "When the Boyars (Russian nobles) called Anne, Duchess of Courland, to a throne to which she had but a poor title, imposing upon her a constitution as the price of their support, what frustrated their scheme! The people rose in rebellion, knowing that the weakness of the Czarina meant oppression to themselves. They insisted that she should be absolute, and it was like a charter to the Russian people that she solemnly tore the charter that had been extorted from her by the Russian nobles."

P. 66, l. 25. **Now, the state.** The argument is regularly arranged and follows the three heads laid down in this sentence. 1. External commerce, which is one of the chief circumstances of commercial states, produces accumulation of wealth in a few hands, and accumulation of wealth produces ambition and aristocratic ideas, that is, makes men try to make themselves powerful at the expense of the crown. Thus the circumstances of the state may tend to produce opponents of monarchy. 2. The laws may encourage the accumulation of wealth and thus tend to produce the same result. 3. The men of wealth are minded (inclined) to oppose monarchy, because they find it natural to use their wealth in purchasing power for themselves. Thus the circumstances of the state, the laws, and the natural inclinations of the wealthy may all "conspire" (work together) to produce opposition to monarchy.

30. **accumulation of wealth.** For the evil effects of the accumulation of wealth in a few hands compare *The Deserted Village*:

> "Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey,
> Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

P. 66, l. 33. **external commerce.** The argument is that only those already rich can become richer by external commerce as the poor cannot successfully engage in it. At the same time the rich will not be debarred from making money by internal industry. Thus the rich will have an immense advantage over the poor in adding to their possessions, and all the bad effects of inequality of wealth will be produced. Owing to the formation of large joint-stock trading companies this state of affairs has passed away.

37. **with us,** 'among us,' that is to say, 'in England.'

39. **hitherto.** Here Goldsmith points to the experience of past history as exemplified by the cases of Holland, Genoa, and Venice. He overlooks the political history of Athens, which is opposed to his theory. Also England, in spite of great wealth obtained by foreign commerce, appears to be becoming more democratical.

42. **by their means,** by means of the laws. The laws in England at the time, being made by the rich, bore heavily on the poor, made the rich richer and the poor poorer, and so did much to widen the gulf between rich and poor. They did not actually ordain that "the rich should only marry the rich," although by thus widening the gulf between rich and poor they may have made intermarriage between the two classes less common than it would otherwise have been. From the passage quoted in the next note it will be seen that Goldsmith almost identifies wealth and law, no doubt because, as he says in the *Traveller*, l. 386, "rich men rule the law." So he here attributes to the operation of the laws a result really due to the accumulation of wealth in a few hands.

the natural ties are duty, love, and honour. Compare

> "As nature's ties decay,
> As duty, love, and honour fail to sway,
> Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
> Still gather strength and force unwilling awe.
> Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
> And talent sinks and merit weeps unknown."
> *Traveller*, 349-354.

45. **merely from a defect of opulence.** By an Act passed in 1710 all but landowners were excluded from the House of Commons, the qualification being fixed at £600 a year for county members, and £300 a year for borough members. Sincè 1858 there has been no property qualification for Members of Parliament.

P. 67, l. 6. **in purchasing power.** This was done in England chiefly by buying the votes of electors so as to be elected a member of Parliament, and by buying the votes of members of Parliament so as to carry particular measures.

differently speaking, 'if one expresses the matter differently,' 'in other words.' For the construction, see note on "properly speaking," on p. 4, l. 13.

P. 67, l. 9. **contiguous tyranny,** 'tyranny in the immediate neighbourhood' as opposed to the rule of the king living in the distant metropolis.

11. **may be compared to a Cartesian system, each orb with a vortex of its own.** According to Descartes the universe consists of a multitude of vortices, that is, collections of particles wheeling round an axis. Thus the earth and the planets are carried round in the vortex of the solar system, and each particular orb in the solar system is the centre of a vortex of its own. The simile compares each opulent man to a heavenly body in the system of Descartes, because the actions of a large number of dependants are determined by his influence.

19. **the very rich and the very rabble,** the first 'very' is an adverb, the second is an adjective.

22. **this middle order of mankind,** generally known as 'the middle class.'

28. **if the fortune sufficient for qualifying,** etc. As Goldsmith has condemned above (p. 66, l. 45) the property qualification of Members of Parliament, the property qualification that he here approves and declares cannot be lowered without ruinous effects, must be the property qualification of *electors.* A statute passed in the reign of Henry VI. enacted that only those who had freeholds yielding forty shillings a year should vote in county elections, and this qualification, which remained in force until the Reform Bill of 1832, is that which, according to Goldsmith, was "judged sufficient upon forming the Constitution." As the change considered had not yet been made, but is only considered as possible, the conditional clause, in spite of the words 'at present,' really refers to the future, as is indicated clearly by the future tense in the principal clause. The meaning then must be, 'If the property qualification of electors were now much reduced, the rabble would unite with the rich and powerful against the middle class.'

32. **will follow where greatness shall direct,** 'will follow the lead of the great.' 'Greatness' is an abstract term used concretely. As a matter of fact, the lower classes, here called 'the rabble,' have now got votes and are not at all inclined to follow the lead of capitalists or noblemen.

35. **the one principal governor,** 'the sovereign.'

36. **he divides the power of the rich,** 'he directs upon himself a portion of the power of the rich, who would otherwise be able to employ all their power in crushing the middle class.' In military language the king creates a diversion in favour of the middle class.

38. **may be compared.** This simile of a besieged town has already been used by the Vicar and Moses at the end of the seventh chapter.

40. **the governor from without.** In the simile the governor of the town is represented as being outside the town and bringing up an army as fast as possible to raise the siege.

P. 67, l. 42. **specious**, 'attractive,' 'plausible.'

43. **sounds**, 'empty promises that sound well, but do not mean much.'

44. **the governor from behind**, 'the governor threatening them in the rear.'

P. 68, l. 2. **the laws govern the poor**, 'the poor are subject to laws made by the rich entirely in their own interests.' The same idea is expressed in a line already quoted from *The Traveller*:

"Laws grind the poor and rich men rule the law."

5. **the anointed Sovereign**. According to the Jewish usage, followed at English coronations, the new sovereign is anointed with oil. As this is a religious ceremony derived from the Bible, the sovereign is often called the Lord's anointed, especially by those who, like the Vicar, believe in the divine right of kings.

7. **The sounds of Liberty**, etc., 'these high-sounding terms, liberty,' etc. The Vicar means that a great deal of harm has been done to the constitution under the sanction of those specious names which were the watchwords of the opponents of monarchical power. As such men arrogated to themselves the name of patriot, that name began to acquire a bad sense, when used by Tories. Thus Dr. Johnson in his *Dictionary* remarks that the term is "sometimes used for a factious disturber of the government."

13. **My warmth**, etc., 'in my enthusiasm I had spoken at greater length than was consistent with politeness.'

16. **while**, 'time,' a noun in the objective case to express duration of time.

17. **a Jesuit**, a member of the society of Jesus, founded by Ignatius Loyola in 1540. The Jesuits were among the most determined adherents of the House of Stuart, the successive heads of which were Roman Catholics from the time of Charles II., and they strongly supported the doctrine of divine right. In previous reigns they had gone about England in various disguises, and were always ready to join in Jacobite plots. In the reign of George III., the time of this novel, Jacobitism was practically extinct, but the people still remembered with horror the Jacobite rebellions, which they ascribed in a great measure to the cunning of Jesuit emissaries. That there was still a great dread of the Jesuits among the ignorant is clear from the way in which Goldsmith's Croaker in the *Good-natured Man* talks of "money flying out of the kingdom and Jesuits swarming into it. I know," he goes on, "at this time no less than a hundred and twenty-seven Jesuits between Charing Cross and Temple Bar."

the coal-mines of Cornwall. See note on p. 65, l. 15.

18. **out he shall pack**. Notice the emphatic position of the adverb 'out' (compare "Down came," etc., p. 13, l. 37), and that 'shall' in the third person expresses the speaker's determination. 'Pack' ex-

presses a hasty and compulsory departure, the idea of departure being connected with the packing up of one's possessions.

P. 68, l. 18. **if my name be,** 'as sure as my name is.'

21. **demand ten thousand pardons.** The meaning intended seems to be that such principles require ten thousand times as much forgiveness as an ordinary offence, that is to say, they can scarcely be forgiven.

22. **give up,** used absolutely. See note on p. 6, l. 26.

Gazetteer, the official appointed to conduct the *Gazette*, or government newspaper.

23. **saddled with wooden shoes** is an instance of mixed metaphor. Wooden shoes were worn by the French peasantry, and it was supposed that, if French influence became predominant in England, all would be compelled to wear wooden shoes to the ruin of the English leather trade. Thus 'wooden shoes' came to be used as a symbol to express French tyranny.

24. **to prevent worse consequences.** This is a threat. If the Vicar does not leave the house immediately, his host may feel compelled by his feelings to assault him.

26. **a footman's rap.** Servants generally give a single rap.

27. **As sure as death.** Compare p. 40, l. 23.

there is. Grammar requires 'there are,' but strict adherence to the rules of grammar cannot be expected in servant girls.

30. **be for a while the gentleman himself,** 'himself to play for a time the part of a gentleman.' Here 'the gentleman' means the representative of the class of gentlemen. Thus Miss Austen describes Mr. Darcy as "looking quite the gentleman," and we are told in the beginning of Chapter XVII. that Olivia "acted *the* coquette." In all these cases the definite article is used in much the same way as in p. 2, l. 35. Two lines below, the definite article before 'gentleman' is used in its ordinary sense to limit the common term 'gentleman' to one particular individual, namely, the master of the house.

33. **his lady,** 'his wife.' See p. 2, l. 41.

36. **your most humble servants.** See p. 21, l. 17.

37. **we almost sink under the obligation,** 'we feel overpowered by the favour.' Of course all this is ironical.

41. **when whom should I see,** 'when to my surprise and confusion I saw my dear Miss Arabella Wilmot.'

P. 69, l. 2. **will be in raptures,** 'will be transported with joy.

8. **turn away,** 'dismiss from their service.' The butler had been rude to him, but Dr. Primrose acted on the scriptural precept of returning good for evil.

P. 69, l. 11. **whose mind,** etc. Dr. Primrose had taken some part in her education.

16. **the modern manner,** 'landscape gardening,' the picturesque imitation of natural scenery as opposed to the artificial regularity characteristic of the Dutch and French style of gardening which prevailed in England in the seventeenth century.

17. **seeming unconcern,** 'apparent indifference,' which was intended to conceal her deep interest. Compare note on p. 16. l. 30.

19. **nearly three years absent.** In Chapter III. we are told that the Primrose family left Wakefield a few days after George's departure. They must therefore have lived nearly three years in their new home at the time of Olivia's elopement. But from Chapter V. to the end of the book the marks of time given indicate the lapse of only two or three months. The first appearance of Squire Thornhill on the scene took place "about the beginning of Autumn." It is Michaelmas Eve, September 28th, in the beginning of Chapter XI. In Chapter XXIV. we learn that Winter has set in. In all these chapters there is no hint of the lapse of any considerable period of time, so that the events narrated from Chapter V. onwards must be supposed to have taken place in one year, in the three or four months between the beginning of Autumn and the beginning of Winter. Such being the case, we can only fill up the "nearly three years" of George Primrose's absence by supposing that more than two years elapsed between the arrival of the Primrose family at their new home and their first meeting with Squire Thornhill. Chapter IV. may then be regarded as an account of the manner of life led by the Primroses during these two years. The natural impression, however, produced on the reader's mind is that Squire Thornhill introduced himself very soon after the new comers arrived. We may therefore come to the conclusion that the chronology of the action of the story is rather confused, although it is not demonstrably inconsistent. See note on p. 17, l. 37.

21. **see him or happiness.** This is an instance of syllepsis, as 'see' is first used literally with 'him,' and then understood, in the sense of 'experience,' to govern 'happiness.'

30. **matches,** 'proposed marriages,' 'proposals of marriage.'

31. **extensive improvements,** 'the walks and arbours and other alterations made to improve the look of the grounds.'

37. **the Fair Penitent,** a play by Nicholas Rowe, published in 1703. Mr. Austin Dobson remarks that "it is curious, after what Goldsmith says of Rowe in Chapter XVIII., that in Chapter XIX. he should make the strolling players act *The Fair Penitent.*"

41. **bid so fair for excellence,** 'give so much promise of future excellence.'

43. **"but this gentleman."** Notice the transition from indirect to direct speech. Compare *Paradise Lost,* IV. 724.

P. 69, l. 43. **seems born to tread the stage**, 'appears to be a born actor.'

P. 70, l. 8. **let parents think of my sensations by their own**, 'those who have children by placing themselves in imagination in my place may realize what my feelings were when the actor turned out to be my son.' A similar story is told by Goldsmith in his *Life of Nash*.

16. **they succeeded**, etc., 'they changed so rapidly that they could not be described.'

20. **When got home.** 'Got' is the past participle of the intransitive verb 'get,' and agrees with 'we' understood. Participles are used with the conjunctions 'although,' 'while,' 'when,' but ought not to be so used, as here, with no noun or pronoun in the sentence to agree with.

32. **glass**, 'mirror.'

CHAPTER XX.

P. 70, l. 38. **which** has for antecedent the offer implied in the principal clause.

P. 71, l. 3. **travelling after Fortune.** Compare the proverb, "A rolling stone gathers no moss."

8. **could the company prevail for the rest**, 'if the company could prevail upon you to narrate the rest.'

9. **Madam**, etc. How much the following narrative is based on fact will never be exactly determined. Croker, in a note on Boswell's *Johnson*, remarks that the story contains many circumstances of Goldsmith's own personal history.

13. **The first misfortune**, the Vicar's loss of his money, which prevented his son from joining one of the learned professions as was originally intended. See p. 4, l. 7.

16. **The less ... the more.** 'Less' is an adverb, 'more' is an adjective agreeing with some such word as 'favour' or 'kindness' understood.

17. **being now**, etc. 'Being' agrees with 'me' at the end of the sentence. The meaning is that, at the lowest state of misery, every change must be for the better. Milton's Satan is, strictly speaking, illogical when he says (*Par. Lost*, IV. 76),

> "And, in the lowest deep, a lower deep
> Still threatening to devour me opens wide."

18. **her wheel** represents the mutability of fortune. Compare Enid's song in Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*:

> "Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel and lower the proud."

revolution, in its literal sense, 'rolling round.' 'Depress' is also used literally.

P. 71, l. 19. **in.** We should expect 'on.'

24. **sir.** He here addresses his father.

26. **little better,** 'not much better.' Distinguish between the negative 'little better' and the affirmative 'a little better.' Compare note on 'few,' p. 1, l. 25.

28. **sardonic** is said to be connected with Sardinia, because a 'Sardonic,' that is, 'Sardinian' herb, distorted with a horrible grin the faces of those who eat it. Hence a 'sardonic grin' is a grin expressing bitter feelings.

29. **pretty,** here, as often, used ironically.

30. **usher at a boarding-school.** Goldsmith became an usher at Peckham Academy in 1757, where he is said to have spent most of his salary on beggars and on sweetmeats for the smaller schoolboys. He seems to have felt the employment as a degradation, and speaks bitterly of an usher's life not only here, but also in *The Bee*, No. 6, where he remarks that the usher is "generally the laughing-stock of the school. Every trick is played upon him; the oddity of his manners, his dress, and his language is a fund of eternal ridicule."

31. **anodyne necklace,** 'a necklace that puts an end to pain,' a euphemism for a halter. Anodyne necklaces, in the ordinary sense of the word, were advertised as cures 'for convulsions and other infantile' complaints.

32. **but,** a subordinate conjunction, as in p. 23, l. 24.

under-turnkey in Newgate, 'subordinate jailor in Newgate prison.'

up, 'out of bed.'

37. **bred apprentice,** 'have you learnt the trade from your boyhood?' Those who intend to become schoolmasters are not actually bound as apprentices.

39. **Have you had the small-pox?** The corresponding question, that would now be asked, is "Have you been vaccinated?" The fact that Goldsmith's face was pitted with small-pox is a warning against entirely identifying him with the philosophic vagabond who answers 'No' to this question. Compare the advertisement in the fifth letter of the *Citizen of the World*, "Wanted an usher to an academy.—*N.B.* He must be able to read, dress hair, and must have had the small-pox."

40. **Can you lie three in a bed?** 'can you sleep with two bedfellows?'

42. **Have you got a good stomach?** 'are you fastidious about your food?'

43. **if you are for,** 'if you wish.' The meaning is that even a cutler's apprentice turning the grindstone has not such a base and laborious occupation as the usher of a school.

P. 71, l. 44. **bind yourself.** This is done by signing a contract called an indenture.

45. **come,** a word of encouragement.

P. 72, l. 5. **jog-trot men,** 'dull, ordinary men,' as opposed to men of genius.

8. **mended shoes.** They would not have sufficient skill to make new shoes. A cobbler properly means a mender of shoes, but the term is often applied contemptuously to shoemakers.

9. **no great degree,** litotes for 'very little.'

11. **antiqua mater** ('ancient mother'), a variation of the term '*alma mater*' ('bounteous mother'), applied to one's university. As Grub Street is the *antiqua mater* meant, 'of Grub Street' is a definitive genitive equivalent to a noun in apposition.

12. **Grub-street** was a street frequented by hack writers. The street is now called Milton Street, after the name of the man who rebuilt it.

13. **Dryden and Otway** had been poor authors in London. Otway died in extreme poverty.

14. **the goddess of this region.** As in classical mythology most places were regarded as protected by a special deity, a goddess is here humorously assigned to Grub Street.

15. **however an intercourse,** etc., more prudence might be acquired by mixing with the world at large, but the poverty of Grub Street was more likely to inspire genius.

17. **I sat down,** *sc.* to write.

20. **paradoxes** (Gr. *para*, contrary to; *doxa*, opinion), 'startling propositions opposed to ordinary opinions.'

Johnson, in conversation with Boswell, remarked, "I remember a passage in Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*, which he was afterwards foolish enough to expunge—'I do not love a man who is zealous for nothing.' . . . There was another fine passage, too, which he struck out—'When I was a young man, being anxious to distinguish myself, I was perpetually starting new propositions. But I soon gave over this; for I found that generally what was new was false.'" The second of the two passages quoted by Johnson would seem to have been not struck out, but altered into the passage before us. In *The Vicar*, as we now have it, there seems to be no trace of the former passage struck out.

23. **some splendid things,** etc. He here compares his paradoxes to sham jewellery, and contrasts them with truths, which are compared to real jewellery.

24. **you powers** is an apostrophe to the heavenly powers. The son inherited his father's vanity as an author.

28. **a quill pointed against every opposer.** The comparison is ingeniously kept up by the use of the word 'quill,' which is equally

applicable to the writer's quill pens and to the spines on the porcupine's back.

P. 72, l. 31. **monogamy.** The Vicar loses no opportunity of dragging into conversation the theory which is never absent from his thoughts.

37. **neither,** 'neither friends to praise me nor enemies to condemn me.'

41. **in the box before me,** 'opposite me in the same compartment.' London eating-houses were, and still are, divided into small compartments by wooden partitions.

42. **proposals.** The proposals would be papers expressing the author's readiness to publish an edition of *Propertius*, if a sufficient number of persons would subscribe, *i.e.* promise to buy copies. This method of publishing, which was very common at the time, is called publishing by subscription.

44. **Propertius** (born about 51 B.C.), the greatest elegiac poet of Rome. His works have come down to us in a most imperfect condition. Some of the poems have been lost; others are fragmentary; and most of them are disfigured by corruptions.

P. 73, l. 2. **as great as my purse,** 'that I had not only no money, but also no expectations.' Compare p. 26, l. 40, "Their constancy was mine." In both cases what is really a negative statement is expressed affirmatively.

6. **a Creolian,** or 'Creole,' a descendant of European settlers in the West Indies or tropical America.

9. **pour in my proposals at the breach.** Notice how Goldsmith keeps up the metaphor begun by the word 'besiege.' The proposals are compared to troops sent to storm a town through a breach in the walls.

11. **a dedication fee,** a sum of money paid for the honour of having the book dedicated to them. They are expected to pay still more if their coat of arms is engraved at the top of the page.

19. **Bless us,** short for 'God bless us.' See p. 17, l. 17.

25. **beggars in rhyme,** not true poets, but men who use poetry as a means of begging.

26. **a coward to contempt,** 'afraid of contempt,' 'sensitive to contempt.' Compare Pope's expression, 'a fool to fame.'

27. **none but those,** 'all those, who demean themselves by courting patronage, are men who do not deserve assistance.' Noble-minded writers, who deserve encouragement, are just the men who would scorn to beg for it. This might be used as a strong argument against patronage, which passes over the most deserving and rewards mean flatterers.

35. **takes up but little room,** 'does not cover much paper.' This was a disadvantage, as hack writers are paid, not for the quality, but

for the quantity of their work, and are therefore sometimes called penny-a-liners.

P. 73, l. 35. **it**, 'that time.'

37. **My little piece would**, 'my short literary productions used to.'

39. **were more importantly employed**, 'were busy men, who had not time to appreciate elegance of style.'

40. **easy simplicity of my style.** If this were not half ironical, it would be condemned as self-praise. The expression exactly describes the great charm of Goldsmith's own writings in prose and verse.

41. **periods**, 'sentences.'

42. **Eastern tales** were very popular at this time. Goldsmith's third essay is entitled *Asem, an Eastern Tale*, and there are several other eastern tales in his *Citizen of the World*.

43. **cures for the bite of a mad dog.** Goldsmith elsewhere (*Citizen of the World*, Letter LXIX.) remarks on the excessive fear of hydrophobia that prevailed in England in his time.

Philautos, Philalethes, Philelutheros, and Philanthropos, meaning respectively, 'Lover of Self,' 'Lover of Truth,' 'Lover of Freedom,' and 'Lover of Mankind,' were common signatures in the periodicals of the day.

P. 74, l. 4. **was inversely as their merits**, 'the more excellent they were, the less pleasure they gave us.' All this passage is a satire on the jealousy of disappointed authors.

6. **that source of comfort**, 'the pleasure derived from the genius of great writers.'

8. **writing was my trade**, 'I wrote for money, and therefore writing could afford me no pleasure.'

10. **of distinction**, 'of distinguished appearance.'

15. **at the bottom**, 'in reality.' A person is said to be good at the bottom, and at heart, when appearances are to a certain extent against him.

24. **half friend, half underling.** He was one of Mr. Thornhill's under-gentlemen. See p. 28, l. 25.

25. **auctions** were much frequented by people of fashion.

put him in spirits, so that he might have a pleasant expression of countenance.

27. **chariot**, 'carriage.' The term is now specialized and only used to express such vehicles as those in which warriors used to fight.

30. **stand godfather.** See p. 3, l. 18.

34. **honourable.** Ironical.

P. 75, l. 1. **fairly**, 'completely,' 'entirely.

2. **give up the field**, a military metaphor to express the discontinuance of opposition.

P. 75, l. 5. **though I see.** From these words we infer that the Vicar's countenance expressed his disapproval. Compare *Marmion*, VI. xxiii. 15.

7. **the affair.** A duel is often spoken of as an affair of honour.

8. **pleasure,** ironical. Being a gentleman he was disgusted to think that he had fought a duel with such a low character.

10. **her bully,** a strong rascal who accompanied her to protect her and fight her quarrels.

sharper, 'cheat.'

17. **whose character,** etc., 'who was universally but justly praised for his virtue.'

26. **being the instrument of his vices,** 'helping him to carry out his vicious purposes.'

43. **half the wealth of a kingdom,** hyperbole for 'great wealth.'

45. **Ah, this is the great man.** Here the historic tense expresses the conjecture made by the speaker in the past.

P. 76, l. 2. **valet-de-chambre.** See note on p. 128, l. 17.

4. **this here letter.** The great man is represented as speaking vulgar English, such as is still spoken by cockneys. 'Here' is redundant after 'this,' and the words 'as how' are redundant before 'that' in his next remark. The dash after 'that' indicates that the sentence is interrupted in the middle.

22. **cast myself away,** 'yield to despair, and give up attempting to earn a livelihood.'

24. **thrown by,** 'tossed aside.'

28. **trust to occurrences,** 'trust to the chapter of accidents.'

33. **all** is ironical, as it would naturally introduce a small sacrifice, whereas the sacrifice here mentioned is a large one. The preceding words, 'kindly' and 'generous,' are also ironical.

36. **for it had the appearance of one,** 'it looked so dark and small that it resembled a cell.'

37. **monastic,** usually an adjective, is here used as a noun instead of 'monk.' Compare 'innocent' (p. 60, l. 1), 'ancient' (p. 16, l. 4).

39. **epitome,** 'abstract' or 'summary.' These few individuals were excellent examples of the want of composure manifested by Englishmen generally when afflicted by misfortune.

40. **Each untractable soul,** etc., they were men of such irregulated dispositions that they took vengeance on Fortune for her unkindness by punishing their own hearts.

41. **their** should be singular, as the subject, 'each soul,' is singular.

at last. He seemed to be long in coming because he was impatiently expected. So in Milton "wished morn delays" (*Paradise Lost*, I. 208).

P. 77, l. 4. **synod**, 'council.'

9. **went to be added**, etc. He paid half his half guinea (5s. 3d.) as a fee to Mr. Crispe, who was to be his agent and try and get him an appointment.

15. **punch**, derived from the Hindustani *panch*, five, because composed of five ingredients, namely, spirit, water, lemon, sugar, and spices.

18. **the plantations**, the large estates in which cotton and sugar were cultivated in America and the West Indies. Englishmen were sometimes kidnapped to labour in these plantations.

21. **what if you go**; short for, 'what will be the result if you go?' 'What if' is a tentative way of making a proposal.

25. **or the deuce is in it**, 'or your case is truly extraordinary.' 'Deuce,' from a Low Latin word for a Gaulish demon, is now a short term for the Devil.

28. **to distraction**, 'passionately,' 'enthusiastically.'

31. **moveables** is a term including all goods except real estate, that is, landed estate. As George Primrose had no landed estate, 'half his moveables' is a humorous equivalent for 'half of all he possessed.'

42. **blown up**, 'exploded,' 'suddenly brought to nothing.'

fairly, 'simply,' 'without more ado.'

44. **an Irish student**. Goldsmith was himself an Irish student who passed some time at Louvain. Perhaps it was there that he obtained his degree of Bachelor of Medicine, on account of which he is called Dr. Goldsmith.

P. 78, l. 9. **Æsop and his basket**. When Æsop and his fellow slave had to carry burdens on a journey, Æsop chose to carry the bread-basket. It was heaviest at first, but became lighter every time they had a meal, until at last it was empty.

15. **desideratum**, 'a thing desired,' 'a want.'

20. **missed it**, 'felt the want of it.'

21. **without Greek**. This figure of speech, in which certain words are repeated in several successive sentences, is called anaphora. Compare

> "Who made him cheap at Rome but Cleopatra?
> Who made him scorned abroad but Cleopatra?
> At Actium who betrayed him? Cleopatra."—Dryden.

26. **I had some knowledge of music**. Goldsmith supported himself on his continental tour by playing on the flute to the peasantry. Compare *The Traveller*:

> "How often have I led thy sportive choir,
> With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire."

35. **odious**, a fashionable term of disapproval.

P. 79, l. 1. **no great favourite**, idiomatic for 'not a great favourite,' 'unpopular.'

5. **whom should I meet but.** This interrogative form expresses that the meeting is regarded as a surprising coincidence. Compare p. 68, l. 41.

10. **intaglios** (It. *intagliare*, cut into), gems with inscriptions or figures cut into them.

antiques, 'ancient works of art.'

11. **stepped into taste and a large fortune.** As he had come into a fortune, he thought it incumbent upon him to set up as a person of taste. Notice that 'stepped into' has rather different meanings with the two objects that follow. This is an instance of the figure of speech called syllepsis. Compare p. 69, l. 21, and "Miss Bolo went home in a flood of tears and a sedan chair."—Dickens.

15. **cognoscento**, Italian for a connoisseur or a man of taste.

19. **Pietro Perugino**, b. 1445—d. 1524, an ancient Italian painter.

22. **it was a living**, what he proposed was a means of earning a livelihood.

23. **to live.** He no longer was ambitious for fame.

27. **people of the best of fashion**, 'most fashionable people.'

34. **a more supported assurance**, 'a confident assertion,' 'borne out by better evidence.' In the case mentioned he supports his impudent assertion by a practical demonstration intended to prove its truth. 'Supported' is the reading of the first and fifth editions. Some later editions read 'important.'

36. **mellow**, the opposite of 'harsh' or 'glaring.'

45. **with a proviso**, 'a stipulation.' This sentence is an instance of oxymoron. George Primrose was to be a governor, but not to govern.

P. 80, l. 6. **bound him apprentice.** See note on p. 71, l. 44.

7. **how money**, etc. The three clauses beginning with 'how,' 'which,' and 'whether' are indirect questions, noun clauses in apposition to 'questions.'

9. **would turn to account**, 'might be sold profitably.'

14. **that he would not observe**, 'without observing,' *i.e.* remarking.

15. **all this though**, 'all this was really the case though.' This explains the origin of the first syllable of 'although.'

30. **theses**, plural of 'thesis,' a proposition.

adventitious (L. *advenio*, come to), 'coming from a foreign country.'

33. **I fought my way**, 'I made my way by fighting.'

35. **if I may so express it**, prepares, half apologetically, for the metaphor that follows.

P. 80, l. 35. **saw both sides of the picture**, 'saw life from every point of view,' 'saw the good and evil of life.'

36. **that monarchy was the best government**, etc. How this is so, is explained in the nineteenth chapter, where the Vicar tries to show that the monarch prevents the rich from oppressing the lower classes, whereas in commonwealths "the laws govern the poor, and the rich govern the law."

39. **another name for freedom.** Goldsmith means that those who pretend to be struggling for freedom are usually rich men who are trying to increase their own power at the expense of the throne. See Chapter XIX. and *The Traveller*, 381-386.

no man is so fond of liberty, etc. The professed lovers of liberty are inconsistent. They wish to be free themselves, but to be the masters of others. For instance the Athenian and Roman democrats did not propose to give liberty and citizenship to their slaves.

44. **going forward**, 'about to take place.'

down, 'to the country.' See p. 59, l. 1.

P. 81, l. 5. **many-headed**, so that it is difficult to please. What pleases one section of the public is likely to offend another.

8. **shrugs.** For the popularity of 'shrugs,' see p. 64, l. 8.

only on the stage, 'not in real life.' This is a sarcasm on actors for being untrue to nature.

11. **in keeping**, 'already appropriated by one or other of the actors.'

CHAPTER XXI.

P. 81, l. 20. **equipage**, an old-fashioned word for a fine carriage.

23. **made some overtures**, 'began to pay his addresses to.'

27. **salute him**, 'shake hands with him.'

39. **at best**, etc., 'to do so can produce no better result than the disclosure of one's own disgrace.'

P. 82, l. 4. **too obvious to be mistaken**, 'so very clear that they could not fail to be observed and understood.'

9. **Mr. Thornhill's seeming composure**, 'it appeared very strange to me that Mr. Thornhill was not annoyed at the preference Miss Wilmot showed to my son.'

11. **at the pressing instances of**, 'as we were urgently requested to do so by.'

20. **ensign's commission**, a document signed by the king or queen and appointing a man to the rank of ensign in the army. Those military officers who have such commissions are called commissioned officers. Ensigns were formerly the lowest in rank of commissioned officers. There have been no ensigns in the English army since 1871.

P. 82, l. 27. **shall repay.** 'Shall' with the second person expresses the speaker's will.

This was a favour, 'this was such a great favour that we could not adequately express our gratitude in words.'

28. **of** governs 'which' understood.

33. **to use dispatch,** 'to be quick.' Thornhill was really in a hurry to get him out of the way, as he was a dangerous rival.

43. **sacred king.** See note on p. 68, l. 5. Charles I. was regarded as peculiarly sacred, and was often spoken of as Charles the Martyr, because he was condemned to death by the enemies of the Church of England.

P. 83, l. 1. **with Lord Falkland.** From this we infer that the Vicar's father was killed in the skirmish at Chalgrove, near Oxford, in 1643. If this was the case the Vicar must have been at least 117 years old at the date of the accession of George III., at about which time the events of the story are supposed to take place. Goldsmith does not give us any definite information about his hero's age. The Vicar describes himself in Chapter XXVIII. as being an "old, a very old man," but he is young enough to work in the fields in Chapter VI., and in the end of Chapter XXIV., although in a bad state of health, manages to walk eleven miles through deep snow. We may conjecture that his age was between fifty and sixty.

10. **sigh,** 'sorrowful prayer.'

14. **held,** 'considered.'

16. **asked for the landlord's company,** 'invited the landlord to share a pint of wine with me.' Of course, when this practice was followed, the wine was paid for by the guest. See p. 8, l. 34.

30. **in an ironical way,** because the action was apparently polite, but was really intended to express contemptuous indifference to her anger.

32. **three parts of the business is.** As 'three parts' (=three-fourths) expresses one fraction, it is taken collectively and treated as a singular noun.

33. **soak,** colloquial for 'fill yourself with drink.'

36. **what she would be at,** 'what she wanted.' See p. 33, l. 5.

37. **courtesy.** See p. 15, l. 42.

40. **going out of the windows,** 'being utterly ruined.' The idea is that everything is thrown outside through the windows, till the house is stripped bare.

41. **dunned,** 'asked to pay.'

lief, 'willingly.' 'He would sooner eat that tumbler than move a step after them' (the guests). The hostess, being an uneducated woman, uses old-fashioned and sometimes rather vulgar language.

P. 83, l. 42. **glass** is here a common term meaning a drinking vessel made of glass. Compare 'irons,' 'tins,' 'coppers' (p. 12, l. 33), and 'gauzes' (p. 31, l. 14).

44. **by her over-civility**, 'she is so very polite that I am inclined to think she has no money.'

P. 84, l. 1. **What signifies minding her**, 'what is the use of reminding her,' 'it is unnecessary to remind her.'

2. **if she be slow, she is sure.** The proverbial connection between slowness and sureness is illustrated by the story of the hare and the tortoise.

4. **the cross of her money.** In most of the gold and silver coins in use at the time the royal arms were represented on the reverse in the form of a cross. Compare 'cross and pile.'

7. **that** stands for 'get it.' 'I am resolved we will get it.' Compare p. 57, l. 21.

8. **bag and baggage** once meant the individual and collective property of soldiers, which they were allowed to take away in an honourable capitulation. The phrase is now used contemptuously to express the departure or expulsion with all his or her belongings of anyone who is not wished to return. Compare 'pack off' (p. 68, l. 18).

tramps, contemptuous for 'walks.' The present is used to express certainty in the future, as in Milton, *Paradise Lost*, iv. 965:

> "If from this hour
> Within these hallowed limits thou appear,
> Back to the Infernal Pit I drag thee chained."

11. **sussarara** is explained as meaning a hard blow. In *Tristram Shandy*, "I fell in love all at once with a sisserara," the phrase 'with a sisserara' seems to mean suddenly or violently or both. Others explain sussarara as a corruption of the legal 'certiorari,' but this explanation hardly seems to make sense of the passage.

12. **where they take**, 'where they give pleasure,' 'for those that like them.'

13. **sign of the Harrow.** English inns have pictures as signs or symbols painted on their signboards. This inn would be known as the Harrow.

19. **give thee a mark**, 'I'll give thee a blow, the mark of which will be visible for three months.' For the contemptuous use of the second person pronoun, see p. 51, l. 9.

20. **this three months.** The singular 'this' is used as 'three months' is taken collectively. Compare above "three parts of the business is left to me."

trumpery, 'wretched creature.' See p. 40, l. 34.

21. **take up an honest house**, 'occupy a respectable house.' 'To come and take up' are infinitives expressing indignation.

P. 84, l. 21. **without cross or coin to bless yourself with,** 'without being able to congratulate yourself on the possession of a single coin of any description.' See l. 4.

24. **do the rest,** 'finish the matter and save you farther trouble.'

27. **wretch,** 'miserable creature.'

any way, 'under any circumstances, whatever you may have done.'

30. **thou hadst.** Subjunctive to express a supposition.

34. **and myself, to be a reproach,** 'and I hate myself for bringing disgrace on such a good father.'

39. **abroad,** 'out of doors.'

41. **thing,** contemptuous as applied to a human being. Compare

"Let Sporus tremble—What? That thing of silk,
Sporus, that mere white curd of ass's milk."—Pope.

44. **cold,** 'not expressing affection.'

P. 85, l. 2. **wisdom makes but a slow defence,** 'those who are afflicted by misfortune cannot at first bear their troubles with philosophical equanimity.'

6. **talked ourselves,** etc., 'made ourselves rather more composed by talking.' Compare p. 15, l. 24.

8. **of the gradations,** etc., 'of the successive steps by which she had fallen.'

15. **you labour under,** 'you are affected by.'

22. **abandoned** here means wicked and shameless. On p. 84, l. 23, it simply meant deserted.

25. **Mr. Burchell's letter, who.** See p. 61, l. 24.

32. **triumph in security,** 'exult without any fear of punishment.

39. **popish,** a contemptuous equivalent of 'Roman Catholic.'

no way binding, 'entirely invalid, giving me no legal claim to the position of a wife.'

41. **a priest in orders,** 'a duly ordained priest.' See note on p. 1, l. 20. Even though the necessary legal formalities had not been observed, the Vicar regards the ceremony as a real marriage from a religious point of view, because it was performed by a clergyman.

P. 86, l. 2. **adamant,** an imaginary substance of extreme hardness. Thus laws written upon tables of adamant are laws established as firmly as possible.

5. **six or eight wives,** so that, except on the very improbable supposition of their all being dead, he and Olivia could not have been validly married by the priest.

16. **is written** in the Bible.

never to do evil. The Vicar does not allow that we may do evil that good may come. May I break a promise to prevent a

murder? He would reply in the negative, as breaking a promise is evil, and we must *never* do evil. But surely the Vicar is wrong. If breaking a promise is evil, it is surely more evil to allow a murder to be committed. So that in such a case we have to choose between two evils, and should choose the least. Perhaps it would be better to express our meaning by saying that, though the breaking of a promise is evil in ordinary circumstances, it is not evil in such an exceptional case as we have imagined.

In the trial scene in the *Merchant of Venice* Bassanio says to the Duke, "To do a great right do a little wrong." The Duke refuses to listen to his appeal, but scarcely on the grounds urged by the Vicar.

P. 86, l. 19. **contingent advantage**, 'advantage which is not certain.' Thus in the case considered above, the breaking of the promise would be certain, but the prevention of the murder would be uncertain.

And though the advantage should certainly follow, 'and even if the advantage were not contingent but certain.'

21. **commission and advantage**, 'the commission of sin and the anticipated advantage to be derived from the sin.'

which is allowed to be guilty, 'which (advantage) according to the supposition is obtained by guilt,' that is, by breaking a promise or some other infraction of moral rules.

22. **are called away**, *sc.* by death to another world. This is one of the many English euphemisms for dying.

23. **the volume of human actions is closed for ever.** The idea of the passage is that a man's fate in the next world depends on the record of the actions done in his life. The Vicar seems to imply that, if a man breaks a promise to save a life and dies immediately after breaking his promise, he will get no credit for the life saved after his death by his action. This seems rather a strange idea of justice. Surely in such a case a man would get credit for his good intentions, or, if men get credit only for the actual results of their actions, account would be taken of such results happening after their death.

24. **But I interrupt you.** The Vicar can never resist any opportunity of preaching.

25. **what little expectation I was to have**, 'how little I could expect,' 'how little I could trust.'

36. **baronet.** Baronets are below barons and above knights in rank. They resemble knights in having 'Sir' prefixed before their Christian names, but differ from them inasmuch as their title is hereditary.

37. **My answer**, etc., 'this proposal almost made me mad.'

44. **at a distance.** We should expect 'to a distance.'

P. 87, l. 10. **has gone to her heart**, 'caused her deep sorrow.'

CHAPTER XXII.

P. 87, l. 13. **behind me**, on a pillion. See p. 33, l. 21. The Vicar was riding a horse that he hired when he left Mr. Arnold's house.

19. **each other** is generally used in speaking of two persons, 'one another' of a greater number.

the misfortunes of Nature's making, the misfortunes due to the laws of nature as opposed to those brought about by human wickedness.

24. **sweet unreproaching companions.** Compare Macaulay's remarks on the companionship of books in his *Essay on Bacon.* "These friendships are exposed to no danger from the occurrences by which other attachments are weakened or dissolved Time glides on; fortune is inconstant; tempers are soured; bonds which seemed indissoluble are daily sundered by interest, by emulation, or by caprice. But no such cause can affect the silent converse which we hold with the highest of human intellects. That placid intercourse is disturbed by no jealousies or resentments," and, as the Vicar would add, can be enjoyed by those who, for fear of being reproached, shrink from associating with living friends.

unreproaching is an adjective formed by prefixing the negative prefix 'un' to 'reproaching.' There is of course no such verb as 'unreproach.' Compare 'unsheltering roof,' on p. 92, l. 39.

33. **stage**, halting place on a journey.

36. **new sensations of pleasure.** Here Goldsmith dwells upon the Vicar's anticipation of pleasure so as to make his disappointment more impressive by the force of contrast.

38. **my affections outwent my haste**, 'I was so full of affection that in imagination I was at home long before I could actually get there, although I was going as fast as possible.'

39. **hovered**, his affections resembled a bird returning to its nest, because they went with winged speed, and moved to and fro round his home.

41. **I already felt**, *sc.* in imagination.

P. 88, l. 2. **but slowly.** 'But' is here an adverb. Although the Vicar was in "haste" (see above), he went slowly, being tired and an old man.

5. **deep-mouthed watch-dog**, 'the deep sonorous bark of the watch dog.' Compare *Lady of the Lake*, I. i. 7:

"The deep-mouthed blood-hound's heavy bay."

The epithet traces the sound of the bark to the size and shape of the animal's mouth.

hollow also expresses a deep sonorous sound, such as is reverberated in large cavities. Distance is called 'hollow,' because it produces on sound the same effect as a hollow place.

P. 88, l. 6. **abode of pleasure**, 'pleasant home.' The genitive is used adjectivally as in 'shrine of cost' (costly shrine), 'man of valour' (valiant man).

9. **dilated with**, 'was expanded by,' 'was full of,' 'overflowed with.'

16. **But it was only to objects**, etc., but my recall to life was only a recall to new terrors.

32. **was got out**, 'had made my way out.' The auxiliary 'was' is used with 'get' as it is an intransitive verb expressing motion.

P. 89, l. 3. **notes**, 'bank notes.'

11. **next neighbour**, 'nearest neighbour,' Mr. Flamborough.

not the least assiduous, litotes for 'most energetic.'

13. **untutored benevolence**. The benevolence of the Flamboroughs is called 'untutored,' because they were plain, rough, unrefined country people.

24. **who soon returned**, 'and they soon returned.' For the accumulation of relative clauses compare p. 63, l. 20.

28. **Ah, madam**, etc. The mock politeness and apologetic character of Mrs. Primrose's remarks are ironical, and intended to be very cutting.

37. **which was ever followed**, etc. The Vicar seldom asserted his authority, but, when he did so, he was obeyed. Compare p. 30, l. 40.

38. **woman**. Compare p. 42, l. 44.

45. **keep each other in countenance**, 'give encouragement to one another,' 'prevent one another from looking dejected.' For 'each other' instead of 'one another,' see p. 87, l. 19.

P. 90, l. 2. **Heaven, we are assured**, etc. See *Matthew*, xviii. 12, 13, of which this sentence is an interpretation.

4. **this is right**. Here the Vicar vindicates the ways of God to man. Goldsmith, like Kant, thinks that a man's merit is in proportion to the amount of his virtuous effort or exercise of will, and on this principle the penitent sinner deserves more approval than the man who, having always been virtuous, from the force of habit does virtuous acts without effort.

CHAPTER XXIII.

P. 90, l. 18. **not last**, 'among the foremost.' Litotes.

21. **formed for continuing**, 'of such a kind that it was likely to be permanent.'

27. **with her constitution**, her good looks and her good health began to fail simultaneously.

34. **amusing**, 'interesting.'

P. 90, l. 38. **a story.** A separate story inserted in this way in a longer narrative is called an episode.

39. **a romancing historian,** one who is fond of the fanciful and improbable. The historian referred to is probably Guicciardini (b. 1482—d. 1540), a translation of whose *History of Italy* was published in London in 1755.

P. 91, l. 16. **expedition,** 'rapidity.'

behind him. See p. 87, l. 13.

29. **protracting the siege,** 'postponing the surrender of the city.'

43. **He was her son.** This is like the strange coincidences that give an air of improbability to Goldsmith's own story.

P. 92, l. 7. **colour,** 'complexion,' 'condition.'

23. **visiting round the country,** 'paying visits in the country round about.'

39. **this unsheltering roof,** 'this roof that does not perform the function of a roof.' For the form 'unsheltering,' compare p. 87, l. 24.

43. **for a thousand worlds,** a hyperbolical expression meaning 'on any account.'

exchange situations, *sc.* with Thornhill.

P. 93, l. 2. **life a passage.** Thus Wordsworth, in the poem in which he describes his wife, calls her

"A traveller between life and death."

The same idea is elaborately worked out in Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress.*

3. **improved,** 'made more complete.'

7. **overpowered** agrees with 'daughter.' This bad news was more than her courage could bear.

10. **recovered,** from her fainting fit.

12. **languor of,** 'weakness due to.'

17. **satisfactions.** The plural is used because more persons than one were satisfied. We should now, however, use the singular. Abstract terms were used in the plural more freely in Goldsmith's time than at the present day.

CHAPTER XXIV.

P. 93, l. 23. **peculiar,** 'unusual.' Here again the force of contrast is employed to emphasize the misery produced by Thornhill's appearance. The unfortunate family were just beginning to recover their lost happiness when he reappeared on the scene to plunge them into deeper misery.

24. **the honeysuckle bank,** the sloping piece of ground on which the honeysuckle grew. The definite article is used because it has been already mentioned in the beginning of Chapter v.

P. 93, l. 31. **pleasing distress** is an oxymoron. Compare Wordsworth's

"Sorrow which is not sorrow but delight."

34. **obliged us**, 'been kind enough to sing us a song.'

37. **When lovely woman**, etc. The lines are very pretty and touching, but it seems strange and indelicate that Olivia should be asked to sing a song so obviously referring to her own disgrace.

P. 94, l. 13. **assurance**, 'effrontery.'

17. **my calling**, 'my vocation' or 'profession.' Clergymen are expected to be mild and peaceful.

24. **descended from a family**. See note on p. 83, l. 1.

27. **had nothing**. The past tense is used as the family is now disgraced.

32. **it**, 'your happiness.' The noun has not been expressed, but is suggested by what goes before.

35. **alarmed** (Ital. *all'arme*, to arms), 'aroused,' 'excited,' as in *Par. Lost*, IV. 985,

"On the other side Satan alarmed,
Collecting all his might, dilated stood."

The word generally now means 'frightened,' as in p. 95, l. 31.

37. **get within the soul**, 'find its way into the soul.'

P. 95, l. 1. **your late bond**, the bond for £100 mentioned in Chapter XXI. The transferring of the bond would make the attorney instead of Mr. Thornhill the Vicar's creditor.

2. **prevent the course of justice**, 'prevent him from taking legal measures to enforce payment of the debt.'

6. **driving for the rent**, 'seizing property on account of failure to pay the rent.' The word 'driving' is used, as the property seized would often be cattle that could be driven away.

26. **me**. Strict grammar requires 'I,' but 'me' is often used loosely for 'I.'

33. **the blow** was the seduction of Olivia.

34. **those instruments**, caltrops, balls with four iron spikes. When thrown on the ground each caltrop rests upon three spikes, and presents the fourth spike upwards to pierce the feet of the enemy or their horses' hoofs.

38. **steward**. A landlord's steward is a man employed to collect the rents and supervise the estate.

39. **train**, 'succession.'

41. **being appraised**, 'having their value estimated.'

P. 96, l. 2. **rigorous a season**. This does not seem quite consistent with the warmth of the previous morning, as described in the beginning of the chapter.

P. 96, l. 8. **to the world**, 'before the world,' 'publicly.'

10. **and, to avoid.** 'To avoid' is the infinitive of purpose, 'suffer' is the infinitive after 'would you have.'

12. **mental confinement**, 'slavery of the mind.' He means that his mind will be in the position of a slave, if he forces himself against his principles to treat Mr. Thornhill as an honourable person. In prison his mind may be free and independent, for, as the imprisoned Royalist poet sang,

> "Stone walls do not a prison make,
> Nor iron bars a cage."

14. **a charming apartment**, namely, our own hearts. Compare p. 93, ll. 19–21.

19. **clearing it away**, etc., removing the snow, so that the path to the door might be free from obstruction.

21. **all**, 'altogether.'

22. **making** (used intransitively), 'making their way,' 'advancing.'

27. **eleven miles off.** Mr. Ford identifies the town, in which the Vicar was imprisoned, with Pickering, situated at a distance of eleven miles from Kirkby Moorside.

32. **want clothes**, 'have not enough clothes.'

33. **if it must be so——.** The dash indicates an aposiopesis.

39. **had lost anguish in insensibility**, 'had fainted and so been freed from her distress of mind.'

43. **several hints**, from the impatient officers.

44. **use dispatch**, 'make haste.'

CHAPTER XXV.

P. 97, l. 7. **behind him.** See p. 87, l. 13; p. 91, l. 16.

9. **leaned upon**, 'was supported by.'

13. **with dreadful imprecations.** Their violence indicates that the Vicar had, as might have been expected, entirely won their hearts. The rough manner, in which they manifested their affection, was the natural result of their ignorance. Compare p. 8, l. 29.

17. **might have been fatal**, 'some one might have been killed.'

22. **containing their raptures**, 'repressing their feelings of joy.'

23. **poor** expresses pity, as in p. 41, l. 34. They were also 'poor' in the ordinary sense of the word, but that we have been told already.

27. **fly in the face of**, 'act in direct opposition to.' The phrase suggests a comparison with a fierce animal that attacks one's face. Here, as before, justice is identified with the operation of the law.

28. **ringleader**, originally a leader of a ring or circle of dancers, and then, as here, a leader in some unlawful combination.

P. 97, l. 34. **pen my fold for immortality**, metaphorical for 'collect my parishioners for admission into everlasting life.' The Vicar imagines himself collecting his flock on the last day to lead them before the judgment seat of God. 'Fold,' originally the enclosure in which a flock is confined, here, by metonymy, means 'flock,' just as 'the house' often means 'the members of the House of Commons.'

36. **all repentance**, 'entirely repentant,' 'full of repentance.' 'Repentance' is an abstract used for a concrete term. Compare p. 35, l. 29.

P. 98, l. 7. **for the purposes of war**. Goldsmith is probably thinking of the old castle in Pickering, which was besieged in the Great Rebellion.

9. **common to both felons and debtors**. This is intended to call attention to a great evil in the old prison system in England. As the imprisonment of debtors may be the result of unavoidable misfortune, they ought not to be compelled to associate in prison with criminals. The first steps in the reformation of English prisons were due to the efforts John Howard began to make in 1773. Goldsmith's wise remarks on the subject no doubt paved the way for Howard's reforms.

17. **perquisites**, 'gratuities,' presents sanctioned by custom, something like the Indian *dasturi*. It was the custom for new prisoners to provide some money for the entertainment of the old prisoners. In this way they paid their footing.

23. **same confinement with them**, 'the same confinement as they feel.' 'Same with' has become obsolete.

24. **more reason to be happy**, because he has a good conscience, whereas they should feel remorse for their crimes.

27. **which is itself painful**, and therefore cannot produce cheerfulness.

31. **never to avoid**, etc. This indicates the Vicar's social disposition, a sociability based on benevolence.

34. **knowing** originally meant 'intelligent,' but is now used colloquially in the sense of 'cunning,' a word which has undergone a similar degradation of meaning. It is difficult to determine in which of the two senses the word is used here.

unlettered sense, 'good sense not derived from book learning,' like that of Horace's "rusticus abnormis sapiens."

45. **in a gaol in misfortunes**. This use of 'in' to express first position and then circumstances is rather clumsy.

P. 99, l. 1. **sage ancient**. 'Ancient' is here used as a noun, as in p. 19, l. 3.

2. **Ton kosmon**, etc. 'Take the world, if you give me my comrade.' The Vicar's Greek is not quite correct, as 'ei' should not be followed by the subjunctive mood.

P. 99, l. 9. **Sanchoniathon**, etc. See notes on p. 46, ll. 5 and 6.

15. **demand**, question.

16. **one Doctor Primrose**, a person called Dr. Primrose. 'One' is used in this sense to introduce the mention of a person whose name may be unknown.

21. **bought a horse, but forgot to pay for him**, a humorous euphemism for stealing. Jenkinson, however, did pay for the horse, but with a draft that he knew to be worthless.

24. **coiner**, 'a maker of false money.'

26. **shackles**, 'irons.' Jenkinson, though not yet convicted, was in irons according to the barbarous practice of the age. Irons are seldom used now except in extreme cases.

P. 100, l. 3. **when you least expect it**. He is already thinking of the important revelation that he makes in Chapter XXXI.

12. **Corrector**, God, who punishes men for their own good. "Whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth" (*Hebrews*, xii. 6).

CHAPTER XXVI.

P. 100, l. 17. **everything about us**, the strong walls surrounding the prison, the grated windows, etc.

27. **with humanity**. Notice Goldsmith's belief in the goodness of the average man. He describes the gaoler, the officers of the law, and the criminal Jenkinson as moved by kindly feelings. His good men have their failings, and his bad men, with perhaps the exception of Mr. Thornhill, have their redeeming virtues. Compare *Citizen of the World*, XCI. At the same time the permission given by the gaoler illustrates the laxness of prison discipline.

28. **lie**, in its old sense of 'lodge,' 'pass the night.'

P. 101, l. 3. **a day-labourer**. That Moses should be sent to seek work as a hired labourer indicates the low social position of the country clergy at this time.

8. **against**, 'in preparation for to-morrow.'

17. **future**. Of course God was really as much their enemy then as He would be in the future. The epithet 'future' is used to express the fact that God's enmity to them would be terribly manifested at a future date, namely, on the Day of Judgment.

18. **blotted my own uneasiness**, etc., 'made me forget my own troubles.'

29. **service**, church service, the portion of the Prayer Book prescribed to be read in church.

31. **groans of contrition burlesqued**, ludicrous mimicry of the groans by which repentant sinners express remorse for their sins.

36. **exhortation**, 'sermon.'

P. 101, l. 38. **previously observed**, 'began by remarking.'

39. **to this**, to this course, namely, preaching to them.

45. **what signifies calling**, what is the sense of calling, it is perfectly absurd to call.

P. 102, l. 5. **hereafter**, 'in the next world.'

10. **after robbing a house.** The Vicar, in acordance with an important rule laid down in books of rhetoric, adapts his address to his audience by employing such homely language as they were accustomed to, and by making use of an illustration that is sure to come home to them, as it is taken from their everyday life. The Vicar also followed the rules of rhetoric at the commencement of his harangue by beginning with some humorous remarks, which immediately amused, interested, and attracted the goodwill of his hearers. Had he begun in tones of solemn rebuke, they would have been offended and adopted a hostile attitude, which would have prevented them from deriving any benefit from his discourse.

13. **already betrayed you**, by causing you to be imprisoned.

16. **will not let you loose**, 'will confine you for ever in Hell after you are dead.'

19. **very honest**, a curious compliment to come from a collection of thieves.

22. **no man was past**, etc. Compare C. Reade's novel, *It is Never too Late to Mend.*

39. **pretty tolerable in morals**, litotes for 'good.'

P. 103, l. 10. **a proper mark for deception**, 'a person likely to be easily imposed upon.' A mark is an object at which one aims.

13. **the black ribbon.** Compare p. 38, l. 45.

14. **no disparagement to your parts**, an elliptical expression meaning 'I do not intend to express a low opinion of your cleverness.'

15. **with all my tricks**, 'in spite of all my cunning.'

16. **have been too many for me**, 'have got the better of me.'

21. **The traveller.** This sentence, although not introduced by a particle of comparison, is really a simile comparing life to a journey, and pointing out that constant suspicion is just as prejudicial to success in life as it is in a journey.

25. **the knowing one**, 'the cunning person.'

29. **cocked my hat**, as was done by those who were fashionable or wished to appear so. Compare p. 38, l. 38.

32. **sharper**, 'cheat.'

in my own defence. As nobody trusted him, he could not make himself a living by honest means, and so was compelled to have recourse to dishonesty.

37. **grew rich.** Flamborough is an illustration of the proverb that "Honesty is the best policy." Honest Flamborough, in spite of his

simplicity, succeeded in life better than the clever but dishonest Jenkinson. A similar contrast will be found in R. Boldrewood's *Robbery under Arms.*

P. **104**, l. 2. **hit upon,** 'thought of.'

CHAPTER XXVII.

P. 104, l. 11. **Excuse me,** *sc.* for contradicting you.

12. **that,** etc., 'the fact of their being men gives them a strong claim upon my affection.'

13. **returns,** etc. Those who give good advice benefit themselves at least; for every one is made better by trying to do good to his fellowmen, whether he is successful or not.

16. **thousands ready to offer their ministry.** There are always large numbers of clergymen anxious to attend upon the most wicked kings.

20. **gulf,** of sin.

25. **some gaol trick,** one of the practical jokes that prisoners are fond of playing on one another.

the Doctor. Here the Vicar speaks of himself in the third person so as to let us know the name he was known by in the prison.

29. **would cry,** 'was in the habit of amusing the company greatly by exclaiming "Amen" in an unnatural tone of voice.' 'Amen' is a Hebrew word meaning 'So be it' used at the end of prayers. Generally the audience join with the clergyman in uttering the word.

37. **little beings.** He calls them 'little beings' because their system of petty annoyances indicated their littleness of mind.

perfectly sensible, 'knowing quite well.'

P. 105, l. 2. **sensibility** is here used in a moral sense and means 'susceptibility to moral feelings.'

3. **now** is redundant as it has already been expressed in the principal clause, 'It was now.'

temporal, as opposed to spiritual and moral.

6. **tumultuous riot,** etc. As the tumultuous riot would be at the time of excess and the bitter repining at the time of famine, the order of the words is what is called *chiasmus* and reverse order.

8. **tobacco-stoppers,** plugs for pressing down the tobacco in the bowl of a pipe.

idle industry is an oxymoron or apparent contradiction. Compare Horace's "strenua nos exercet inertia," and *Marmion*, IV. Int. 51.

> "Or idly busied him to guide
> His angle o'er the lessened tide."

P. 105, l. 9. **pegs**, sharp pieces of hard wood used to stir the tobacco in the bowl of a pipe, and so make it draw better.

11. **when manufactured.** The Vicar arranged for the sale of the pegs made out of the wood.

16. **something social and humane**, 'a kind of civilized community.'

20. **it were highly to be wished.** Here Goldsmith through the mouth of the Vicar of Wakefield directly recommends the reformation of the prison system and sketches with great skill the means by which the state might with advantage to itself improve the lot of prisoners.

22. **seem convinced**, 'appear to be convinced,' 'act as if it were convinced.' It is not clear why Goldsmith did not write 'be convinced.'

23. **but formidable**, 'but by making them formidable.' Legal punishments, especially death by hanging, were so common in Goldsmith's time that familiarity bred contempt, and they lost their deterrent effect. Things had come to such a pass that capital punishment was regarded as an ordinary mode of terminating one's existence. Goldsmith wished to reduce the number of punishments, so that they might be formidable by their rarity. "Since punishments are sometimes necessary," he remarks in the *Citizen of the World*, Letter LXXX., "let them at least be rendered terrible by being executed but seldom; and let Justice lift her sword rather to terrify than revenge."

24. **find or make men guilty**, 'make men vicious, if they were not so before.' The prisons made men guilty by forcing the innocent or less guilty to associate with and be contaminated by the most abandoned criminals. See note on p. 98, l. 9.

26. **if returned alive.** Many prisoners died of what was called gaol fever, a disease due to the neglect of all sanitary precautions in gaols.

27. **places of penitence**, 'penitentiaries.' Goldsmith's wish was realized four years after his death by an Act for the establishment of penitentiary houses, dated 1778. "The object in view was thus stated. It was hoped by sobriety, cleanliness, and medical assistance, by a regular series of labour, by solitary confinement during the intervals of work, and by due religious instruction, to preserve and amend the health of the unhappy offenders, to inure them to habits of industry, to guard them from pernicious company, to accustom them to serious reflexion, and to teach them both the principles and practice of every Christian and moral duty. The experience of a century has added nothing to these, the true principles of penal discipline" (*Encyclopædia Britannica*, XIX., p. 748).

30. **the increasing punishments** ought to be 'the increasing of punishments.' See p. 6, l. 9.

P. 105, l. 33. **offences of a slight nature.** See p. 51, l. 3. Mr. R. Mackenzie, in his *Nineteenth Century*, writing of the previous century, remarks: "If a man injured Westminster Bridge he was hanged. If he cut down young trees; if he shot at rabbits; if he stole property valued at five shillings; if he stole anything at all from a bleachfield; if he wrote a threatening letter to exact money; if he returned prematurely from transportation,—for any of these offences he was immediately hanged." Even at a later date than this Romilly remarked that the laws of England were written in blood.

36. **all nature rises in arms,** 'all man's natural instincts are roused to indignation.'

38. **Natural law** is a code of rules which would be binding on men in a state of nature, that is, before the establishment of political government. Rousseau and many other writers of this time made imaginary sketches of the condition of Man in the primitive state and of the laws they would be bound to obey. Of course they did not all agree. Laws that seemed natural laws to some were rejected by others. From this passage we see that in Goldsmith's opinion natural law allows a man to defend himself, but not to possess property. Such an argument would never convince an opponent who thought that the right of holding property was part of the Law of Nature.

by that, 'according to natural law.'

40. **a compact.** Man is supposed to have emerged from the state of nature by a compact, usually called the Social Contract, by which individuals mutually sacrificed their original liberty and agreed to obey certain laws and rulers. It was supposed, however, that there were certain limits to the sacrifices allowed in such a contract, and here Goldsmith assumes that no man has any right to sacrifice his life by a contract. If he does so, the contract must be considered invalid or a false compact.

43. **take it away,** by committing suicide.

it is not his own, but God's.

44. **inadequate** (Lat. *in*, not; *adæquatus*, made equal to), here means 'disproportionate.' The word generally means 'insufficient for a certain purpose.' Here it expresses the disproportion between the penalty and the advantage secured to society by the penalty.

45. **equity,** is opposed to the letter of the law, and means the general principles of justice supposed to underlie the law. A court of equity is a court administering such justice and correcting the harshness of the ordinary law, as was done by the Court of Chancery in England.

P. 106, l. 3. **false,** 'invalid.'

5. **myriads** (from a Greek word meaning 'ten thousand'), immense numbers.'

P. 106, l. 7. **untutored,** 'unsophisticated,' 'not perverted by civilization.'

Savages. The political philosophers of the time sometimes supported their descriptions of the state of nature by references to the manners and customs of savages. Often, however, as in the passage before us, imaginary facts of savage life were invented to support their imaginary descriptions of the state of nature. Real savages are seldom "very tender of the lives of each other."

11. **few executions.** The Saxon codes of law allowed pecuniary compensation for almost all offences, including homicide. They, however, punished housebreaking and open theft with death.

13. **have the print of nature,** etc., 'that still retain distinct traces of the state of nature from which they have lately emerged.'

14. **held capital,** 'regarded as punishable by death.'

16. **in the hands of the rich,** 'under the control of the rich,' 'made and administered by the rich.' Compare again

"Laws grind the poor and rich men rule the law."

20. **paled up,** 'shut up in a palisade,' 'protected.'

21. **new edicts.** "It is said that before the Revolution the number of capital offences did not exceed sixty, but in George II.'s reign alone sixty-three new ones were added" (Curtis's *History of England*). Compare p. 105, l. 33.

hung round with gibbets, etc., 'protected by laws enacting capital punishment to deter those who might be inclined to rob.'

25. **more convicts in a year,** etc.

28. **the same punishment affixed to dissimilar degrees of guilt.** For instance, as pickpockets, who stole five shillings, and murderers were hanged alike, the law taught the people to think murder a small offence not much worse than a petty theft.

31. **the multitude of laws produce new vices.** The numerous laws produce this effect not by their number, but because the numerous new laws that Goldsmith was thinking of punished small offences with death, and thus impaired the moral sense of the people.

35. **convulsion,** 'a political convulsion,' 'a revolution.'

37. **converting correction into vengeance.** The object of legal punishment, Goldsmith rightly thinks, ought to be the amendment of the offender rather than vengeance or the satisfaction of the angry feelings of those who have suffered from the crime. Compare the passage quoted on p. 105, l. 33.

38. **restrictive arts of government,** a policy aiming at the restriction or limiting of the amount of crime.

41. **refiner.** The refiner purifies metal by freeing it from the impure scum called dross. The Vicar means that the poor people then persecuted by oppressive laws were more like good metal that could be purified than dross.

P. 106, l. 42. **stuck up for long tortures**, 'condemned to a long period of misery in prison.' Perhaps the Vicar uses these words to suggest a comparison between English prisoners and captives in America fastened in a prominent position (stuck up) to be subjected to long and painful tortures at the hands of their captors. The Red Indians usually tied their captured enemies to a stake and tortured them for a long time without killing them outright.

luxury, 'the luxurious rich.' Abstract for concrete.

43. **to sinew the state**, 'strengthen the state' by enlisting in its service the energy now directed to bad ends. Scott ascribes this wise policy to Pitt:

"Who, when the frantic crowd amain
Strain'd at subjection's bursting rein,
O'er their wild mood full conquest gain'd,
The pride, he would not crush, restrain'd,
Show'd their fierce zeal a worthier cause,
And brought the freeman's arm to aid the freeman's laws."

45. **so base as that**, etc., a confusion of two constructions, 'so base as not to be amended by perseverance,' and 'so base that perseverance cannot amend them.'

P. 107, l. 1. **a man may see his last crime**, etc., a criminal may be prevented from committing more crimes by other means than capital punishment.

2. **very little blood**, etc. Life and property may be made secure with very few executions. This is shown to be possible by the state of affairs at the present day in England. Capital punishment is now very rare, and yet security is much greater than it was in Goldsmith's time.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

P. 107, l. 7. **more than a fortnight**. Adding this period of more than a fortnight to the five days during which the Vicar waited for an answer from Sir William Thornhill, we may conclude that the Vicar was in prison for about three weeks.

9. **Having communicated** agrees with the nominative absolute 'I' understood. We have had several instances of this loose construction before. See p. 12, l. 24.

14. **moulded every feature to alarm me**, 'produced a change in her whole face which caused me great apprehension.'

15. **tense**, 'drawn tight.' Her face had lost the roundness of youth and health.

25. **here**, 'in this world.'

27. **a proper submission**, 'such a submission as would be proper,' that is, prudent under the circumstances.

P. 107, l. 35. **have my consent.** It will be remembered that in p. 95, l. 8, Mr. Thornhill had the audacity to propose that the Primrose family should be present at his marriage.

37. **who was by,** 'who was present.'

41. **she** ought to be 'her,' governed by the preposition 'of.' As it stands, 'she' is a nominative absolute.

P. 108, l. 8. **a debtor of his,** one of his debtors. See note on p. 22, l. 5.

10. **from hence.** In this combination 'from' is redundant, as motion is sufficiently expressed by the suffix '-ce' (= the genitival suffix '-es').

11. **something whispers me,** 'addresses me in a low voice,' 'secretly intimates to me.' The mysterious feeling in the Vicar's mind was like a presentiment except that it referred to the present. We shall find presently that the feeling was not a delusion, as Olivia was really Thornhill's wife.

12. **it would be giving,** 'to do so would be to give.'

15. **to attempt putting,** 'if I attempted to put.'

17. **wish him married.** The Vicar does not seem to think of the misery and degradation that would be the lot of a woman married to such a villain. In this respect he shows a bluntness of moral perception surprising in such a good man, but characteristic of the age in which he lived. Richardson's novels illustrate the fact that, if a woman made a good marriage from a worldly point of view, she was supposed to have done well, even if her husband was a libertine. Compare the extreme joy of the Vicar and his family in Chapter XXXI., when it is discovered that Olivia's marriage was valid.

19. **instrument,** 'formal document.'

23. **my daughter's life,** etc., her health was so much impaired that her life was not likely to detain me long in prison.

29. **my life for it,** elliptical for, 'I would hazard my life on the truth of my statement.' Jenkinson would be ready to forfeit his life, if an answer did not come in three days.

31. **wanted paper,** 'had no paper.'

P. 109, l. 8. **its prison,** either the body in which the soul is imprisoned, or the gaol in which the Vicar's soul and body were confined.

11. **comfort,** retained object, after the passive 'I was debarred.'

17. **too old to weep.** A very natural remark. Children so seldom see grown-up people in tears, that they think only children weep. Goldsmith was very fond of children and had observed their ways with loving interest. One of the most pleasing reminiscences of our author is the story of how he performed delightful conjuring tricks for the benefit of a naughty boy, who had got into disgrace by slapping him on the face The story is related by the naughty boy himself, George Colman the younger.

P. 109, l. 25. **now is here used as a conjunction**, being equivalent to 'now that.' As Olivia was dead, Mr. Thornhill's marriage could now do her no harm.

was no more, 'no longer existed,' 'was dead.'

37. **the eternal tribunal.** Compare p. 97, l. 34.

40. **sick almost to fainting**, 'so sick that I am almost fainting.'

very sick. The plain matter-of-fact adverb 'very' is forcible here, as it gives the reality of simple truth to the Vicar's account of himself.

41. **that**, his wringing my heart.

P. 110, l. 9. **which when.** This combination of relative pronoun and relative adverb in one clause is unusual and more in accordance with Latin than with English idiom.

14. **to his attorney.** That is to say, he refused to have any more personal communications with the Primrose family.

22. **an helpless.** See note on p. 2, l. 31.

30. **What though**, 'what does it matter though.'

38. **sure**, 'surely.' See note on p. 22, l. 6.

P. 111, l. 4. **made up**, 'completed.'

nor is it in the power. He is now completely miserable, so that no new misfortune can add to his misery. Compare p. 71, l. 17.

6. **The child that was next my heart.** Elsewhere (p. 29, l. 6, and p. 31, l. 33) we have seen reason to believe that Olivia was the Vicar's favourite daughter. It is however quite natural that sympathy and indignation should make him at such a moment as this speak as if he thought Sophia the dearest of his children.

8. **the wisdom.** Her name, which is the Greek for 'wisdom,' indicates that she was the wise one of the family.

support. Here the Vicar addresses God.

9. **Not to leave me one.** 'To leave' is an absolute infinitive. The Vicar naturally expresses his emotion in short broken sentences, expressing thoughts that are not logically connected. As Herbert Spencer remarks, "Extreme brevity is a characteristic of passionate language. The sentences are generally incomplete; the particles are omitted; and frequently important words are left to be gathered from the context."

21. **I have a letter.** The letter was not addressed to Moses, and it appears strange first that he should have opened it, and secondly that, as he had opened it, his mother did not know its contents. All this requires explanation.

27. **lieutenancy.** In military rank a lieutenant was immediately above an ensign. There is no mention of this promise of a lieutenancy in the letter that follows. We cannot suppose that there were two letters, one addressed to Moses and one to the Vicar, as Moses says, "You shall see *the* letter," that is, the letter already spoken of.

P. 111, l. 41. **upon his mother's blessing,** 'if he wished his mother to give him her blessing.'

heart, 'courage.'

43. **has miscarried,** 'has not reached its destination.'

44. **at rest,** 'free from further anxiety.'

Woman. Compare p. 42, l. 44.

P. 112, l. 1. **gulf,** 'abyss of sin and misery.'

5. **away,** 'from this world.' This is one of the many euphemisms to express the fact of death.

10. **robbed from me,** 'torn away from me by violence.' This is an unusual use of the verb 'rob,' which generally governs an object of the person who is plundered.

20. **whatever your happiness.** Notice the contrast between this imaginary picture of happiness and the miserable reality. A similar contrast will be found in p. 59, ll. 29-33. Such contrasts between thoughts and facts are employed with great effect by Shakespeare and other tragedians. Thus in *Othello* Desdemona, who is soon to perish by her husband's excessive jealousy, exclaims:

> "Jealous? methinks the sun, where he was born,
> Drew all such humour from him."

23. **is countermanded,** 'has received an order opposed to the previous order.' The regiment had been ordered abroad (Chapter XXI.), but it was now ordered to remain in England.

28. **you know whom,** 'the person whose name it is not necessary for me to mention,' namely, Miss Wilmot.

31. **sir.** The introduction of the respectful 'sir' softens the force of the reproach.

34. **arrant little baggages.** 'Baggage' was applied as a term of abuse to worthless women, and is here used playfully, as terms of abuse often are, to express familiarity and affection. 'Arrant' is another form of 'errant,' and by derivation means 'wandering.' As the worst kind of thieves were called 'arrant,' that is, 'wandering thieves,' 'arrant' came to mean 'downright,' 'notorious,' 'unmitigated,' which is the sense of the word here.

44. **which,** namely, the mother and the babes.

P. 113, l. 3. **like that of a tumult.** As a tumult or uproar is a kind of noise, 'like a tumult' would be enough. Notice how our curiosity is excited and intensified by degrees. The reader, like the Vicar, is kept in suspense for some time, and so is more able to sympathize with the agony of the Vicar, when both of them, as it were simultaneously, discover that the prisoner is George Primrose.

4. **died away,** 'ceased.'

10. **and do I behold?** 'And' used at the beginning of the sentence may be regarded as connecting the remark made with some unex-

pressed thought that was in the mind immediately before. We thus find 'and' the first word of some lyrical poems, as in Byron's *Elegy on Thyrza*:

"And thou art dead, as young and fair
As aught of mortal birth,"

where, as in the passage before us, the 'and' expresses surprise at some fact that can hardly be realized.

P. 113, l. 10. **do I behold thee thus?** and the two succeeding questions are rhetorical questions. They merely express surprise, and are not intended to be answered.

11. **is this the manner you return?** 'Is this the manner that you return?' 'Is this how you return?' Here the relative is understood in the adverbial objective case, equivalent to an adverb of manner. For this objective case, compare "Have you a robber that will commit the oldest sins the newest *kind* of ways?" (*Shakespeare*). 'Manner' and 'way' are often so used in the objective case. See p. 8, l. 10; p. 9, l. 12.

12. **Oh that,** 'oh, how I wish that!'

22. **the death of the youthful is happy,** because by dying young they escape many miseries. Compare the common saying, 'Those whom the gods love die young.'

24. **untimely,** adv. 'prematurely.'

28. **Hold, sir.** Compare the similar scene on p. 60.

30. **arrogate the justice of Heaven,** 'audaciously take upon you God's function of judging men.' Compare *Matthew*, vii. 1.

36. **no offence of thine.** See note on p. 22, l. 5.

38. **to make his ancestors,** etc. The Vicar was proud of his ancestry. Compare p. 8, l. 11; p. 59, l. 29; p. 82, l. 43.

43. **not in person.** As we have seen before (p. 75, l. 3), Thornhill was too cowardly to fight a duel.

P. 114, l. 3. **the statute** does not mean any particular law, as there are no special statutes against duelling in the English law. In England the duellist who kills his adversary is a murderer in the eyes of the law. George Primrose means that by sending a challenge he had taken the first step in breaking the law of England. As the sender of a challenge he was guilty of incitement to murder.

5. **find them in your example,** 'receive lessons of fortitude from your example.' In effect the Vicar is asked to practise what he formerly preached. "Example," as the proverb says, "is better than precept."

6. **shall,** in the second person, to express the speaker's determination.

P. 114, l. 10. **I will point out the way.** In like manner the good clergyman in the *Deserted Village*:

"Allured to brighter worlds and led the way."

11. **our flight,** 'our winged ascent to heaven.'

CHAPTER XXIX.

P. 114, l. 30. **still more to suffer.** The Vicar here gives it as his opinion that there is more suffering than happiness in the world. Butler expresses the same pessimistic view of human life in the beginning of his sixth sermon. "Suppose," he says, "we are capable of happiness and of misery in degrees equally intense and extreme, yet we are capable of the latter for a much longer time beyond all comparison." Similarly Schopenhauer writes: "The pleasure in this world, it has been said, outweighs the pain; or, at any rate, there is an even balance between the two. If the reader wishes to see shortly whether this statement is true, let him compare the respective feelings of two animals, one of which is eating the other."

33. **we daily see thousands.** The Vicar surely cannot mean that thousands of people were to be seen committing suicide every day. In the whole course of the story not a single instance of suicide is recorded. It is impossible to attach any definite meaning to the sentence, which must be regarded as merely an exaggerated statement of the fact that many persons commit suicide.

they have nothing left to hope, 'they are in a state of utter despair.'

37. **the formation of universal felicity,** 'the production of universal happiness,' which will be accomplished not in this, but in the next world. The Vicar here touches upon the great problem of the existence of evil, the question why an omnipotent and benevolent God allows the existence of pain. As the Vicar looks forward to *universal* felicity, he seems to anticipate the eventual extinction of pain and evil, which is however incompatible with the common Christian doctrine of eternal punishment in Hell. Perhaps he uses 'universal felicity' loosely in the sense of "unceasing (eternal) felicity" for the good. See p. 115, l. 36.

39. **the great system,** 'the universe.'

P. 115, l. 1. **might be useless if known,** 'the knowledge of the answers to the questions would perhaps be useless.'

7. **amusing,** in its older meaning, 'interesting.' The word now generally expresses what excites an inclination to laugh.

10. **here,** 'in this world.'

11. **destroy each other,** 'are inconsistent.' The shortness of life cannot be regarded as a consolation if life has many comforts to offer. Nor yet can the length of life, which according to the first view

would be desirable, afford us consolation, because, according to the second view, life is full of miseries. It should however be noticed that, although these two views are obviously inconsistent, one of them may be true. We may accept either of the philosophical consolations offered, but not both.

P. 115, l. 14. **fitting up**, 'furnishing,' 'preparing.'

15. **another abode**, 'heaven.'

16. **he has been making himself a heaven of happiness here**, 'he has been here (in this world) securing for himself by his good life heavenly happiness.' At the moment of death his mind made perfect by his virtuous life is a heaven of happiness to him.

18. **shrinks from his body**, 'tremblingly leaves his body.' The terrors of conscience at the moment of death are so great, that he is punished severely by himself for his wickedness even before God pronounces his doom at the Day of Judgment. As the agony of remorse is inflicted on a man by his own mind, and is the necessary result of the wicked acts he has chosen to commit, the conscience-stricken man is naturally regarded as punishing himself.

20. **in every circumstance of life**, 'whether we are happy or miserable.'

29. **the heavy laden**, a scriptural expression meaning 'oppressed by many troubles and griefs.' See *Matthew*, xi. 28. 'Laden' is the old strong form of the participle.

31. **professes himself the wretch's friend**. See *Luke*, iv. 18; *Matthew*, ix. 13, xi. 19. Christ's loving-kindness for the miserable is manifested all through the Gospels.

35. **it is not in the power**. The remark seems to limit the omnipotence of God. Practically, however, it is generally admitted that what is inconceivable cannot even be effected by divine power. For instance, as a Greek poet says, even God cannot make undone what has been done. "Not even to God," writes Pliny, "are all things possible; for he could not compass his own death, if he willed to die."

39. **it diminishes their pain here**, by holding out hope of eventually obtaining everlasting release from pain.

43. **smoothes the passage there**, 'makes the journey to the other life easier,' 'diminishes the terrors of death.' 'There' is an adverb qualifying 'passage,' as if it were an adjective.

44. **The man of sorrows**, 'the unhappy man.' This is a Biblical expression applied to Christ in *Isaiah*, liii. 3.

45. **without possessions to regret, and but few ties**. This is the reading of the edition of 1773. Accepting this reading we must regard 'ties' as governed by 'with,' which is suggested by 'without.' It is a peculiar instance of zeugma, in which we have to understand from a word its opposite. The first edition reads, "The man of

sorrows lays himself quietly down, he has no possessions to regret and but few ties."

P. 116, l. 2. **separation**, of mind and body.

4. **every new breach**, etc., by a beneficent provision of nature at the hour of death the pain that is killing us produces unconsciousness when it reaches a certain degree of intensity. This is true of pain generally. By the metaphorical word 'breach' the constitution is compared to a besieged city. This is a favourite comparison of Goldsmith's. See p. 67, l. 40, and p. 73, l. 8.

8. **which arises from contrasted enjoyment.** Happiness is greater when it succeeds misery. As Dryden sings, "Sweet is pleasure after pain." The converse of this is expressed by Tennyson in the line:

"A sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things."

12. **it was mentioned.** In the parable referred to (see *Luke*, xvi.) Abraham says to the rich man, who is in Hell, "Son, remember that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things and Lazarus in like manner evil things: but now here he is comforted and thou art in anguish." Lazarus is the name of the poor man in the parable. It will be seen from the quotation that, although the parable contrasts the poor man's happiness in heaven with his misery on earth, this contrast is not distinctly asserted to be a source of happiness.

20. **equal hopes.** This hardly agrees with *Matthew*, xix. 24, "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God."

25. **must** here is used in its logical sense to introduce a conclusion derived from premisses.

it must make up by duration. The happiness enjoyed by the rich on earth may be more intense than the happiness derived by the poor in heaven from the contrast between their actual happiness and their past misery; but the former is temporary, while the latter is eternal. Suppose for instance that the yearly amount of happiness due to this contrast be represented by x and the more intense happiness enjoyed every year by the rich on earth be $6x$, it is evident that x multiplied by infinity is greater than $6x$ multiplied by some limited number expressing the limited number of years a man can live. In this calculation the Vicar leaves out of account or regards as equal the happiness enjoyed by rich and poor in heaven from the presence of God and other sources of happiness common to both.

what is a cognate object governed by "exceeded."

34. **they**, 'the poor.'

36. **No vain efforts.** This is scarcely consistent with the sentiments expressed on p. 96, l. 13, and elsewhere.

refined, 'subtle,' 'ingenious.' Perhaps Goldsmith is thinking of Adam Smith who, in his ingenious *Theory of the Moral Sentiments*, published in 1759, remarks that "in ease of body and peace of mind

all the different ranks of life are nearly upon a level, and the beggar, who suns himself by the highway, possesses that security which kings are fighting for." Goldsmith's scheme of the equal distribution of happiness takes heaven into account.

P. 116, l. 37. **elastic sweetness**, 'sweetness due to elasticity.' Air in its natural state is very elastic, but becomes less so when loaded with moisture. Shakespeare also expresses the connection between the freshness of the air and its elasticity, when he makes Duncan say,

> "This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
> Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
> Unto our gentle senses."—*Macbeth*, I. vi.

39. **couch of softness**, 'soft couch.' 'Of softness' is a genitive of quality.

40. **the effort**, etc. Compare p. 98, l. 27.

45. **be**. The subjunctive is used because the Vicar does not think this a probable supposition.

P. 117, l. 1. **of all men the most miserable**. Compare, for the language and the thought, 1 *Corinthians*, xv. 19.

3. **this light**, etc. This is evidently a reminiscence of Milton's Hell, from the flames of which there was

> "No light; but rather darkness visible
> Served only to discover sights of woe."

5. **those groans—**. The dash after groans indicates that the sentence is broken off unfinished. Owing to a change of construction the adverbial clauses are left without a principal clause.

7. **unconfined as air**, 'free as air.' 'Unconfined' agrees with some indefinite pronoun understood. Air under ordinary circumstances is free, although, of course, it is quite possible to shut it up in a box or bottle.

8. **carol over**, sing joyfully from beginning to end. 'Over' is here an adverb.

12. **his sharpest arrow**, 'the greatest pang inflicted upon me by approaching death is a comfort and consolation to me.' Goldsmith means that such pains are desirable, as they shorten one's life and bring one nearer death and the happiness of heaven. For the extravagant idea of arrows as a support compare the story of the fall of Bhishma in the *Mahabharata*. That hero, when he fell, lay resting on the innumerable arrows in his body, and Arjuna made him a pillow of three arrows!

16. **yearn for them**. From the contrast intended we should expect the verb expressing the desire of the poor for heaven to be much stronger than the verb expressing the desire of the rich. But 'yearn for' is not much stronger than 'groan for.'

19. **what** has for antecedent the idea of the following sentence, namely, the exclusion from temptations.

P. 117, l. 22. **shortly too**, 'they will also be ours very soon.' This idea of the rapid acquisition of the joys of heaven is the antecedent of the preceding 'what.'

24. **as we grow older**, etc. Compare Campbell's lines:

> "The more we live, more brief appear
> Our life's succeeding stages."

25. **our intimacy with Time.** Time is here personified. The meaning is that, when men have lived a long time, they are less conscious of the duration of time, *i.e.* time seems to pass more quickly.

30. **like his horizon.** The same comparison is used in *The Traveller* to illustrate fleeting good,

> "That like the circle bounding earth and skies,
> Allures from far, yet, as I follow flies."

32. **luxuriant**, 'flourishing in pride and prosperity.'

35. **such as deserved our friendship**, 'if any of our friends are absent from heaven, that shows that they were bad men and therefore unworthy of our friendship.'

CHAPTER XXX.

P. 118, l. 2. **he must be obliged to remove.** The necessity laid upon him is doubly expressed. 'He must remove' or 'he was obliged to remove' would express the whole meaning.

5. **and be mindful**, 'and (bade him) be mindful.' 'Bade' first governs the noun 'farewell' (by derivation an infinitive), and then the infinitive 'be mindful.'

the great duty that was before him was the duty of meeting his death like a Christian.

7. **laid me.** See note on p. 62, l. 33.

9. **was news.** 'News,' by derivation a plural word meaning 'new things,' is treated as a singular noun. Thus we have below, 'this news.'

18. **dearest**, 'very dear.'

20. **her ... her**, here stands for two different persons.

28. **what you last saw us**, 'what (that which) we were when you last saw us.'

40. **or.** We should expect 'and,' as the Vicar no doubt would like both pieces of information.

P. 119, l. 6. **the canvas**, the canvas screen covering the window. Such canvas screens having been superseded by panes of glass, 'canvas' is used no longer as a common term in this sense. In Goldsmith's time the word could be used in the plural. Murray

quotes from Miss Fielding (1785), "A chariot having canvases to let down." For nouns of material used as common terms, compare p. 31, l. 15.

P. 119, l. 12. **postilion**, a man mounted on one of the carriage horses to drive the carriage.

14. **in less than a minute.** We must make allowance for the badness of the roads at this time, when we estimate the possibility of a man on foot overtaking a carriage driven at full speed.

17. **of themselves**, 'voluntarily,' 'without being pulled up.'

19. **at his peril**, 'if he valued his life.'

29. **Mr. Burchell's compassion, who.** See note on p. 61, l. 24.

35. **if you think her a recompense**, 'if you think the possession of her would repay you for your trouble.'

38. **you have her heart**, 'you have won her love.'

41. **a treasure in her mind**, 'when I say that she is a treasure, I mean that her mind is a valuable possession.'

P. 120, l. 2. **thousands, and thousands**, 'thousands of pounds, and thousands of suitors.'

9. **upon such short notice**, 'with so short a time for preparation.'

11. **stretch a little**, 'indulge in a small degree of extravagance.'

27. **unusual submission.** His submissiveness, which surprised the Vicar, was due to his deference to Sir William Thornhill.

31. **replying** agrees with the nominative absolute 'I' understood.

41. **continued fixed**, 'stood rooted to the ground.'

45. **his native dignity**, 'the stately manner that naturally belonged to him.'

P. 121, l. 3. **a certain philosopher.** "I have more than once had occasion to mention a noble saying of Seneca the philosopher, that a virtuous man struggling with misfortunes and rising above them is an object on which the gods themselves may look down with delight" (*Spectator*, No. 375).

6. **a superior air**, a dignified manner expressing his higher social position.

13. **fellow**, a term of contempt generally applied to inferiors.

16. **you once had my reproof.** See p. 75, l. 29.

for which the law is now preparing its justest punishments, 'for which you are now about to be most justly punished by the law.'

21. **Is it any diminution?** The question is virtually a simile. The speaker's meaning is that, just as a gambler is rightly condemned as a swindler, although he may plead that he has risked a stake, so a duellist may rightly be condemned as a murderer, although he risks his own life in the duel. This is the opinion of the English law, which regards as a murderer the duellist who kills his opponent.

P. 121, l. 23. **whoever you are.** Clauses beginning with 'whoever,' etc., indicate that some question, in this case the question of the identity of the so-called Mr. Burchell, is left unsettled.

27. **the letter.** We are not told how the letter secretly written by Mrs. Primrose to her son came into the Vicar's hands.

34. **man,** indirect object retained after the passive 'done.'

P. 122, l. 4. **interest,** 'influence.'

5. **senates listened with applause.** This is evidently a reminiscence of Gray's *Elegy* (published in 1751), in which we are told how their lot forbade the simple villagers

"The applause of listening senates to command."

whom party heard with conviction, 'whose arguments convinced even factious partizans.'

6. **but loyal.** The so-called patriots of this time were suspected of disloyalty. See note on p. 68, l. 7.

15. **jokes,** especially the one about the shooting of his horns. See p. 49, l. 27.

18. **if mine,** 'to decide whether mine.' 'If mine were not' is an indirect question. If 'mine' agrees with the singular 'joke' understood, 'were' is subjunctive. If 'were' is indicative, 'mine' agrees with the plural 'jokes' understood. The subjunctive mood is seldom now used to express an indirect question.

28. **wore his own red hair,** as opposed to a wig. Such a question implies the prevalence of the fashion of wearing wigs in Goldsmith's time, which is also illustrated by the extant portraits of our author and his contemporaries.

33. **which is what.** The fact expressed by the previous sentence, 'he outran me,' is the antecedent of 'which.' 'What' is the object of the infinitive 'have done.'

34. **Please your honour,** elliptical for 'if it please your honour,' a respectful introduction to a remark made by an inferior.

36. **Pinwire of Newcastle,** probably the name of a runner famous in Goldsmith's time.

39. **in an hour at farthest,** 'in not more than an hour,' 'in an hour or sooner.'

41. **if he knew him.** The question expressed directly would be 'Do you know me?'

P. 123, l. 2. **I am in the commission of the peace,** 'I hold the office of Justice of the Peace.'

secure you, 'take the responsibility upon myself,' 'relieve you from responsibility in the matter.'

14. **veteran,** 'old soldier.' It is difficult to give a rational explanation of the terms of endearment addressed to children. Sometimes they are based upon fancied resemblance, and sometimes they

are chosen, as may here be the case, for their ludicrous inappropriateness.

P. 123, l. 23. **dressed**, in a medical sense, by having some ointment applied and a bandage tied round it.

25. **before we had well dined**, 'almost before we had quite finished our dinner.'

CHAPTER XXXI.

P. 123, l. 31. **which he seldom wanted**, 'which he was seldom without.' This continual smile should be noted as a striking trait in Mr. Thornhill's personal appearance. Like Iago he could "smile and smile and smile and be a villain."

33. **No fawning.** 'Fawning' is in the objective case governed by 'I want,' or some such verb understood.

38. **His daughter ... he himself** are nominatives used absolutely as exclamations. Or we may understand 'How is it that,' and supply 'is' before 'seduced' and 'thrown.'

41. **whom you feared to face as a man**, 'whom you had not sufficient manly courage to meet in a duel.'

P. 124, l. 2. **object that**, 'bring that against me.' Here 'object,' like the Latin *objicio*, governs as an object the accusation made. Usually it is an intransitive verb followed by the preposition 'to.'

4. **Your rebuke.** We see in this speech of Sir William Thornhill's a conflict between his moral and reasonable disapproval of duelling and the contempt for a man who was afraid to fight a duel, which was the common sentiment of the gentlemen of the time.

5. **not quite as your father would have done**, 'your father would have acted very differently.' He had a delicate sense of honour and would not have refused a challenge.

25. **subordinate tyranny**, 'the tyranny of servants.'

26. **equitable** expresses the spirit as opposed to the letter of the law, see p. 105, l. 45. We should therefore have expected Sir William to describe his nephew's conduct as just or legal rather than equitable.

36. **to let the law take its course**, 'not to interfere so as to prevent him from undergoing the punishment he has legally incurred.'

37. **to prove it**, to prove the fact that a challenge was given.

40. **he shall suffer.** 'He' evidently stands for George Primrose, though the preceding 'he' stood for Sir William Thornhill.

P. 125, l. 9. **a candidate for Tyburn**, 'a man who has by his conduct done all he could to qualify himself for being hanged.' In the last century criminals condemned to death in London were taken from Newgate jail by cart, and hung at Tyburn, near where the Marble Arch now stands.

P. 125, l. 19. **reported to be so dangerously wounded.** See p. 113, l. 44.

23. **he should carry off.** Baxter was to carry off Sophia to a place where they would be in no danger of being interfered with.

26. **was to come in,** 'it was arranged that he should come in.'

27. **he was to run off.** Baxter was to run off. The reference of the pronouns in this sentence has to be inferred from the context.

31. **the coat,** part of the clothes given by Mr. Thornhill to Baxter to make him look like a gentleman.

33. **concluding,** 'remarking in conclusion.'

36. **what a viper.** This is an allusion to the fable of Æsop, in which a viper numbed by the cold is warmed by a man in his bosom and in return kills its benefactor.

37. **And** here introduces a new subject for surprise. Mr. Thornhill had affected great love for public justice when he refused to break the laws and fight a duel, and again when he expressed his determination to "let the law take its course," and "see public justice done." For the adjective agreeing with a nominative absolute understood, compare *Paradise Lost*, II. 609, "and so near the brink."

39. **hold,** 'pause.'

43. **call them yours no longer.** Sir William means that he will no longer allow Mr. Thornhill to have any servants.

P. 126, l. 2. **his power,** his former master's power.

7. **this to my face?** elliptical for 'Do you dare to say this in my presence?'

9. **Master,** used contemptuously. Similarly Nelson, when angry with his old friend Trowbridge, says, "Master Trowbridge is grown fat."

10. **I don't care if I tell you,** 'I am rather inclined to tell you.'

a piece of my mind, 'something of what is in my mind.' This phrase always expresses an opinion the reverse of flattering.

11. **Now, then,** expresses impatience.

15. **So then,** introduces the statement of a fact very different from what would naturally have been expected.

a very fine witness, ironical. The witness was of course a very unfavourable one for Mr. Thornhill.

17. **to associate,** an interjectional infinitive expressing surprise and indignation.

24. **to my confusion,** 'although the confession overwhelms me with shame.'

27. **his prosecution,** the legal proceedings instituted by him against the Vicar.

29. **trust to me for the consequences,** 'I will be responsible for your action.' Compare, "I undertake to secure you" (p. 123, l. 2). It is

difficult to see how Sir William Thornhill could order the release of George Primrose, whose position in the eye of the law was much the same as before. He had issued a challenge and was therefore, as we have seen, according to the law of England, guilty of incitement to murder. The full revelation of Thornhill's villainy did not alter this fact, although the great provocation that led to the challenge might be regarded as an extenuating circumstance by the jury.

P. 126, l. 30. **set the affair in a proper light**, 'explain the true circumstances of the case.'

43. **her aunt's**, *sc.* house. For the use of a possessive case as an antecedent, compare p. 63, l. 22.

P. 127, l. 10. **Nor can I go on**, etc. Goldsmith here anticipates the objections of his critics, who point out that the coincidences at the end of the Vicar of Wakefield are very improbable.

13. **fortuitous concurrence**, 'coincidence.'

17. **or numbers must want the usual supply**, 'otherwise ('if these conditions are not fulfilled') many are deprived of the supply of food that they expect.'

20. **gave new finishing to her beauty**, 'gave a finishing touch to make her beauty perfect.'

23. **I take it a little unkindly**, 'I am a little displeased.' 'Unkindly' is here an adverb meaning in an unfriendly manner.' 'It' stands for the noun clause that follows.

30. **He find pleasure in doing good**, 'it is absurd to imagine that he would ever derive pleasure from doing benevolence.' For the parsing of 'find,' see note on p. 6, l. 26.

39. **O goodness**, an exclamation of surprise often used by ladies. It was originally an appeal to the goodness of God.

41. **Captain Primrose**. He was only an ensign. See p. 82, l. 20. It is, however, all over the world not uncommon in conversation to give people higher titles than they are really entitled to. This tendency explains the degradation of such titles as Mr., Rao Sahib, Maharaja, Esquire, etc.

42. **his new-married lady**. This lie helps to explain Miss Wilmot's consent to marry Mr. Thornhill. She thought George Primrose had given her up and married another lady.

P. 128, l. 2. **bachelor**, 'an unmarried man.' 'Spinster' is the corresponding feminine term.

14. **the encumbrances of justice**, 'the fetters in which he had been bound.'

15. **as the person**, etc. From this it would appear that the jailor did not immediately accede to the request made by Sir William Thornhill in p. 126, l. 29.

17. **valet-de-chambre**. See p. 35, l. 37. A valet-de-chambre's chief work is to assist in dressing his master, and this is what Jenkinson did for George Primrose.

P. 128, l. 19. **his regimentals**, 'the uniform of his regiment.'

24. **decorums**, 'considerations of conventional propriety.' The word is seldom used in the plural.

26. **discover**, 'reveal.'

30. **Sure.** See note on p. 22, l. 5.

P. 129, l. 6. **I thank her father's assiduity**, 'thanks to ('owing to') the care with which her father has saved money.'

7. **The articles**, 'the document containing the marriage settlement.'

10. **possessed of the one**, 'as I am in possession of the one,' namely, the fortune. 'Possessed' agrees with the nominative absolute 'I' understood; or this is a sense construction like "begging," (p. 130, l. 33), the meaning being, 'possessed of the one I don't care who gets the other.'

20. **by all that's happy**, 'I swear by all that's happy.' The oath is appropriate as the speaker's mind is full of the happiness he anticipates.

22. **convince.** It would convince her of his sincerity, because, as she had lost her fortune, he must be marrying her for love alone.

23. **Mr. Wilmot now entering**, a nominative absolute. The more ordinary construction would be to omit 'he' and make 'Mr. Wilmot' the subject of the verb, as follows: "Mr. Wilmot now entering seemed, etc." We find the same redundancy on p. 18, l. 18. "Our guest offering his assistance, he was accepted among the number."

29. **He could bear his being a rascal**, etc., 'he could tolerate Mr. Thornhill's villainy, but it was exceedingly bitter to him that he should have sacrificed his daughter's fortune without getting any return.' Mr. Wilmot valued money more than his daughter's happiness. Before the match was broken, Miss Wilmot was engaged to a rascal, but the marriage articles settled upon her an equivalent to the fortune she brought her husband. This state of affairs seemed tolerable to her father. Now that the match was broken off, she escaped a rascally husband, but lost her fortune. This new state of affairs was almost more than he could bear, although any right-minded person would regard it as preferable to the previous state of affairs. Wormwood, the name of a plant with a bitter taste, is often used to express something intensely disagreeable.

39. **my interest shall not be wanting**, 'I will exert my influence in order that he may be promoted.'

41. **for once** implies that Mr. Wilmot did not generally admit such happiness.

45. **your promise**, Sir William's promise of exerting his influence on behalf of George Primrose.

P. 130, l. 1. **it** should stand for the 'fortune left' in Mr. Wilmot's hands. Sir William's promise of interest could not, however, increase

the fortune left (make it more) to Mr. Wilmot, although it would increase the income of the young couple. The latter then must be the meaning intended, although it is rather loosely expressed.

P. 130, l. 2. **settling.** See p. 5, l. 23.

20. **there are two words to that bargain,** 'there is something else to be said on the other side with reference to that arrangement.'

22. **stiver,** a Dutch coin worth about a penny, hence any very small amount of money.

Pray, elliptical for 'I pray you.'

27. **fellow-sporters,** 'companions in frolics.'

28. **well as I love him,** 'in spite of my affection for him.' The remark is of course ironical.

33. **begging,** from being used in agreement with the pronoun of the first person in making a statement (as, 'begging your pardon, I say,'), came to be also used to express the fact that the person speaking begs pardon, when, as here, 'I' is not the subject of the sentence, so that the participle is left with no noun or pronoun in the sentence to agree with. This is not the same construction as the participle in agreement with a nominative absolute pronoun understood (see p. 4, l. 13). It is rather a sense construction, as 'begging' agrees with a pronoun understood that might have been the subject of the sentence had the meaning been differently expressed.

40. **there,** 'in that matter,' that is, 'I defy him to prove that I am legally married.'

41. **frightened with squibs,** 'alarmed at trifles.' Squibs are small cylinders of paper filled with gunpowder, the explosion of which may make rather an alarming noise but does little damage.

42. **I am surprised,** being equivalent to 'I wonder,' is followed by a noun clause, consisting of an indirect question, used as an object.

P. 131, l. 13. **That she is.** Here the pronoun 'that' stands for the adjectival phrase 'returned to be my comfort in age.'

make much of her, 'value her highly.'

14. **honest,** 'virtuous.'

23. **That there Squire,** a Cockney pleonasm for 'that squire.' Compare p. 76, l. 4.

of renown, 'famous.' 'Of renown' is a genitive of quality, and is here used ironically as an expression of contemptuous familiarity. It is an adjectival phrase often used in old ballads.

24. **between ourselves.** See p. 37, l. 40.

28. **what did I do, but went and got,** should be 'What did I do but go and get.' Jenkinson's syntax is very irregular.

29. **as fast as,** 'so that they were bound together as tightly as.' 'Fast' is here an adjective, meaning 'firmly fixed.'

P. 131, l. 29. **the cloth**, here used by metonymy for the clerical profession. Compare the use of 'the bar,' 'the church.' The clergy are called the cloth because they are distinguished from other professions by the clothes they wear.

33. **come down**, 'pay money.' The word 'down' in this phrase suggests the idea of money paid down on the table. Jenkinson's intention was to extort blackmail.

37. **And shook their chains.** This quotation is taken from Congreve's *Mourning Bride.*

P. 132, l. 8. **by submitting**, 'by your submitting.'

11. **bring things to bear**, 'produce the result we wished.'

15. **two faces.** Mr. Thornhill's and Sophia's.

27. **extraordinary supplies**, 'money in addition to the bare competence or sum sufficient for his subsistence.'

30. **aggravate his meanness**, 'add to his meanness by hypocritically professing gratitude that he did not feel.'

32. **be gone**, 'go away,' generally contemptuous, like the Indian *jao.*

39. **she was now made an honest woman of**, a clumsy passive equivalent of 'they had now made an honest (virtuous) woman of her.'

41. **that honour**, 'the honour of kissing her.'

45. **reasons we could not comprehend.** The reasons are, however, given in the previous chapter. There we are told that, when Sir William made himself known, Sophia, "perceiving the immense distance to which he was removed by fortune, was unable to conceal her tears."

P. 133, l. 10. **Will you have him?** This jest of Sir William's is in very bad taste. A true gentleman would have been more respectful to the lady whom he intended to marry, and would never have made such a "hideous proposal" to her.

27. **for himself alone**, not for his fortune. Sophia at the end of Chapter XIII. remarks, "I remember to have heard him say, he never knew a woman who could find merit in a man that seemed poor" (p. 43, l. 15).

33. **cut of my face**, colloquial for 'shape of my face.' 'Cut' properly expresses the shape of clothes, which depends on the way in which they are cut by the tailor.

36. **Lady Thornhill**, so called proleptically. Compare p. 135, l. 2.

37. **the same round of ceremony**, she now had to be ceremoniously kissed by every one in succession.

done, 'undergone.'

38. **gentleman**, 'valet,' 'personal attendant.'

41. **mansions of sorrow**, 'sorrowful abodes.' See p. 24, l. 41.

P. 133, l. 44. **half that sum.** Mr. Wilmot had to a certain extent benefited by Sir William Thornhill's precept and example, but his avarice still prevented him from being very generous.

CHAPTER XXXII.

P. 134, l. 15. **the settlement**, etc., the Vicar's settlement of £6000 on Miss Wilmot. See p. 130, l. 2. This may practically be regarded as a settlement in George Primrose's favour, as he would have command of his wife's money. As however the settlement was a promise made to Mr. Wilmot, it is difficult to see how George Primrose could release his father from it.

16. **failed in town**, 'become insolvent in London.'

29. **the messenger**, the man who had been sent to procure the marriage licenses.

33. **a very solemn ceremony**, the marriage ceremony.

35. **mystical occasion**, because marriage is regarded as a mystical sign or emblem of Christ's union with the Church.

36. **homilies.** A homily is a sermon. The term is generally applied to sermons printed with the authority of the Church for general use.

a thesis is a dissertation on a particular subject.

41. **dilemma**, a term taken from logic and meaning in ordinary usage a difficult question to decide.

P. 135, l. 2. **Lady Thornhill (that was to be)**, 'she who was about to be Lady Thornhill.'

15. **honest.** See note on p. 34, l. 10.

Flamborough and his family. It is a pleasing trait in the Vicar's character that prosperity does not make him forget his humble friends. The reader has perhaps almost forgotten the existence of the Flamboroughs, and, now that he is reminded of them, is inclined to wonder that they did not come forward to help the Primrose family when the Vicar was in prison.

22. **but.** The use of 'but,' instead of 'than,' after 'no sooner' is obsolete.

24. **and whom.** 'And' before 'whom' is here quite correct as it connects two co-ordinate relative clauses.

34. **seldom sitting**, etc. Notice the humorous way in which the Vicar mentions, as one of the advantages of his position, a fact that exhibits in a striking way Mr. Thornhill's humiliation. Compare

> "Narcissa's nature, tolerably mild,
> To make a wash would hardly stew a child."—Pope.

41. **relent**, 'pardon him and take him back to favour.' Their relative positions are now changed by a manifestation of poetic justice, and Thornhill's prospects now depend upon Olivia.

P. 135, l. 41. **I am not apt to digress thus.** The Vicar is humorously ignorant of his tendency to indulge in digressions, of which we have had many instances.

42. **our ceremonies,** difficult questions of ceremony in this case taking the form of questions of precedence.

44. **matron.** Wives are not honoured with the title of 'matron' till they have been married some time.

45. **cut short,** 'brought suddenly to an end.'

P. 136, l. 1. **indiscriminately,** 'without being formally arranged in order of precedence.'

2. **lady,** 'wife.' See p. 2, l. 41.

5. **sitting at the head of the table.** As the Vicar was bound to sit at the head of the table, Mrs. Primrose, his lady, according to this arrangement, had to sit by his side, instead of, as she had hoped, sitting at the other head, or what would usually be called the foot of the table. For Mrs. Primrose's practice of carving for everybody, see p. 5, l. 36.

9. **more laughing.** Compare p. 12, l. 19.

answered the end, 'made us happy.'

18. **once more by a cheerful fireside.** The story ends as it began, with a picture of perfect domestic happiness.

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